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THE FORGOTTEN ONE

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I

SOMEONE, reading this memoir, may recall my earlier account of Crichton, the solitary white inhabitant of a small coral island in the Low Archipelago. The recollection would be vague at best, I fear; for although I tried to give a vivid impression both of the man and of the lonely beauty of Tanao, the island where he lives, the attempt, I know, was a failure. I spent a good deal of time over that earlier sketch, writing, rewriting, changing a word here and a phrase there, hoping to discover either by chance or by dint of patient effort the magic formula which would conjure up the place for some reader who would never see it. It was useless. The best I could do fell so far short of my hopes that at last I gave up in despair and ended my little story abruptly, with these words:—

‘The damaged whaleboat having been repaired, we rowed out to the schooner and were under weigh by mid-afternoon. For three hours I watched the island dwindling and blurring until, at sunset, it was lost to view beneath the rim of the southern horizon. Still I looked back, imagining that I could see a diminishing circle of palm-clad land—a mere speck at last—dropping farther and farther away down

the reverse slope of the sea as though it were vanishing for all time from the knowledge and the concern of men.’

So I closed my story. That was four years ago. I have wandered far from Tanao since then, but the memory of it has followed me everywhere: through America, England, Denmark, Norway, Iceland. In a crowded restaurant in New York where the waitresses shouted orders down a call-tube and the air was loud with the clatter of dishes and the hum of conversation, I have seen the palm trees of Tanao bending to the southeast trade, and Crichton sitting in the shade, far up the beach, hands clasped about his knees, looking out over the empty sea. I have walked, at high noon, along Princes Street in Edinburgh and heard ‘Mamma-Ruau,’ the old native woman from whom Crichton leased his island, singing softly to herself as she broiled fish over an open fire on the lagoon beach. In Iceland, while watching the visible music of the northern lights, I have felt the softness of the air at Tanao and the smoke of the surf on my face, from the combes rising to their height and thundering over the barrier reef. The island and its two lonely inhabitants have been more real to me, often, than the streets

through which I passed or the people with whom I sat at table. No effort of the will was needed to call them up. They came of themselves, at strange moments, in strange places; and then, no matter where my body happened to be, my spirit seemed to leave it and fly straight to an atom of an island in the midmost Pacific.

Despite the briefness of the first visit — of two days' duration only — I must have left a part of myself at Tanao, as it is said one does wherever one goes; and it is necessary at times to revisit these shadowy, fragmentary selves left behind as one grows older. But it was not so much a lost self to which I returned at Tanao, as one I had never had, and Crichton was its flesh-and-blood embodiment. Herepresented, to me, certain qualities I have always longed to possess, but chiefly, I think, I envied him his exceptional capacity for solitude — at least, I thought it exceptional then. I am not likely to forget the day in March 1920 when we landed at Tanao and he found that it was, in truth, the ideal retreat he had searched for during ten years of ceaseless wandering. It was the first time he had seen it and I chanced to be traveling on the schooner which carried him out. The only inhabitant was the old Paumotan woman — 'Mamma-Ruau' (Grandma), he always called her — who owned the place. No boats touched there except by arrangement. The lagoon had no entrance and in order to land it was necessary to ride the surf in a small boat, over one of the most dangerous reefs in the whole of the Dangerous Archipelago.

All of this delighted him — but that is not the word. His joy was something so much deeper than delight that it seemed there could be no adequate expression of it. He conveyed to me — I scarcely know how — a sense of this.

Life could never be long enough for him now. He was only twenty-eight, and I confess that, at times, this deep joy at the prospect of uninterrupted solitude seemed to me a little mad in a man of his age.

What had life done to him that he should be so glad to leave it? To bury himself here? He did not have a guilty conscience. Five minutes of talk with him would have convinced anyone of that. Furthermore, no man with a guilty conscience would have sought out a place where he would be so terribly alone with it. I came to the conclusion — and despite what happened later I still think it the right one — that he is one of those men who love solitude as other men love beauty; that to him it is really a manifestation of beauty in its most ravishing, pitiless form.

At last the desire to return in the flesh to Tanao was no longer to be withstood.

I remember precisely the moment when the ache of longing became hardest to bear and the decision to appease it was made. It was on a November evening. I was in Boston, living in lodgings high up on Beacon Hill, my windows looking down one of the side streets leading to the Common and on beyond to Boylston Street. I had been trying to read, gave it up, turned out the light, and sat by the window. Facing me from across the Common was a huge electric sign, an arresting, exasperating device in which a series of lighted words moved endlessly out of darkness into darkness. I must have observed it before, subconsciously; but on this occasion, in order to keep from thinking, I let my eyes follow the moving inscription, and my brain took the impress of it with the accuracy of a photographic plate. I believe I can still quote it, word for word: —

THERE IS ON SALE IN THE DRUG STORES OF THIS CITY AN ANTISEPTIC PREPARATION ONE HUNDRED TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC ACID AND YET AS HARMLESS WHEN APPLIED TO THE HUMAN BODY AS PURE WATER. IT IS NONPOISONOUS AND DOES NOT BUBBLE WHEN APPLIED. IT ACTUALLY KILLS GERMS. IT PUTS AN END TO ACCIDENTAL POISONING AND SHOULD BE IN EVERY MEDICINE CHEST. THE NAME OF THIS ANTISEPTIC IS

But neither the name nor the antiseptic itself is of any great consequence in this memoir. I left Boston the same evening, and awoke, not many weeks later, in my old room at the hotel on the water front of a tropical island port in the mid-Pacific.

I might have left the place yesterday. The same old paper on the walls; the same mosquito netting around the bed, with the rents in it neatly drawn together; the same tin bucket with the dent in it by the washstand; the same dilapidated wardrobe, the shelves covered with pages from the *Sydney Bulletin* and the *Auckland Weekly News*; the same tattered hotel-register dating from 1902, and the same genial portly landlord bringing it up for me to sign before I was out of bed. We had a very pleasant chat about island affairs, and in the midst of it I chanced to speak of a defective board in the floor of the verandah and how I had nearly broken my leg there, coming up in the dark the night before.

'Why, don't you remember that hole?' he asked, quite seriously, in genuine surprise. I realized, clearly enough, that the fault was not his for not having it repaired, but mine for not having remembered during four years that repair was needed. How glad I was to be back in a place where life is so leisurely as that! Where all things,

animate and inanimate, — even a hole in a verandah floor, — seem to partake of a timeless ideal existence like that of the figures on Keats's Grecian urn.

It was still quite early. Chinamen were sweeping the street with their long-handled brooms, heaping the dead leaves and twigs and withered blossoms from the flamboyant trees into neat piles against the coming of the rubbish cart. I had a pleasant thrill of anticipation, remembering the former driver of this cart. Girot was his name, a thin wiry little Frenchman of uncertain age. He called his horse 'Banane' and carried on with her an endless animated conversation as they wandered along the street. Were they too under the enchantment of timelessness? Yes, here they came presently, Girot, barefoot as usual, walking behind the cart, carrying the two little boards with which he picked up the piles of leaves. He was in the usual costume: floppy pandanus hat, tattered undershirt, and denim overalls faded to a whitish blue by many washings. More than likely it was the same pair of overalls. Banane was a trifle bonier, if that is possible, than I had remembered her. She moved as deliberately as ever. I could count twenty-five while the wheel of the cart was making a single revolution, but Girot was reproaching her in the old manner for going too fast: —

'Whoa! Whoa, sacré nom de Balzac! Écoute, Banane! Penses-tu que nous sommes sur un champ de course? Comment? Ah non alors! Oui, je comprends; pour toi ça ne fait rien. Mais pour moi? Je ne suis pas garçon, moi. J'ai plus de soixante ans. Maintenant nous allons jusqu'au coin de la rue — tu vois? Et la prochaine fois, quand je dis "Whoa!" arrête-toi. Tu comprends? Bon! En route!'

No one paid the least attention to them — no one ever did — and at last they were out of hearing. Natives were

passing to and from the market with strings of fish, containers of green bamboo filled with fermented coconut sauce and fresh-water shrimps, baskets of fruit and vegetables. It was good to hear again their soft voices, the slither of their bare feet, to smell the humid odors of tropical vegetation; to look across the still lagoon to an island fifteen miles distant, every fantastic peak outlined against the sky — all that a South Sea island should be and surpassing my most splendid dreams of one, as a boy. I whistled for the first time in months while taking my bath, — luckily there were no other guests in the hotel, — then sat down in pyjamas to breakfast on the upstairs verandah, just as I used to do.

While I was drinking my coffee the landlord returned, bringing a suit of white drill I had left behind in the hurry of departure four years ago.

'I thought you would come back sometime,' he said, 'so I did n't give it away.'

In one of the pockets I found a piece of scratch paper covered with penciled notes, all of them having to do with either Crichton or his island, reminding me how completely he had engaged my interest during the time of my first sojourn in the South Seas. Among other notes I found this one, an attempt to describe him in a paragraph: —

'He is one of those lonely spirits — without friends or any of the ties that make life pleasant to most of us — who wander the unpeopled places of the earth, interested in a detached way in what they see from afar or faintly hear; but looking quietly on, taking no part, being blessed, or cursed, by nature with a love of silence, of the unchanging peace of great solitudes. Now and then one reads of such men in fiction, and if they live in fiction it is because of individuals like Crichton, their prototypes in reality, seen for a moment as they

slip apprehensively across some by-path leading from the outside world.'

Reading this again, I wondered, as I had at the time of writing it, whether it were true; whether I had not been describing a quite imaginary figure rather than a flesh-and-blood reality. Well, I should know, soon. Four years had passed, ample time for anyone to test the nature of his capacities for solitude. Had Crichton found his adequate? Viewed in one light, my deep interest in this question seemed absurd. And yet as I have said, or implied, here was a man, not at all of the phlegmatic temperament, who appeared to have within himself inexhaustible resources against boredom — the greatest curse which spirit is heir to. He at least was confident of having them. He would never leave Tanao, he had told me. He was sure that he could be happy there though he were never again to see a human being of any kind. It would have been hard to rest content without knowing what had happened to him.

I made a hasty breakfast and started in the cool of the morning in search of some trading schooner bound for the Low Islands. Along the water front fifteen or twenty vessels from all parts of the eastern Pacific were unloading pearl shell and copra, taking in cargoes of rice and flour, lumber, tinned food, and assorted merchandise. Among them was the Caleb Winship, the two-masted schooner which had taken Crichton to Tanao at the time when I first met him. Tino, her supercargo then, had since been made captain. I found him in the cabin checking over bills of lading. He is a dry, blunt man, Tino, three quarters American blood and one quarter Rarotongan. For all the fact that he was born among them I doubt whether he has ever seen the islands or ever will see them; but he can tell you to a dot what each of them produces in pearl shell and copra.

'Well!' he said, holding out his hand. 'Have n't seen you for some time. Where you been keeping yourself? Living out in the country?'

I told him I had just come from America; then, after a quarter of an hour's chat of indifferent matters, I asked in a by-the-way fashion for news of Crichton.

'Crichton? Crichton? Who's — Oh! You mean that Swede — that Dane —'

'He is an Englishman,' I said.

'Whatever he was. Hell, no! I have n't seen him since we was out there — you remember? — the time we stove in my new whaleboat going over the reef. Funny thing!' he added. 'I have n't thought of him from that day to this. He might be dead for all I know — or care, for that matter.'

Now that he was reminded, it was plain that Tino was still sore on the subject of Crichton. He had consented to carry him to Tanao because he thought there was something of commercial interest in view. 'He can't fool me!' I remembered him saying more than once during that voyage. 'He's got something up his sleeve, and I'm going to find out what it is.' When he had satisfied himself that the island was as barren as it had always been, he set Crichton down as either crazy or some knave in hiding. Remembering his disgust at the loss of time in going so far out of his way, I knew it would be useless asking him to go again. Nevertheless I did ask, for the Winship was on the point of sailing for that part of the Pacific.

'What! Tanao? Not much! I'm not traveling for my health. But what do you want to go back there for, if it's any of my business?'

'I rather liked the place,' I said. 'You don't see such islands in my part of the world.'

'Ought to be glad you don't. Why anyone should go to one of them God-

forsaken little holes of his own free will beats me. Well, that Swede can rot in his. He prob'ly has. He's prob'ly dead or gone somewheres else long before this.'

II

At the end of two weeks I was almost at the point of accepting this opinion. During that time I spent many hours along the water front, loafed through long afternoons at the club, the hotel, and the other favorite resorts for traders, planters, pearl-buyers, and sailors. I made many discreet, casual inquiries, — never direct, interested ones, — knowing how jealous of his solitude Crichton had been; how concerned lest even talk of Tanao by others should sully the purity of its loneliness. Little chance of that. 'Tanao? Oh yes! The Madeleine went on the reef there — let me see, when was it? Nineteen-four, I think.' That was the most recent bit of information I gathered in talk on the club verandah. As for Crichton, no one apparently, in that place where everyone is known, had heard of him. I was considering the possibility of chartering a small Pautotu cutter for a special voyage, when I met an old friend, Chan Lee, captain of a one-hundred-ton vessel belonging to a firm of his fellow countrymen. I had once made a long voyage with Chan. He is a good sailor for a Chinaman, with all the fine personal qualities of the Oriental at his best; but he carries minding-his-own-business to curious lengths. It was not until a week after I first spoke to him of Crichton that he admitted knowing him.

'Go Tanow once year,' he said, holding up a finger as though to emphasize the infrequency of his visits. 'Not much copla — five ton.' Then, as an afterthought apparently, 'Clichton say, suppose I see you, tell you come back sometime.'

'What! He asked you to tell me that?'

I confess that I was pleased. Slightly as I knew Crichton I had a warm regard for him, carefully concealed, of course; for his attitude throughout our brief acquaintanceship on the Winship had been merely that of fellow passengers on shipboard everywhere — pleasant, courteous, but without a hint of intimacy.

'Yes, he say that,' said Chan. 'Hlee year far away now. Bimeby nex' week I go. You come along me?'

On the following Monday we were outward bound. Chan had a dozen islands to visit first, and during the early part of the voyage the schooner was crowded with native passengers. These were gradually dispersed, the last of them at an island one hundred and fifty miles distant from Tanao. Owing to alternate calms and head winds we were five days in covering the last leg of the voyage, and thirty-eight days out when we sighted the island. Crichton need not have feared for the purity of its loneliness. It was lonelier than the sea. It seemed to have gathered to itself an esoteric kind of loneliness peculiar to the man who lived at the heart of it. It seemed a place he had dreamed into being, created out of fancy through sheer strength of longing. And there he was, alone of his kind, and there he had been for four years without once having left it. Chan gave me this information.

'He like stay here. Stay all time. Never go 'way.'

I asked whether he had taken a native wife.

'No, no womans. I want get him nice Paumotu wife. Help make copla; make him big fambly. He no want.'

He had, however, imported a Chinese family — father, mother, two children, and an elderly relative of theirs who did his housework. Chan had brought

them two years before, he said. The old man had a hut on the main island near Crichton. The others lived on a little island across the lagoon. There was no one else except the Mamma-Ruau. She was still living and in good health. At least she had been a year ago.

'What about letters,' I asked, 'and books, and papers? Does he receive many?'

'Mebbe some book. One letta evely year. Always same place. No more.'

Chinamen living in exile are often lonely enough men, but even Chan seemed to wonder at this lack of correspondence. He spoke of it several times during the voyage and showed me the letter he was carrying out to Crichton. It was as impersonal in appearance as a bank note. The name and address of a London Trust Company was stamped on the envelope. I could imagine the nature of this one yearly communication from the outside world: 'Dear Sir: — You will find attached, for your examination, the statement of your account for the year just closed. Very respectfully,' and so forth. As I held this letter in my hand, a truer conception of the appalling nature of Crichton's isolation came to me. He was like those men Matthew Arnold speaks of in his 'Rugby Chapel' — men who die without leaving a trace behind them,

. . . and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

Certainly that is true of Crichton, and he is still living, in the full vigor of manhood. But beyond the borders of his own little physical world he has long been as good as dead and buried. There is Chan to think of him, and some clerk in a London banking-house, — once a year at least, when he sends

him his statement of account, — myself, and no one else. I suppose this is really what has prompted me to write of him again. Crichton would not thank me for meddling, but it gives me a quite definite feeling of relief to know that a few others, reading this sketch, will share, momentarily at least, in the task of keeping the man alive. I have carefully guarded his anonymity, of course, as well as that of his island.

But to continue: we passed the north-western extremity of Tanao, close in shore, between three and four in the afternoon. At that point the atoll is mostly barren reef washed over by the surf. There is but one small islet — an imaginative boy's dream of an island to be shipwrecked on. Indeed, the bones of an old vessel lie there, high and dry above the reef, bleaching in the sun — all that remains from the wreck of the *Madeleine*. The island is just boy-size, not more than one hundred paces across either way. It is of clean coral sand, as level as a floor, with thick green bushes fringing it on the lagoon side. There are eight tall coconut palms, three in one clump and four in another, with one tree growing apart, holding its tuft of fronds far out over the surface of the lagoon. A pass goes through the reef at one side of the island, but it is too narrow to permit entrance to any craft larger than a skiff or a canoe. On that side an ancient pandanus tree throws a patch of deep shade on the sand. Well within the shelter of it was a thatch-roofed hut, open to the four winds; and I saw a rough-hewn bench facing seaward, with its back against the trunk of the tree.

'Very likely Crichton comes here to fish,' I thought; but the place was deserted now. The sunshine, of that mellow golden quality of late afternoon, gilded the stems of the palms. I saw not even a sea bird there. Nothing moved save the trees bending to the

wind and their shadows on the yellow sand.

We passed the islet all too quickly, then stood away from the reef to come in to the main island on the starboard tack. There are seven widely separated islands around the lagoon, which is five miles across in the widest part. From the mainmast cross-trees I had them all in view. Three were on the opposite side, and at that distance the trees seemed to be growing directly out of the water. Crichton lives on the largest of the seven, a fringe of land less than a mile long and some three hundred yards broad. With my glasses I searched the shore line without result until Chan called up to me, 'You no see?'

III

I saw, plainly enough then, Crichton and the Mamma-Ruau, sitting just within the border of shade at the upper slope of the beach, hidden momentarily by the sunlight-filtered smoke of the surf. He had on a pair of dark glasses, and for clothing only a soft-brimmed straw hat and a wisp of cloth about his loins. The old woman was in her best black dress and hat. Both were squatting, native fashion, elbows on knees, their chins resting on their hands. How many times I had seen them thus in my imagination! I could hardly credit the reality of the scene before me, it had appeared so often in my dreams. The Ruau was talking in an excited manner, pointing toward the schooner from time to time. Once I saw her take Crichton by the shoulders and turn him till he sat directly facing us.

The sea was fairly calm, here on the leeward side, but for all that the great swells seemed mountain high as they swept shoreward and toppled with a deafening crash over the ledge of the reef. We were carried across at terrific speed; the whaleboat shot down the

broad slope of broken water and through the shallows, grounding almost at the point where Crichton and the Mamma-Ruau were sitting.

'*O vai tera? Chan? (Who is it? Chan?)*' Crichton called when he heard the keel grating and bumping over the coral.

'Yes, yes!' cried the old woman. 'Don't you believe me? It is Chan and the white man who first came here with you. *Ia ora na orua!*'

She shook our hands warmly, saying '*Ia ora na orua!* (Health to you!)' again and again. This kindly Polynesian greeting seems always to have the freshness of a phrase coined yesterday. The reason is, perhaps, that friends meet after long separation; after long and very often hazardous sea-voyages. They are in all truth glad to see each other again.

Mamma-Ruau, putting her hands on my shoulders, gazed long at me, searching my face feature by feature.

'*Ua tae mai oe? (You have come?)*' she said, as though still in doubt that anyone from the outside world could, in reality, reach that lonely place. She had aged greatly in four years, but Crichton had not altered in the least, in so far as I could tell at first glance. He is a splendid type, physically, just over six feet, broad-shouldered, deep-chested — he looked more than ever the athlete he is, in fact. The ghost of the smile I remembered curved his lips almost imperceptibly at times, and he spoke English in the same curious exotic way. His eyes were concealed by the smoked glasses.

'You will forgive me for not recognizing you?' he said. 'Until recently I have never taken any precaution against the glare of the sun. It was very unwise, and the result is — well, I'm nearly blind.'

Mamma-Ruau, who was standing behind him, gave me a look of all but

agonized appeal, as much as to say, 'Don't encourage him to talk of it!'

'Rather a nuisance,' he went on. 'I may get over it, of course, but in nine months' time I can't say there has been any change for the better. Well, enough of that. Shall we go to the house? Luckily I know my way about, after four years. I could go anywhere, blindfold.'

I remembered the island as I had first seen it — a wilderness of brush, pandanus trees, and self-sown coconut palms. Now everything was clean and orderly, the palms thinned out to six or eight paces apart, so that one had charming views in every direction. A well-shaded road, bordered with shrubbery, led from the ocean beach to the lagoon. We followed it in silence. Having greeted each other, there seemed nothing more to say. Mamma-Ruau had gone on ahead. Chan remained at the beach to oversee the landing of some supplies.

At last, with a good deal of effort, I remarked, 'You have not been idle here.'

'No, there has been enough to do. I found that I needed some help at first. I had Chan bring me a dozen natives from another island. They stayed three months, clearing the land. They helped build my house, too.'

I had often tried to picture Crichton's house. He had, I knew, the imagination to take full advantage of his exotic environment, and for all his years of wandering was still enough of an Englishman to be concerned about comfort. Nevertheless I was not prepared to find so spacious and homelike a dwelling. It stood on the lagoon beach, at the end of the road, and was raised about three feet above the ground, the open space beneath being concealed by shrubbery. The roof, of green thatch, was steeply pitched and extended low over a broad verandah.

Crichton stopped at the foot of the steps. For a long moment he seemed to have quite forgotten me; then he said:—

‘I think I must be rather excited. I forgot to say good-bye to Chan. He never stops ashore unless his schooner is at anchor. Will you make yourself comfortable? You might look over the house if you care to.’

A clock with a ship’s-bell attachment, striking five as I entered the verandah, demanded immediate attention. ‘Odd,’ I thought, ‘having a clock here.’ But it would be a wise precaution, perhaps, in so lonely a place. Crichton would need to live by schedule, fill his days with self-imposed duties to be regularly performed. No doubt he did. The house gave evidence of his all but meticulous habits of mind, and of the strict obedience to his orders of his literal-minded Chinamen. Settees and cushioned chairs were as carefully arranged as pieces in an upholsterer’s display window. The floors, oiled and polished, shone with a dull lustre and the straw mats were precisely placed. Four shelves of books ran the length of the inner wall of the verandah. I took the opportunity offered me in Crichton’s absence to make an examination of them. They had been classified and subclassified. Novelists, historians, poets, biographers, travelers, stood in the ranks of their contemporaries and in the immediate company, one would say, most congenial to them individually. There must have been fifteen hundred volumes in his library; nothing very recent, but all of them books to live with. The margins of the pages of those I looked into were covered with penciled notes and comments, and one could see what delight, what solace, Crichton had found in their companionship. Now that he was deprived of it — but that would not bear thinking about. It would be a calamity worse

than death to a man of his tastes, in his position. One section of the library contained only books on Polynesia, everything important, surely, that had been written about the islands of the eastern Pacific. There were many philological works in this section and I remembered how interested Crichton had been in the study of the various island dialects, speculating, with this study as a basis, on the probable routes followed during the great Polynesian migrations.

On a top shelf, bare of books, were models of ancient sailing canoes, spears and war clubs of ironwood, coconut shells polished and carved with intricate designs, stone axes and taro mashers. The windward end of the verandah was enclosed with a wall of freshly braided palm fronds, and midway in it a section had been built to prop open outward. Crichton’s desk stood opposite this window space. The view from his chair was over an inlet from the lagoon, bordered with palms, through which now a greenish-golden sunset light sifted like impalpable dust. A passageway led through the centre of the house to a second verandah on the lagoon side. Three doors, latched open, along this passageway, disclosed spacious airy rooms, each of them prettily furnished as a combined bedroom and sitting-room. They contained precisely the same pieces of furniture, although the arrangement in each varied somewhat: a wardrobe, a chest of drawers, a washstand, a reading-table holding a shaded lamp, two easy-chairs, and above the bed a shelf filled with books. These rooms, in keeping with the rest of the house, were immaculately clean, and the beds made up, ready for occupancy.

Returning to the front verandah I walked up and down, saying to myself, ‘What a delightful spot! What an ideal home!’ conscious all the while of a

feeling very like depression. I was at a loss to assign a cause for this unless it were the clock, ticking away with self-important industry as if it were the only one in existence. Within half an hour I had revised my opinion as to the wisdom of having a clock. The silence was too profound for any such noisy piece of furniture. I could all but hear the steady drip, drip of the minutes and the tiny splash they made as they fell into the sea of time past. Then I found myself listening for voices — of the wife who might have been there, of Crichton's unborn children. It was that kind of house — much too large, it seemed to me, for one man, and much too homelike for spiritual comfort under those circumstances. One would have thought Crichton had built it for the very purpose of evoking ghostly presences; to shelter some ideal conception of a family which he preferred to the warm, living, imperfect reality. Or perhaps, not satisfied with the superficial aspects of a solitude which would have daunted most men, he meant his house to accentuate it, to remind him of its inviolability. Certainly he had succeeded in building into it a personality as strange as his own. It seemed conscious of having been prepared for guests and to be awaiting them with the complacent assurance that they would never come.

I too waited — anything but complacently — for the return of my host, reproaching myself, now that it was too late, for having taken a welcome for granted. To be sure, I had been invited, but that was three years ago, and I had forgotten to ask Chan whether the invitation had ever been renewed. An hour passed and still I waited, sitting on the top step of the verandah as Crichton must have done times without number at that hour, looking down his empty roadway to the empty sea. The sun had set and the

colorless light faded swiftly from the sky. The fronds of the palms, swaying gently in the last faint tremors of the breeze, came gradually to rest. In the trancelike calm of earth and air I was conscious again of the beating of the surf on the reef. Now it was measured, regular, as though it were the pulsing of the blood through the mighty heart of Solitude; now it seemed the confused roar of street traffic from a thousand cities mingled with the voices of all humankind, flowing smoothly, in soundless waves, in narrowing circles, over the rim of the world, to break audibly at last on this minute ringed shoal in the farthestmost sea of silence.

After listening to that lonely sound for at least another hour, I began to feel a little uncomfortable. What had happened to my host, and where was the Mamma-Ruau? I knew that she had her own little house farther down the beach, and that Crichton, with his strict ideas of propriety, would not ask her to dine with us. Nevertheless I thought it likely that she would be about somewhere. At last I saw a glimmer of light along the passageway leading to the lagoonside verandah. A little while afterward a gong was sounded. 'That means dinner, evidently,' I thought. 'Perhaps Crichton has returned through the groves and along the beach and is waiting for me.'

I have but mentioned, thus far, Crichton's lagoonside verandah. It is semicircular in shape and extends over shoal water to the very brink of a magnificent coral precipice. Standing at the edge of it one looks down into a submarine garden of exquisite beauty. Gorgeously colored fish of the most fantastic shapes swim lazily in and out of the caves which honeycomb the precipice, and from the floor of the lagoon great coral mushrooms arise, spreading their symmetrical branches into water as clear as air. The verandah is roofed

with canvas stretched over bamboo poles, and this covering is so constructed that it may be drawn back, by means of ropes, against the wall of the house.

Emerging from the passageway I gave an inward gasp of astonishment at the beauty and the strangeness of the scene before me. It was now deep night. The verandah lay open to the sky, and the reflections of the stars in the water were so bright and clear it was easy to imagine that the little house was adrift, motionless, in the innermost depths of space. But what first attracted my attention was a table, set for one, holding a shaded lamp; and standing beside it a withered ancient Chinaman as small and frail of body as a delicate child of ten. He was dressed in a clean cotton undershirt and a black *pareu*, and carried a napkin over his arm in quite the approved fashion. He made a striking and memorable picture, standing with his back to the starlit lagoon. The lamplight filled the caverns of his eyes with shadow, and the black *pareu* blended so perfectly with the surrounding darkness that he looked only half a Chinaman suspended motionless above two bare feet. I bade him good evening and inquired for Crichton, but his only reply was to draw back my chair and wait for me to be seated. When I had done so I noticed a piece of folded note-paper tucked under the edge of my plate. It was a message from Crichton. 'I am sorry,' it read, 'that I cannot join you at dinner, and as Chan expects to sail early to-morrow afternoon it may be that I shall not see you again before you go. Ling Foo, my Chinaman, will look after you. Please believe that you are welcome here and feel free to use my house as though it were your own.'

Ling Foo had gone to the kitchen while I was puzzling over this message.

At any rate when I looked up again he was standing at my elbow, holding a covered dish which certainly he had not been holding a moment before. I would not have been surprised, after he had set it down in front of me, to have seen him conjure it away again with his napkin. It required an effort of the imagination to think of that voiceless wraith of a man, who moved as soundlessly as a shadow, concerning himself in the usual manner with anything so substantial and matter of fact as food. Most of it was out of tins, but it had been admirably disguised in the preparation. I wish that I might have paid his art as a cook the tribute it deserved; but it was Ling's fate, apparently, to spend his days performing useless labor: airing empty rooms, making up unoccupied beds, sweeping dustless floors. He carried back the scarcely tasted food as though he had quite expected this. Then, having lighted a lamp in the room where I was to sleep and another on the front verandah, he again vanished, and that is the last I ever saw of him.

IV

'Please believe that you are welcome here.' The words kept repeating themselves in my mind. I tried to believe it, but under the circumstances nothing seemed less likely than that Crichton meant me to accept this absentee welcome in good faith. I had seen the copra, stacked on the beach, ready for loading. What other work could there be to do which would occupy his time until after our departure? No, he did not want to see me, that was plain. I wished I had not come; I wished with all my heart that I had not come.

Having come, there was nothing for it but to remain. Impossible to return to the schooner. When I had last seen her, just after sunset, she was at least three miles offshore. Chan had no

engines and would stand well out to sea during the night. I smiled, rather lugubriously however, at the thought of my anxiety to leave an island I had dreamed of with such longing during four years; but those dreams had been concerned with the Crichton I knew, or thought I knew, on board the Caleb Winship. Now, going back in thought over the details of that first voyage to his island, I realized how meagre my knowledge of him really was. Although we had been much in each other's company, our companionship had been a curiously silent one for the most part. Often for days together we scarcely spoke. I was new to the islands then, and could hardly believe that places with names and fixed positions on charts could so far surpass my most sanguine expectations. They could have thrown glamour over one's relations with the most prosaic of fellow passengers, and, whatever else he may have been, Crichton was not prosaic. The mere fact of his searching out so lonely an island offered sufficient proof to the contrary. Once — it was the only occasion when he even approached making a confidence — he had told me that he hoped to find Tanao a place where he could do his thinking and writing undisturbed. 'What sort of thinking?' I had wanted to ask, but one could hardly venture so intimate a question without further encouragement, which he did not give.

At another time, breaking an all-day silence, he had said, 'I wish I had come out here years ago. They appeal to the imagination, don't you think — all these islands?' That struck me as a happy expression of one's feeling about them, for we were then in the very heart of the Archipelago, with islands all round us, and yet they did not seem real. The glimpses I had into his mind were all of this fragmentary nature, and they were as brief as they were rare.

I had taken the rest of him for granted. Even though I were justified, then, in doing so, who could say what might have happened to him meanwhile — what changes had taken place during four appallingly lonely years? I was not hopeful. One might love solitude at a distance and long to know it intimately; but the heart of it was too vast, surely, for one poor human wail to snuggle against with impunity, or to attempt to explore in search of the secret of its peace. I tried to put myself in Crichton's place, and succeeded so well — or so ill, I could not be sure which it was — that I came back with a feeling of immense relief to my proper identity; but as a result of the attempt I could understand how one might so completely lose touch with humankind that the mere thought of renewing it, even for a moment, would be unendurable.

It was not yet nine o'clock — too early to think of going to bed. I returned to the front verandah to examine at leisure some charts and sketches — Crichton's own handiwork evidently — which hung on the wall above the bookshelves. There was a plan of his house, another of the main island, and a third of the atoll as a whole. I amused myself by making a rough sketch of them in my notebook. Some of his drawings were extremely interesting. One had for title, 'When the Seas Go Dry.' It was a sketch in crayon of a number of the atolls of the Low Archipelago as they would appear from the ocean floor if the waters should recede. Immensely high mountains, in the shape of truncated cones, were shown, with walls in many places falling sheer from heights of ten to fifteen thousand feet to the general level of the surrounding country. It was a vividly imaginative impression and true to fact at the same time. One could see that it had been drawn from a chart of the islands with its data

of soundings, which hung beside it. Another similar sketch showed Tanao alone, with two pigmy figures standing in the valley below, as they do in old engravings of mountain scenery, one of them pointing to the cliffs towering above them. Having examined the drawings, I turned again to the library, taking volumes at random from the shelves and reading a page here and there. Many of Crichton's books were in my own library, not a few in the same editions. It gave me an uncanny feeling to find it so. I seemed to have entered his mind, to have assumed his personality whether I would or no, and this sense of identity was intensified when I came upon marked passages which I too had thus noted in some of my own books. One of these was in a volume of Shelley's *Lyrics and Minor Poems*, which fell open of itself to Shelley's preface to 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude.' There was no marginal comment on the page, but the paragraph, underscored in pencil, was as follows: —

Among those who attempt to exist without human sympathy, the pure and tender-hearted perish through the intensity and passion of their search after its communities, when the vacancy of their spirit suddenly makes itself felt. All else, selfish, blind, and torpid, are those unforeseeing multitudes who constitute, together with their own, the lasting misery and loneliness of the world. Those who love not their fellow beings live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave.

The whole of the preface had a very special interest for me under those circumstances. As for 'Alastor' itself, I had not read it in several years, and it occurred to me that I could never have a more favorable opportunity than this for a sympathetic appreciation of the poem, if not for its fullest enjoyment. Therefore, drawing my chair close to the lamp, I began, and at the second

stanza started reading aloud that I might better sense the sonorous beauty of the words: —

Mother of this unfathomable world!
Favor my solemn song, for I have loved
Thee ever, and thee only; I have watched
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,
And my heart ever gazes on the depth
Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed
In charnels and on coffins, where black death
Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,
Hoping to still these obstinate questionings
Of thee and thine; by forcing some lone ghost,
Thy messenger, to render up the tale
Of what we are. In lone and silent hours,
When night makes a weird sound of its own
stillness . . .

V

I had been reading for a quarter of an hour, I should say, sometimes aloud, sometimes silently, when I heard from the adjoining room a slight but very distinct noise: a drumming with the fingers against the wall just back of my head. I don't believe I have ever been so curiously startled in my life before. A cry, a crash of breaking glass, a pistol fired behind my back, might have produced a more violent shock, but nothing like such an eerie one. I got up at once, blew out the light, tiptoed into my room at the other end of the verandah, and closed the door. The reaction was purely instinctive, as a child's would be upon hearing at night a sound it could not understand. Theoretically, I should then have jumped into bed and hidden under the coverlet, but instinct did not carry me so far as that. I knew well enough, of course, that Crichton was in the other room. That is to say, I knew it after hearing the noise. Previous to that, his presence in the house had not so much as occurred to me. The fact of his sending a message had given me a sense of his remoteness. I seemed to have taken it for granted that he was far away, across the lagoon perhaps, on one of the other islands — anywhere but under his own roof.

For some time I stood listening, in the middle of the floor; then, hearing no further sound, I sat in darkness by the open window and gave myself up to the most disquieting reflections. I winced at the thought of having read aloud. Had I set to work deliberately, maliciously, to devise for Crichton some exquisite form of torment, I doubted whether I could have hit upon one more likely to prove successful. Deprived through his blindness of the enjoyment of his books, I had reminded him what a deprivation it was. Accustomed during four years to all but unbroken silence, he had been compelled to listen to the monotonous intonation of my voice. 'Alastor' might very well be the last poem in the world so lonely a man would care to hear; and he must have heard distinctly, every word, for only a thin board partition separates the verandah from the rooms behind it. At last, irritated beyond endurance, he had let me know of his presence.

Thus I reasoned myself into a very uncomfortable frame of mind. I was tempted to go to Crichton's room; to make my apologies for having disturbed him — for having come to Tanao at all. What would have happened, I wonder, had I done so? Perhaps I then missed the greatest opportunity I am ever likely to have to be of service to a man in dire need — whether he knew it or not — of human companionship, of human sympathy. And yet it is very doubtful that I would have known how to offer it or he to accept it. I might have succeeded only in creating a situation so embarrassing as to be ludicrous. At the moment — heaven knows! — I felt that I had been sufficiently meddlesome without making further advances. Then, too, his method of warning me of his presence had something scarcely human about it. He had drummed twice, very lightly,

with the tips of his fingers, and after a moment of silence had repeated the sound. It is hard to convey in words a sense of the uncanny effect it produced in me. If he had pounded on the wall with his fist, or if he had shouted, 'In Heaven's name! Stop that infernal mumbling, will you?' I should have felt that he was within reach, so to speak. I should have felt a welcome flush of anger at churlishness which even his blindness could hardly excuse. As the matter stood I was awed rather than angry at the strangeness of his behavior, and it seemed best to remain in my room, wearing out the rest of the night as unobtrusively as possible.

But although Ling Foo had turned the coverlet invitingly back, I did not go to bed. Instead, I sat by the window listening to the clock on the verandah striking the half-hours and the hours, each of them a little eternity in itself. I dozed off at last, to be awakened out of uneasy slumber by the crowing of a cock. It was a welcome sound, for I thought day was at hand; but this was far from being the case. Paumotan chickens, like the Paumotans themselves, are seminocturnal in their habits. Roosters greet the rising of the moon as well as of the sun, and I have often heard them break into a prolonged ecstasy of crowing, for no reason at all, in the middle of a starlit night. One can hardly blame them, for the nights are enchantingly beautiful; but the sound of persistent crowing may be extremely annoying if close at hand, and this cock was perched in some shrubbery just in front of the verandah. A late moon was rising, which may have been the cause of his outburst. However that may be, he kept it up. With a premonitory flapping of wings he shattered the silence time after time, waiting with seeming intent for it to heal that he might shatter it again the more effectively. I endured it as long as I

could; then climbed noiselessly out of the window, that I might not have to pass Crichton's room, and walked down the lagoon beach, keeping well within the shadow of the trees.

The crowing stopped almost at once. I was in the mood to be half chagrined at this, and to take as an intentional affront the habitual action of the hermit crabs, — there were hundreds of them along the beach, — snapping into their shells at my approach and closing their doors behind them. The land crabs too showed hostility in their own fashion, holding up their claws in menace, scurrying away on either side, and dodging into their burrows as though fleeing a pestilence. 'I'm having a strange welcome all round!' I thought. And yet the Mamma-Ruau had been friendly. I could not doubt the sincerity of her welcome, and the fact of her disappearance immediately after our landing was easily accounted for: she had old-fashioned ideas — which Crichton, I knew, encouraged — as to the propriety of women sharing uninvited in the companionship of men. No doubt she had gone straight to her house to wait until she should be sent for.

Her little hut, on the lagoon beach a five-minute walk from Crichton's place, seemed as essential a feature of the landscape as the old *kahaia* tree growing near by. All was silent there. A fire of coconut husks was smouldering on the earthen floor of the back kitchen. I knocked lightly on the doorpost and, receiving no reply, looked in. The reflections from the moonlit water made the room almost as light as day. A wooden chest for clothing stood against a wall and a sewing machine in the corner. That was all the room contained in the way of furniture except for some shell necklaces and hat wreaths and some beautifully formed branches of coral hanging on the walls.

The Mamma-Ruau lay on a mat, her hands palm to palm, tucked under her cheek. She was sleeping so peacefully that I had not the heart to waken her therefore I slipped quietly away and sat down for a time under the *kahaia* tree.

Here Crichton and I had had our first meal together upon our arrival four years ago. I recalled the story the Mamma-Ruau had told us that evening of the spirit of the last of her children, — a son of twenty, — who had been drowned while fishing outside the reef of the neighboring islet. It appeared to her but rarely, she said, and always in the form of an enormous dog, so large that it could have picked up her little house in its mouth, like a basket. But it never offered to harm her. She would come upon it — only at the full of the moon — lying on the lagoon beach, its enormous head resting on its paws. It would regard her mournfully for a long time, beating its tail on the ground. Then it would get up, take a long drink of salt water, and start at a lope down the beach. Soon it would break into a run, gathering tremendous speed until, reaching the end of the island, it would make a flying spring and she would last see it high in air, clearly outlined against the moonlit sky, crossing, in one gigantic leap, the two-mile gap to the island where her son had been drowned.

The story had made a deep impression upon me, and the simplicity, the earnestness of her manner of telling it convinced me of the realness of the apparition to the Mamma-Ruau. She was pure heathen and believed in all sorts of spirits, good and bad. I was glad for her sake that she had missed contact with the itinerant missionaries — Seventh-day Adventists and Latter-day Saints — who wander through the Low Archipelago from time to time, seeking converts. They would

have destroyed what beliefs she had without giving her anything she could honestly accept to replace them. Indeed her grandmother, a Marquesan, had been converted to Christianity by some of the early missionaries; but evidently she had not been at all happy in her new faith, for she had counseled both her children and her grandchildren to have nothing to do with it. She had never been sure what to believe and shortly before her death at Tanao, many years ago, had left instructions that a little stone *tiki* (idol), which she had always kept, was to be set at the head of her grave and a slab of coral with a cross carved on it at the foot. I had seen this grave at the time of my last visit. It is in the family burying-ground at the far end of the island. As day was still long distant I decided to go there again and look at it by moonlight.

I doubt whether there is a cemetery in all the Pacific — except at the bottom of it — more impressively lonely than the one at Tanao. It lies close to the ocean beach where, owing to the contour of the fringing reef, the sea breaks with unusual violence; and the moonlight-silvered spray, drifting slowly over the land, makes one think of an endless procession of ghosts. There must be fifteen or twenty graves in all, most of them now in a sadly neglected condition, overgrown with shrubs and bushes. I found the grandmother's grave. The little idol, its hands folded across its stomach, seemed to be gazing with stony-eyed hostility at the near-by cross. But what interested me most was another grave, freshly prepared, ready for occupancy. It had been dug to a depth of five or six feet and carefully roofed over with sheets of corrugated iron to keep out the rain. A drainage trench surrounded it, and close by were stacked a number of large flat stones, chiseled square and the

edges beveled, with which to cover over the grave at last. The headstone was ready to be set in place, and on it was carved the Mamma-Ruau's name, 'Fainau a Hiva.' I was not greatly surprised at this, for it is not unusual for Paumotans to make preparations for death when they know it cannot be far distant. They have no dread of it. Indeed, in old age they seem rather to welcome the approach of death and make all ready for their last long sleep. The Mamma-Ruau was merely following the custom of her people; but she was too frail, I knew, to have done this work herself. Crichton must have helped her with it, and a little shiver of dismay went through me when I saw how thoroughly and painstakingly he had set about the business. It struck me that he must have found zest in it, as though he were thinking, 'It won't be long now. I'll soon have the place to myself.'

VI

I stood for a time watching the great seventh waves crashing over the reef. The ground trembled under the ceaseless impact, and the roar of broken water was loud enough, one would think, to disturb even the profound repose of the dead. Crichton would be lying here eventually if he held fast to his voluntary exile. But that would be years hence. Meanwhile, supposing he were to go completely and permanently blind? The possibility must have occurred to him often. Walking slowly back along the ocean beach, I again tried to persuade myself that it was my duty to go to him at once, to urge him to come away with us. His blindness gave me an excellent pretext. I could urge the need of his going to England or America for expert advice and treatment. Quickening my pace, I crossed the island to the lagoon beach, and if I had been five minutes earlier who can

say what might have happened? Perhaps — but idle conjecturing is futile.

What did happen was this: When I was within fifty yards of the house that cock started crowing again as though it had been waiting all this while to warn Crichton of the return of his unwelcome guest. The shrill cry stopped me as effectively as a stone wall would have done. While I stood there, doubtful as to what I should do, Crichton himself emerged from the darkness of the verandah, walked down the steps, and groped among the bushes beside them. He was lost to view for a moment; then I saw that he had the rooster under his arm, and he came down the beach directly toward me. I was standing in shadow, against a tree. He passed so close that I could have touched him with my outstretched hand, and he stopped not half a dozen paces distant. He was not now wearing his dark glasses and his eyes had a vacant expressionless look.

He stood for a moment gently stroking the bird; then, speaking in a half-bantering, half-aggrieved tone, 'You should n't have made such an infernal racket,' he said. 'And just under my window too! It is n't the first time either; and you know you've been warned. Now I'm going to punish you — a quite serious little punishment. You won't like it in the least.'

With that he took the fowl firmly by the legs, one in each hand, and very slowly and deliberately tore it apart. I could plainly hear the smothered rending of the flesh. To say that it was a horrible sight is to say nothing at all, but more horrible still was the expression on Crichton's face. I shall not attempt to describe it. The cock gave one loud squawk, all but human in its quality of terror and pain, but Crichton soon silenced it. He bashed it again and again against the trunk of a tree until it was only a misshapen mass of bloody

feathers, then threw it into the lagoon. His bare chest, as well as his face and hands, was spattered with blood. Having washed carefully, he dried his body with his pareu and sat down on the beach in such a position that he was turned half toward me with the moon shining full in his face. I would not venture to guess how long he sat thus, quite motionless, his eyes closed, as though he were deep in reverie.

At last the shadow of a frown darkened his features and he said in a passionate half-whisper, 'Why did you come? Did you think I was lonely?'

- For two or three seconds I was convinced that he had spoken to me direct, conscious of my presence, and it was only the shock of astonishment that prevented me from giving myself away. But his air of complete self-absorption reassured me. It was plain that he thought himself alone.

'Ah, my friend,' he went on, 'you are too kind! Too considerate by far! Your companionship — your conversation — oh, charming! No doubt! No doubt! But you will forgive a solitary man if he deprives himself —'

He broke off and was again long silent, sitting with his arms crossed on his knees, his forehead resting against them. I was compelled to stand absolutely motionless. He could have heard the least sound I might have made. Finally he raised his head wearily and, speaking in a low, broken, heartsick voice, 'I don't know what's to come,' he said; 'I don't know.' A moment later he rose and walked slowly back to the house.

I never saw him again. Neither he nor the Mamma-Ruau appeared at the beach the following morning. I went out to the schooner with the first boatload of copra and, being dead tired after my all-night vigil, turned into my bunk and slept till late afternoon. When I came on deck we were headed westward

and Tanao was only a faint bluish haze far to windward. Chan, the least inquisitive of men, asked no questions as to my stay ashore. In fact, now that we had left the island, it seemed to have dropped completely out of his thoughts.

But I was to hear of Crichton once more. It was at an island four hundred miles from his retreat. We had stopped there for copra and spent one night at anchor in the lagoon close to the vil-

lage. Some natives had come aboard to yarn with the sailors. I was lying on deck looking at the stars, paying little attention to their conversation until I heard Tanao mentioned.

One voice said, 'Pupure, the old woman calls him.' (That was Crichton's native name.)

'Ah É! (Ah yes!),' replied a second. 'Tera popaa — tera taata moé (That white man — that forgotten one).'

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE SHANGHAI

BY F. DEWITT WELLS

[MOVED by an irresistible longing for adventure, F. DeWitt Wells, formerly a municipal court judge of New York, his twenty-three-year-old son Jay, and a cousin, Chanler Chapman, together with two Scandinavian sailors, set sail from Bergen last summer in a ketch bound for America over the Viking trail. Their boat, the *Shanghai*, had been built in China of teakwood, and proved herself on a sixteen-thousand-mile voyage to Copenhagen. She measured forty-seven feet over all, and sixteen feet three inches beam. She was double-ended, with a flush deck of teak, ketch rigged, with mainsail and small mizzen, and was equipped with a ten-horsepower kerosene motor, at best capable of five miles an hour.

Judge Wells purchased the *Shanghai* at Copenhagen, and with the assistance of the former owners and Chapman sailed to Bergen, where the boat was to be hauled up, painted, and provisioned for the voyage. Here the crew was augmented by the arrival of Jay Wells, and by the signing-on of two young Nor-

wegians, Ask Bryndelson and 'Tom.' These five embarked from Bergen on the tenth of July, put in at the Faroe Islands on the thirteenth, and at Reykjavik, Iceland, on the twenty-first, where Tom was replaced by a twenty-year-old Dane, Arnold Bagterskov. Continuing by dead reckoning and without serious mishap, the *Shanghai* sailed from Iceland to Greenland, and thence to Battle Harbor, Labrador, Dr. Grenfell's mission. Two thousand, nine hundred and seventy-eight miles had been covered. On August 15 they left on the last leg of their course, the seven hundred miles of water between Battle Harbor and Shelburne, Nova Scotia. The engine was misbehaving, and provisions were low. Here Judge Wells's *Odyssey* may take up the narrative.

— THE EDITOR]

I

WE had left Battle Harbor on August 15 at noon and had come through the Straits of Belle Isle and down the western coast of Newfoundland to the Bay

of Islands. There we had stopped to repair our engine, which proved to be irreparable. We decided to push on without the aid of machinery, and on Thursday, the twenty-second, we tacked out the narrow twenty miles of Humber Arm and through the bay, and at dawn on the twenty-third we were off the outer light and into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

For three days there was fog with light winds, and we were glad on the morning of the twenty-fifth to be in the ocean again, where we at least would have wind enough to sail and make some progress on the last leg of our long journey home.

Late in the day we took a tack in toward the shore, but there was a mild fog and a fresh wind, and we did not want to go too close, nor yet miss Cape Canso.

We did not make out the shore. We turned again and went southerly during the night, and in the morning we were out of sight of land, with no possibility of taking an observation or finding out just where we were. We could see a mile or so ahead and from time to time sighted a schooner. Deciding to locate our position, we again turned toward the shore and about eleven came on a fishing boat that was a little to the east of us.

There was a dory out fishing, so we drew near and spoke to the men on the smack and asked them where we were.

It seems we were about four miles off the Cranberry Island light-buoy, which is at the entrance into Canso. They gave us some fresh cod from their boat-load. It was good to hear the fish come flopping down on the deck as they threw six or seven aboard. We were running short of provisions, had finished our keg of salt mutton which we had brought on deck from Bergen, and were just eating the last of the barrel

of salted fish which had been lashed beside it.

It was too late to clean and cook the cod for lunch. Arnold as usual made us a meal of rice and tomatoes; we ate our biscuits and opened our last pot of jam — 'tyttleberries' was the jam — preserved Norwegian cranberries.

We soon made the light-buoy and sailed in until we were sure of Canso Light at Cranberry Island. We then could lay our course.

Canso is at the entrance of the Straits of Canso, between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island. White Point is noted for shipwrecks. It is almost the farthest southeastern point of Nova Scotia. From where we had spoken the fishing boat, it was about one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty miles to Halifax.

The wind was light, the sea calm, and the barometer high as we turned seaward and went out almost southeast four or five miles from the coast. At seven the wind was stronger and I thought it safer to get away from a lee shore even though we were going miles away from our course, which was about west by south. We sailed away from seven to eight o'clock and, the wind being moderate but strong, we had all sails set, so that we must have made a good six knots during the hour, which brought us thirteen miles off the coast. For summer sailing this was an unnecessary precaution, but as we were so nearly home I was taking no risks.

We then went about and laid our course west-southwest, which would bring us well out of sight of land by morning, but it was safer to run in again than to take any chances. We gave out the course to Arnold and Chapman, who were on watch. The barometer was 75.9. There had been no drop as the night came on.

About ten o'clock the wind was blowing hard. Ask went on deck and came

down to say that we had better take in the mainsail. Chapman objected, but the best thing was to reduce sail. It was almost a gale, yet not worse than we had had many nights in the past between Iceland and Greenland or across Davis Strait coming to Labrador. The boat could lay to under staysail and mizzen and ship little water. It took Chapman, Ask, and Arnold the strenuous part of an hour to get in the heavy sail, while all the time the wind was blowing stronger. It was finally furled and we were running under the two sails, staysail and mizzen. Probably we were not sailing, but with the boat headed west-southwest we should run clear of land and by daylight know better what to do.

At twelve the wind was blowing a gale and the barometer had dropped eighteen points. We tried five times to go about and head away if possible. The sea was so heavy that the small boat would not come up into the wind, and to jib would have meant carrying away the sails we had set, with the danger of hurting some of the crew and perhaps washing someone overboard.

We had the tiller hard down to hold the head to the wind, and the mizzen, while keeping her head up, also prevented us from going about. While we were making the attempt, the staysail blew out and we were helpless.

It was like flames whipping and tearing the sail. It burned like a roaring flame, and in a minute ropes and sail were carried away in whirling, shredded tongues.

We got out the small jib; our hope was that if we could get it up we could lower the mizzen and possibly get about, but that would have been impossible in the heavy seas. Four times we tried. We had the ropes on the windlass, but there was no chance. The wind simply carried the sail bellying over the side, and at the best we

could raise it only halfway up the stay. There was nothing more to do. As long as the mizzen held we could keep the boat headed against the wind. The waves were now fifty or sixty feet high and breaking over us occasionally.

It was the greatest pleasure to watch the Shanghai ride the gigantic seas, sliding down with grace, and climbing with an energy and surety that was unbelievable. She was brave, buoyant, unconquered. She fought and labored with a courage that seemed to destroy fear and cowardice in any of us. It was a curious psychology, but the very bravery of the boat in the storm inspired us all. I really think that none of us trembled. It was terrific. We realized that we were in a hurricane, that we were being blown on a lee shore, and that our fate was destruction.

There was yet the chance of delay: that the storm would abate or that if we held out until dawn we could be saved and direct the boat into some harbor. The double flash of Cranberry Light was abeam, but it was growing steadily nearer, and when sometimes on the top of a wave we saw flashes they were like two warning, terrifying eyes through the spray and wind.

We had on board the sea anchor and one hundred and twenty fathoms of three-inch rope. The sea anchor had never been rigged or used, but the long rope had been useful many times, once when we had tried to pull ourselves off a shoal at the Westman Islands, again in Greenland, when we had stretched it across the harbor at Narsak and made it fast to a rock, and again in the Bay of Islands, when we carried a small anchor out to pull us away from shore on the night the wind had given out.

Ask rigged the sea anchor. It was put over on the starboard bow and two drip bags filled with engine oil were put over the side. We also hung cables out to delay the leeway we were making.

The ship steadied and came about, heading to the southeast. I knew that we were doomed and I could not help feeling that the Shanghai knew it too. She was comparatively quiet and behaved as if she were crippled and hampered.

Her buoyancy was gone. She rode well to the sea anchor, but her vitality was low. She acted as if she were ill, and although we shipped little water she was anchored to the storm.

There was no rock above the spray and the white mountains of foam and water rose two or three hundred feet high when we looked out at them in the daylight.

After we put out the sea anchor, the oil drips, and gathered up some of the tangle of canvas and ropes, Chapman and Arnold came below for a rest. They had all been working since before midnight and it was after three. There was no reason why they should not get some rest, and they took off their boots and clothes and turned in.

They climbed into the upper bunks, but I had previously made up my mind that I was going to die with my pants and shoes on, and I carefully put two twenty-dollar bills in my pocket, and a watch and chain with which I had very personal associations. Attached to the chain are still the rusted keys of the cabins of the Shanghai.

It may have been twenty minutes or it may have been ten after they came below that I went up the companion-way to look at my son at the rudder and Ask at the door of the engine-room in the cockpit, watching the vanishing light of the lighthouse.

It went out of sight, and there was yet the chance that we had drifted by the point. There was an open bay beyond, and four or five miles to the north the coast came out to a point called Whitehead. The longer we could last the more chance there was.

II

I had hardly turned back across the cabin when there came a tremendous thud and crash. It was not in any specific place on the ship. It was simply an overwhelming, thundering blow. The lamp went out; water was pouring through the hatch and down the skylight. I lit the lamp. The lamp chimney was not broken, but the cabin was wrecked. Chapman and Arnold had been hurled from their bunks. Water was knee-deep on the cabin floor. The large teakwood table had been torn from its fastenings. I remember seeing a book floating about in the mess. It was the nautical almanac, and I wondered whether I ought to rescue it and preserve it for the next voyage.

Arnold picked himself up and I told him to get on his clothes and open the floor hatch to see how much water the boat was taking. He was dazed, but got on his boots and pants and went forward to the galley to find something to open the hatch in the floor. It was jammed and could not be lifted. He came back with an inadequate table-spoon and tried to pry it up. The spoon broke, but we did manage to open the hatch and found there was not a great deal of water in the hold.

It was the outer reef that we had struck. We had come over it and were alive. If the boat had been deeper we could not have passed. Had it been of lighter construction it would have been dashed to pieces. Had it been built of iron it would have been stove in and swamped at once. As a matter of fact, the construction of the boat was so stalwart, the beams and ribs of elmwood so massive, that although the shock was tremendous she yet held. I looked out. We could see nothing. Within three or four minutes we hit again.

There is nothing more rending and

terrifying than when a boat strikes the rocks. It is a grinding, crushing shock like the end of a terrific fall — the blow of a great weight beating into your vitals. It was an agony of sickening thuds as we struck three times more. Finally we were pounding up against the face of a rock that rose black in the mist against the port side at an angle of fifty or sixty degrees. The spray and water were dashing against it and the waves were hammering us against it. There could not have been more than six or seven feet between the rail of the boat and the rock. Sometimes the ship yawed outward and again it was pounded closer.

My son was on deck with Ask. Chapman, Arnold, and I were in the cabin. My son had with him his torch flashlight, which in spite of the rain and sea was still alight. We threw the spotlight on the rock. Ask jumped and landed. Arnold threw him a rope, and he caught it. The rope was the other end of the heavy sea-anchor coil and for a moment it would not uncoil. Arnold went down to the engine-room to clear it. As we were lying on the deck, clinging to the rigging, it seemed an eternity before it began to pay out. Then Arnold jumped. His heavy rubber boots filled with water and submerged him. He managed to hold fast to the line and to kick off the boots. Ask pulled and a wave washed him up on to the face of the rock. He climbed above. Ask made a turn of the rope around a projecting piece of rock that was twenty or thirty feet above sea level. It was an extraordinary formation of the rock almost like a stanchion, but it gave enough hold for him to take in the slack. As he reached down with one hand and grabbed us, while with the other he pulled in, Arnold held on to the end of the rope.

My son then went over the side, and as he did so the ship gave a heavy

lurch so that he seemed to be crushed between the ship and the rock. He clung with one hand to the rope and with the other fended himself off. Ask grabbed him, still clinging to the rope, out of the reach of the waves. My turn was next. We had been holding to the rigging and I had both arms around one of the towing-posts that was on the starboard side. Every wave completely submerged us and washed over the whole ship. My son on shore held the electric torch so that we could see what we were doing. Unfortunately, as I started, the water washed off my pants and they became entangled about my feet. I could have kicked them off, but I was bound not to lose them, for their pockets held my few earthly possessions. That foolish sense of property made me intent upon holding them.

As I threw myself over the side, holding the rope, I sunk deep in the water. It was only a moment, however, before I found myself against the face of the rock with Ask's hand on my collar. My feet were still entangled, but I was able to get a knee-hold and in a moment was dragged to safety. Ask had almost torn the shirt from my back. Chapman came last, in underdrawers and bare feet. We all scrambled or climbed to safety above the waves.

Three or four minutes after that the ship broke and the decks disappeared, with only the masts above the water swinging and swaying with each pounding of the waves. We climbed to a farther height, into a hollow where there was a lee from the storm. There in some mossy turf we lay huddled together, striking each other to keep up circulation. Chapman and Arnold dug burrows in the wet moss, but as soon as I could I got to my feet. I preferred climbing and crawling to lying still.

It must have been three-thirty or

nearly four in the morning by the time we were out of the water and saved. Probably there was not an hour to wait until daylight, but in the darkness, with a raging sea lashing the shore, the flying spray, and the howling wind, it was long waiting. It was cold and dark. The water was thrown from the sea over the top of the bluff and the storm was relentless. Chapman and Arnold were but half clad. Ask insisted on my taking his woolen sweater and leather seaman's waistcoat. My shirt had been stripped in the struggle to land and I was bare to the waist, but in my trousers pocket were a photograph, my watch and chain, and two twenty-dollar bills, soaked and limp.

There was a disgusting reaction toward trivialities, and the habits and property inhibitions of years kept thrusting themselves into my mind, notwithstanding the enveloping sense of thankfulness and gratitude that we were alive. I recollect no sense of terror, nor did I hear one word or exclamation of fright or fear from the other four. They were all efficient, intent, and possessed. Each did his utmost with courage, and each thought of the others. There was not a sign or gesture of selfishness, but a great glow of bravery. As one of us said, 'What else was there to do?'

As the light came, we began to explore the rock where we were. There seemed nothing but sea and rock and wind. The bluff was about ninety feet high; the raging sea was to the north, to the south, and to the west. Reefs with mountains of white foam were all about; to the east the water was surging.

We climbed over to the seaward side and there against the bluff was the wreck of the Shanghai. The masts and part of the bow were still above water. We had hit the outer reef a half-mile out, which had given the first crushing

blow. Then we had been blown in, dashing against rocks, and finally had been thrown against the bluff. There was a narrow outer point and we had been partly protected against the full force of the waves. It was a miracle how we had come over to the reef through the rocks and against the bluff, with yet enough protection from that narrow point to break the waves before they swamped us. It gave us enough time to get on the rock. It would have been impossible, guided by human hand, to have made the shore or to have come through the wild sea and the perilous reef.

Below us, the beautiful boat was pounding. Each blow was an agony. We watched it, helpless. The masts were thrown back and forth, swaying. Like protesting, entreating arms they stretched upward, calling for aid. There was a large hollow in the rock opposite, above the water — a small cave. As planks and wreckage were swirled across against it they were thrown twenty or thirty feet in the air and hurled in splinters, yet the hull and the masts stayed. There was a sob in Ask's voice as he cried: 'Oh, the Shanghai! Oh, the Shanghai!'

To the very last she was gallant; the masts stood up and she fought unyielding, although conquered. There was no weakening or crumbling, no sinking. The mizzenmast went first, and for a space the heavy mainmast stood alone; then there was a tremendous blow and over it went. No one was to sail the Shanghai again. The long voyage from China through the Indian Ocean, around the Cape of Good Hope, up the Coast of Africa to Denmark, from Copenhagen to Norway, to the Faroe Islands, to Iceland, Greenland, and America was over. The beautiful boat, — one of the most wonderful and perfect boats in the world, — the Shanghai, my dream ship, was gone.

III

We were bitterly cold as we lay now on the wet moss behind the shoulder of the bluff. Ask went down and came climbing back with something in his hand. It was the bottle of aqua vitae. He had found it on the ledge of the rock, unbroken, with the cork still in. Only the label was washed off. It had floated and been lifted gently to a ledge of the rock and out of the reach of the waves. It seemed a miracle of Providence. What that half-bottle of fiery warmth meant to the exhausted crew of the Shanghai!

Arnold Bagterskov said that it was just a month he had been on board. We had sailed from Reykjavik July 28. July 27 was his twenty-first birthday. It was now the morning of August 27, exactly a month since he had brought his clothes to the ship.

He had been lying curled up and trying to keep warm under a burrow of moss which he had dug up as a shelter from the wind. His hands and feet were scratched and bruised where he had been thrown against the rocks. When he jumped overboard to get to the shore he had on his boots and had found he could not do anything with his feet. His boots were too heavy, so he kicked them off. His feet were bleeding; my knees were raw, scratched and scraped against the rocks; the others had bruises. Chapman was barefooted and in his underclothes. Otherwise we were sound and unhurt, and we were warmer from the drink.

After Ask had found the bottle, Arnold climbed down and came back with a little round black case about three inches long. I did n't remember having seen it before on the boat. It had evidently come from the medicine chest, which we had had no occasion to open during the voyage. It was made of hard rubber, with a screw top.

'See what I found!' he cried. He handed it to me and I unscrewed the top. It seems unbelievable, but inside was a full ounce of powdered aristol and bismuth, perfectly dry and unspoiled. It was the one thing needed for our cuts and bruises.

We mended ourselves as well as we could, and from time to time went down the rocks to find pieces of planks and boards, an oar, the deck mop, the long heavy boat-hook. A mattress was washed ashore, with the linen cover; also a linen cover for a pillow — the pillow was gone. There was one of the leather-covered mattresses, a piece of lard, some candles, and three cans of kerosene from the engine-room. One, a five-gallon can, was leaking but nearly full. There were two twenty-five-gallon cans, too heavy to lift. We found a smashed plank from the bow. It was narrow and splintered at both ends, but on almost the only piece that was large enough to hold was painted the name of the boat, the letters S-H-A-N-G-H-A-I.

As the light grew we began to distinguish objects. To the south was the roaring sea. The line of the reef lay half a mile off. The sea breaking on it made a mountain of white foam higher than the cliff where we were. The rocks were almost continuous. It was unbelievable to think that we had come through. We looked to the west — open, angry sea. We looked to the north — tumult, waves, and anger. To the east we thought we could see land at one point. The light was faint and the wind howling. We climbed down to a narrow point and found a surging gully of waves breaking from both directions, and a wild current. We were on a small island out at sea.

We gathered planks, and against the flat face of a rock we tried to build a shelter from the wind and cold. The linen cover we tore into a streamer and

fastened it to the end of the boat-hook. Ask and I planted it in the moss on the top of the bluff. There could be no boats living outside in that weather, but it might be seen from shore and we might be rescued. There was no water on the island. We found blueberry bushes and a few ground-pine and spruce bushes, and with these we made a couch. Ask had kept in his pocket an old hunting-knife of mine. Once we thought we saw a house or hut, but when we came nearer it was a square boulder.

From time to time we climbed down to see if there might be anything to save. There was practically nothing, not a relic; no clothes, instruments, gear, ropes, parts, or anything of value. Everything was gone, smashed by the waves or carried to other rocks and washed out to sea. We were more interested in saving our lives. The question was, Where were we and how could we be rescued? How long could we last, with no water, food, or protection from the cold? We were still wet.

The light grew stronger, and across the point we thought we could see what looked like a hut. It was doubtful, but after a while we were certain and made out a fisherman's hut, and farther off a group of buildings. They were gray, small, and silent. The question was, How to get to them? Ask was for plunging in. The gulch or, as it is called in Nova Scotia, the 'tickle' was not wide, but the waves broke from both sides and the tide was racing through. The narrowest part, filled with rocks, was not more than a hundred feet across. It was like the rapids in a river, only with a high, breaking surf. I begged Ask to wait and see if the tide would not go down. He waited for a while, but it was hard to tell whether the water was getting higher or not.

He had given me his sweater and

leather vest. With only shirt and pants he finally plunged into the broader part where the current was less. Four times he tried and was buffeted back. Finally he gained the opposite shore. We saw him go to the hut and over to the other buildings and then, running to the top of the hill, disappear. It was as if he had seen something. He was gone half an hour and, coming back, shouted across to us. The huts and buildings were empty. They were fishermen's houses, used for lobstering. There was no sign of life. It was another island and at the other end was another wider gulch which he was going to swim. Beyond that was what looked like the mainland.

I was too feeble not to agree. My heart was pumping and the others were exhausted. It must have been seven o'clock in the morning by this time. The sun was coming out and the wind was falling. The hurricane was past, but the sea was still roaring and lashing. We climbed about, ate blueberries, and watched the gully. Gradually we saw more seaweed on the rocks and we knew that the water was falling. We watched. By ten o'clock the water was only knee-deep. Chapman and Jay waded across first to show how easy it was. I was thoroughly a coward. Arnold had been wearing a woolen scarf and tied it around my neck. I had torn up the rest of the linen mattress-cover with which to bind Chapman's and Arnold's feet, which were bare and bruised.

I felt that I had had enough shocks for one night and that I could not swim the current if I should fall in the rapid water. I kept quietly feeling of my heart, which pained me. I discovered it was tender to the touch and swollen. Then I realized for the first time that I had been flung against the rock when I came ashore. This gave me courage, and with the help of an oar I was able

to wade across and stumble my way through the furze bushes to the nearest hut. It was empty, with a seaman's bunk on one side, a plank table, some three-legged stools, a window, and nothing else, and had been used when men came lobstering. Over the doorway someone had derisively painted: 'London Hotel.'

The sun came out and the wind died down. Outside the sea was raging. We lay about, dried our clothes, slept, and waited. What had become of Ask? Had he been able to swim the broader current and make the mainland? It seemed more questionable as the hours passed on. We were getting hungry and thirsty. I realized that with protection from the weather, and with the berries which grew about, we could hold out for several days until we were rescued or had gained strength to explore the island. The great question was fire and warmth. We had no covering and were hungry. If we could only get some kind of fire or find a way of making a light we could start a bonfire and attract attention. The other hut was full of lobster pots and buoys and we felt that we were justified in burning them up if it were necessary, but there was no way of starting a fire.

I had crawled into the board bunk in the hut and was thinking of the coming night. As I lay there I happened to notice an old match-box beside me. It was empty, but I began to wonder how it happened to be in the bunk. Possibly the fisherman who had left it there had been a lazy man who had been smoking in bed. Otherwise why should he have left it in the bunk rather than on the table or window ledge? I got up and began to explore the planks of the bunk and the chinks between them. There I found two—and only two—dry, untouched matches! I realized that with caution we could have our bonfire and warmth.

Arnold remembered the cans of kerosene that had been washed on the rocks from the Shanghai. He and Jay waded across again to the small island where we had come ashore. They brought over a leaking can of kerosene and three candles which they had picked up. If the wood for the fire were soaked with the kerosene it would certainly make a blaze and attract attention. We now had warmth and light for the night.

By four o'clock in the afternoon we had made up our minds that we should have to spend the night there. Ask, even if he had not been drowned, had found it too hard to get help, or that the sea was too dangerous for anyone to venture out in such weather.

Jay, across the island in another hut, had found a dried codfish skin on which had been left a few shreds of salt fish. We picked this off and ate it, although it made us more thirsty. We were still afraid to try the swampy rain-water which we found in the pools under the moss. There was not yet need to run further risks.

At five o'clock the others were lying in the grass at the side of the hut. I was inside trying to collect my thoughts and peace of mind. Suddenly there was a shout and halloo, and there outside were two Nova Scotian sailors, smiling, hearty, and vigorous. They were welcome savers of life.

Ask had tramped across the island without finding anything but the empty huts and a boathouse which we had seen. The island was deserted. He plunged into the current of the gully at the other end. The land across was another island, uninhabited and bare. By this time his knees were stiff and his legs and feet heavy. The water beyond was wide and the tide rushing. He could hardly swim. His shoes he still wore, but he was exhausted from the night of the shipwreck and the

struggle up the bluff. He had run and was now swimming the third gulch. The tide was racing and the waves breaking. White Point consists of a series of three islands. The outermost, on which the Shanghai had struck, is called White Bluff. Beyond that are the reefs, and to the west is Dover Bay, where the transatlantic cable comes. The next island, to which we had crossed and where we were now waiting, was used for lobster-fishing during the season. This was the reason for the huts and shelters.

Ask was powerful and young and had won a championship for swimming in Norway. Finally he reached the mainland. No houses or any signs of habitation were in sight. He started running through the swamps and woods, not knowing where or how far he was going. Tearing through briars and stumps, over rocks, across streams, he found no road or path. He was headed east along the coast, with a wild desire for help. How many miles he went he does not know. The direct distance is about twelve miles, but he must have gone many more. Eventually he saw the spire of a church.

Running toward this, breaking a way through the underbrush, he came to a cleared space. There was a farmhouse with a woman standing by the door. He must have been a wild, terrifying sight coming from the woods, with black, disordered hair, bare throat and breast, torn shirt, breathless, gasping, exhausted.

‘What did you say to her?’

‘Nothing. I looked so wild she was afraid and went in and shut the door.’

He followed the road into the town of Canso. Men gathered about him. He told of the wreck, the need for help and rescue. They took him through the town and down to the wharves, where was the fishing station with smacks and schooners. Volunteers were called for. Captain MacDonald offered to go with his smack. Five brave men volunteered. Ask went with them. The sea was yet high, although the hurricane had passed. They sailed through the passage between the islands and came to the inner side. It would have been impossible to land on the outer. The boat lay to while they launched a dory. Ask had described as well as he could the position of the island and directed them to the place. The two men came in the dory through the surf, landed on a rock, walked across the island, and were about to cross to the smaller one where the Shanghai had been wrecked when they saw the fishermen’s hut where we were.

We had taken Arnold’s scarf and tied it to an oar and stuck it from the roof to make a signal. In an hour we were brought to the town of Canso and so were rescued.

Two days afterward we went by boat from Canso to Mulgrave, where we were to take the train through Halifax on our way to New York. We had all been outfitted with new clothes. Our adventure in the Shanghai was finished.

A LOST ART OF JESUS

BY GLENN CLARK

I

JESUS had a power of overcoming trouble, a power of triumphing over the 'prince of this world,' which was unique in the history of mankind. All will agree to this, even the skeptics and agnostics and those of alien faiths. Among the recorded promises which have come down to us as spoken from His lips was one that He would leave us this power: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.' Up to now the world in general and His professed followers in especial have failed, as a whole, to experience that power which He said He was going to leave with us. The question that is left unanswered is, What is this power which Jesus promised He was going to leave us, and where shall we find it?

Is Jesus' power of healing the sick, bringing peace to the troubled, and harmony out of discord a lost art? Perhaps nothing in song or story is more alluring to the imagination than the so-called 'lost arts.' What were they and where are they to be found? Like the riddle of the Sphinx, or the oracle of Delphi, they remain shrouded in the veil of mystery which all the king's horses and all the king's men of modern scientific and philosophical research are powerless to uncover.

I have come to the conclusion that the greatest of all the lost arts — lost for these twenty centuries — is the

great art of living as Jesus practised it: living in such a way that trouble fell like scales from the eyes of all those about Him who were in need.

If this art is lost, where shall we go to find it? For if it is truly the greatest of all the arts it is certainly worth the seeking.

Where does one go when he has lost something? Naturally he goes to the place where it was last seen, and makes that the starting-point for his search.

Let us take for an example what is probably the commonest of all lost articles in this athletically ardent nation — the lost golf-ball. Just imagine you are caddying, say, for the greatest of all masters of the game. Stroke after stroke you have seen him drive down the course. Nothing equal to it have you ever seen before. And yet in spite of his marvelous power he does not require you to go on ahead, as a servant in his hire, but he invites you to accompany him at his side — as a companion. 'I call you not servants,' is the beautiful phrase of the Gospel, 'I have called you friends.' And oh, how you glory in this friendship and want to prove yourself worthy of this great trust! And then, in an evil hour, when you should have been giving your undivided attention to the game, you lose sight of the ball for just one moment, and when you try to see it again in its onward flight you are not able to do so, and when you go down the course to seek it, try your best, you cannot find it.

After wasting precious minutes thrashing through the deep grass of inductive speculation on one side of the course, and searching among the high trees of deductive speculation on the other, and after poking in the sand traps of logic in the fairway, you are ready to give up in despair. But if you are a good caddy you still have one recourse left. You can return to the tee and take the same stand you saw the master take when he struck the ball, you can take the same grip upon the club, and you can give exactly the same swing that he gave, while you let your eye follow the course such a stroke would inevitably carry the ball. If you do this, and then follow the track that your thought has recharted for you, you will come right to the lost ball.

That is, figuratively speaking, exactly what I did. Having assured myself, beyond peradventure of a doubt, that Jesus meant us to take Him absolutely at His word when He said, 'The works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do,' and having convinced myself that within Jesus' own life lay concealed the secret of doing these mighty works, I went back down the pathway of history to where Jesus stood before He sent the Christ Idea whirling down the ages. I went to where He stood; examined carefully, as best I was able, the way He took His stand upon this earth, the manner in which He gripped the great issues of life, the way He swung the full force of that matchless strength and harmony of thought in the great game of life; and then I let my eye follow the course which the Idea must have followed in its triumphant flight.

And this is what I found — that Jesus' attitude toward life was one of converting everything He saw and touched into parables. He stood on this earth as a symbol of a greater World, He gripped the issues of life as

mere symbols of eternal and heavenly Realities. Petty problems and sorrows and disasters He converted into beautiful symbols of eternal and infinite goodness. Thus nothing was petty, nothing was trivial, nothing was without meaning in Jesus' world, for all things combined to reveal the Kingdom — the Kingdom of Heaven in which He lived and moved and had His being.

'And in . . . parables spake he unto them . . . and without a parable spake he not unto them.' Jesus was one above all others who never let His lips say what His mind and heart did not authorize. 'For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' If Jesus talked in parables He thought in parables; if He thought in parables He felt in parables — the parable point of view of the universe was at the heart and centre of His being. From somewhere about the beginning of His ministry He adopted this parabolic method of looking at the universe and thenceforth He never departed from it. There is something tremendously significant in this fact. It reveals that this method of thinking and talking about life for Jesus was not a halfway method. He did not use it occasionally as a means to an end, but continuously, exclusively, utterly. Perhaps no teacher in all history has so completely given himself to one particular method as Jesus did to this.

To me this was the greatest discovery of my life. It took its rank, in my little universe at least, beside Newton's and Watt's discoveries that apples fall downward and steam rises upward. And I am firmly convinced that when the religious world as a whole awakes to the full significance and meaning implied in these simple words the result will be just as transforming to the spiritual life of the world as the discovery of gravitation and of steam has been to the scientific and material life of the

world. For just as the discoveries of Watt and of Newton awakened man to the presence of a new world of physical and material forces outside of him, so the discovery of Jesus' way of looking at life will awaken man to the presence of a new world of cosmic and spiritual forces within him.

II

Somewhere back in my memory I can recall seeing two books side by side on a library shelf, one entitled *The Parables of Our Lord* and the other entitled *The Miracles of Our Lord*. Either for this reason or for some other reason I early associated these two words as one would associate two companion pictures that have hung on the wall in his childhood home, such as Sunrise and Sunset, the Parting and the Reunion, or those other heirlooms of our childhood memories — the Dictionary and the Family Bible that used to grace the centre table of the old living-room.

But it was not till I made the discovery that I have just referred to that there came to me a realization of the deeper and closer association of cause and effect which existed between the parables and the miracles of our Lord. For in Jesus' parabolic interpretation of life actually lay the secret of the signs and wonders that signalized His healing and teaching ministry.

If all this is implied in Jesus' parabolic view of life it behooves us to consider carefully just what manner of thing this mystery is that we call a parable — this thing that is so filled with moral and spiritual dynamite.

'A parable,' says the dictionary at my hand, 'is an allegorical relation of something real.' There we have it: a parable deals first of all with Reality. Second, it translates this Reality in terms of the imagination. *Jesus looked*

at Reality through the lens of the divine imagination. By means of that fact troubles vanished around Him, obstacles fell away, the lost became found, the sick became well, sinners became redeemed, and rough places became smooth. Moreover, He promised that those who followed Him and used the way He used should have similar dominion over all things on earth and that greater works than He did should they be able to do also.

The imagination is the power we all possess of seeing harmonies, unities, and beauties in things where the non-imaginative mind sees nothing but discords, separations, ugliness. It is the tool of the mind with which we build up our affirmations — the 'staff' of the Shepherd Psalm that comforts us when all other faculties fail us. To look at life imaginatively, then, to see everything about us as a great parable full of deep inner meanings, — meanings of love, joy, wholeness, symmetry, and perfection, — is to see life truthfully, that is to say, spiritually. It brings us into a condition of continuous prayer — a condition of cosmic consciousness that is conducive, above all else, to bringing into our life those larger harmonies and unities that to our physical eyes appear to be miracles.

I am aware that I have here dug up from the ash-heap the stone which the theologians and the metaphysicians have for the most part rejected. And in setting it to be the head of the corner I know I shall meet with the scoffs and jeers of many who maintain that we should confine our attention to those things that can meet the test of logic and are capable of objective analysis. But the imagination is of all qualities in man the most Godlike — that which associates him most closely with God. The first mention we read of man in the Bible is where he is spoken of as

'image.' 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.' The only place where image can be conceived of is in the imagination. Thus man, the highest creation of God, was an imaginative creation of God's imagination. The source and centre of all man's creative power — the power that beyond all others lifts him above the level of brute creation, and that gives him dominion over all the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, and the animals that move and creep on the earth — is his power of making images, or the power of the imagination.

The imagination of man is but the window or door which, when thrown open, lets the divine life-stream into our lives. When it is thus thrown open man is brought into a condition of consciousness which, for want of a better word, is called inspiration. This heavenly inspiration is what links man to the divine and brings into existence our poets, composers, prophets, mystics, seers, and saints. This is the power that Jesus Christ had and that lifted Him above all other men — a power that He, however, in His immeasurable compassion and His infinite humility, wished to bestow upon others and share with them, that greater works than He had done they might do also.

And these works — these mighty works, these miracles, if you will — are the direct outcome of Jesus' converting everything that He saw into parables. And a parable, we find, is merely 'an allegorical relation of something real.' Looked at from this angle, the performing of a miracle is not such an impossible task. It consists merely of looking at Reality through the lens of the imagination, and then letting this parable, or imaginative way of looking at Reality, bring to pass that thing which is spoken of as a miracle.

And what is Reality? Reality, in the

eyes of the practical man, is made up of cold, hard facts. And what are the hard, cold facts of life? As we look about us in this world what we see first of all are the quarrels, bickerings, unhappiness, unfaithfulness, treachery, covetousness, worry, and materialism everywhere. These are the facts of life. But what are facts? Fact comes from the word *factum*, meaning something that we do or make. Are these facts of life identical with the realities of life? Not according to Jesus. To Him Reality does not consist of that which is *made*, but of that which eternally *is*. *Love is* — quarrels are made; *joy is* — unhappiness is made; *truth is* — lies are made; *loyalty is* — betrayals are made; *purity is* — impurity is made; *life is* — sickness is made. So Jesus went through life seeing no quarrels, no unhappiness, no lies, no impurity, no sickness. Where they appeared to be He turned the lens of His divinely inspired imagination upon them; He converted them into parables, and behold they stood forth revealed as mere shadows or reflections — upside down — of the reality. And every time that Jesus converted a fact into a reality the people exclaimed that a miracle had been wrought.

Bear in mind I do not mean to imply that Jesus went about disregarding and overlooking the facts of life. Rather He looked at them so much more steadily, so much more understandingly than the rest of mankind that He *looked right straight through them* into the underlying Reality of which they were the mere counterfeits or reflections. This is what the parabolic point of view consists of. He looked steadily at the dead girl until He could utter with absolute conviction based upon perfectly clear understanding this startling parable: 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.' He looked through the palsied sufferer until He could pronounce

with conviction another parable, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' For to Jesus a parable meant simply the going back behind the fact to the Reality that the fact represents. It does not mean watering the leaf that is waving conspicuously in the sunshine, but watering the roots that no one can see. It does not mean healing a man's skin, but healing his soul. It does not mean dealing with the seen, but with the unseen; not with the carnal, but with the spiritual. Once perform the inner watering, the inner cleansing, and the outer healing will follow as a matter of course. 'Whether is easier, to say . . . Thy sins are forgiven; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk?'

And here let me pause a moment to clear up a misunderstanding in regard to the imagination that may have cropped up in the thought of many of my readers. There are some who have always thought that the imagination was something which makes believe that which is not. This is fancy — not imagination. Fancy would convert that which is real into pretense and sham; imagination enables one to see through the *appearance* of a thing to what it really is. Let me illustrate.

You who are reading this essay are probably sitting in a room with a perfectly flat floor beneath you. A carpenter, a contractor, and an architect brought their combined skill into action to see that the floor was flat — set plumb with the world. When you look out of the window you see that the streets and gardens about you are also flat. For three thousand years — and perhaps far longer — all mankind believed the world was flat. Why? Because they believed the evidence of their eyes. At last there came a man who looked at the world with his imagination, and he saw that it was round.

As you are reading this essay you

look out of the window and see the sun setting behind the western hills. You say the sun is going down. For thousands of years all mankind believed that this was so — in short, that the earth was the centre of the universe, and the sun, moon, and stars revolved around it. At length there arose a man who used his imagination sufficiently to see through the appearance of things to the Reality. Because he insisted that the sun stood still and the earth revolved around it — in short, tried to duplicate Joshua's miracle of making the sun stand still — his theory was regarded as a heresy.

Now, did Columbus create a miracle by proving that the earth was round when all the kings and all the kings' men 'knew' it was flat? And when he proved it was round did he actually make it round? No. It was round all the time — he merely demonstrated to mankind that it was round. Did Copernicus make the sun stand still and the earth revolve around it? No, he created no miracle — he merely demonstrated and proved what was actually so. And, like Jesus, 'he marvelled because of their unbelief.'

And in like manner we can ask, Did Jesus perform a miracle when He said the leper was made whole? No, He merely demonstrated it. Did He break a natural law when He said, 'She is not dead, but sleepeth'? No, He merely demonstrated that Life is the Reality, and Death is merely a shadow or counterfeit of Life.

Then can we create miracles? Yes, we can if we use our imagination and look steadfastly through appearances of things to the Reality behind them. We cannot create miracles by our fancy, and by trying to make believe we see things that we do not and cannot see because they do not exist. We can create miracles by faith — by knowing the Reality that exists behind the

things that only seem to exist. Faith will indeed move mountains.

And what is the greatest of all Realities, the Reality around which all lesser Realities centre, as it were? The Great Reality, the realization of which was at the core of all Jesus' miracles, was the truth that Man is eternally united with all that is good — in other words, with God and His Kingdom — and eternally separated from all that is bad. Merely to see this Reality and see it clearly enough will make the sick whole, the sorrowful happy, the sinful redeemed, and the lost found.

III

I come now to where all this has led me: If Jesus talked, thought, and felt in parables, He must also have prayed in parables. In other words, when He asked for physical and material and financial blessings He must first have translated these needs into symbols of spiritual values and prayed not for the material facts but for the spiritual Realities which these facts represented. When He prayed for things that are seen He used language of the unseen. Interesting evidence for believing that this is exactly what Jesus did is furnished us in some old records unearthed in Egypt which contain a saying ascribed to our Lord: 'Ask for great things, and the small things will be given unto you; ask for heavenly things, and the earthly things will be given to you.' I can paraphrase this as follows: Seek spiritual values, and earthly things, expressing those values, will be given to you. Or, as Paul would put it: 'Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.' Which is simply to say in another way, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'

Let us apply this method of prayer to

two of the commonest things in American life, two things that are quite generally thought to be so worldly and mundane that they fall outside the proper scope and field of prayer. I refer to our sports and our business. Here, if anywhere, we will certainly agree, the parable method will be brought to its severest test. How can a man in either of these fields with any sense of propriety go to God in prayer unless he can first pass his desires through the filter of Jesus' parabolic vision and bring them forth purified of all dross and sediment of personal desire — that is to say, of Self? Imagine two rival athletic coaches praying for victory, or the presidents of two rival business firms praying for a monopoly of trade. How can their prayers be answered without disregarding, annulling, or violating the hallowed sanctity of the high office of prayer?

Just let us imagine the scene enacted up in Heaven when two such conflicting prayers are received there. God gathers his angels together and says, 'Down there are two earnest men asking for victories. Search through our stock-rooms and our treasuries and gather together all the victories you can find and send them down to them.' Presently the angels come back and report, 'We don't find any such thing up here as victories. But we did find an old record which relates how an angel, the most beautiful of all those who sang before Thee, once made the request to be first in Heaven. If memory serves us right Thou didst recommend that he journey down to a lower realm where such requests might more appropriately be granted.' Needless to say that the prayers of the two men, while not meeting with so emphatic a reproof as the request of Satan, nevertheless remain unanswered.

Then how can one pray for athletic victories?

First of all by seeking the Reality back of the Idea of Victory. What is the *real* object of these contests? To improve the condition — physical, mental, and spiritual — of these men, and tone up the morale or condition of consciousness of the institution they represent. Will victory help this? It certainly will help it if achieved honestly and fairly, but it is in no wise indispensable or even essential. I find — by looking hard at Reality — that the physical condition of the men depends chiefly, not on the muscle fibre, but on the condition of the heart and the circulation of the blood. When I trace the heart back to its symbolical, that is to say, its parabolic meaning, — a meaning associated with it ever since the time of Homer, — I find it is the symbol of love; and likewise the circulation of the blood is the symbol of the circulation of joy through the consciousness. Love and joy for his athletic team is what the coach should pray for, not for victory. To summarize this briefly: —

1. To pray just for victory is bad — actually unmoral, if not immoral.
2. To pray for the team members to do their best is only a little better, for it leaves each member thinking of his own little 'best,' his own little personal responsibility to 'do his bit.' It does not get back to the roots of things — to Realities.
3. To pray for a Condition of Consciousness — a spiritual quality, not physical — that will enable an athlete to do his best is far better, as it goes down to the roots of things: to reality, to the Spirit, to the abiding trust that all are one body in Christ Jesus, and that all power comes from the Father.

This was all summed up by Jesus when He said, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness,' — including love and joy, — 'and all these things' — victory and self-expression — 'shall be added unto you.'

I had occasion to apply this truth last spring to a track team I was coaching, with amazing results; but, lest I clutter up this article with signs and wonders, I shall proceed to make clear the principles upon which it is based. For is not this method of prayer eminently logical and scientific? Do not physical scientists present to us situations that are analogous to this in their little outer universe of Time and Space?

Light, as we all know, comes to us from the sun. And yet scientists tell us that what comes to us as light is not light at all until it strikes the atmosphere that is wrapped about the earth. Then it suddenly flattens out, so to speak, breaks up into innumerable sunbeams, and we say that light is here. If anyone traveling through space should meet the sunbeams that are coming from the sun he would not recognize them as sunbeams. To him they would not appear as light at all, but as something else. Now let us imagine the people of this world getting together and deciding to petition the sun to send more light. They would send up a radiograph, 'O Sun, send us more light!' The Sun would call together his servants and say, 'The good people down below are asking for more light. Search all our stockrooms carefully, and if we have any on hand send it to them at once.' So the servants of the Sun would hunt carefully and finally come to him and say, 'We have searched far and wide and find no such thing as light. We find vibration, motion, and all kinds of beautiful rhythms, but no such thing as light.' But the people down below, in their blindness

and ignorance, continue to cry, 'More light! Give us more light!' and the only answer they receive is the comment of James, 'Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss.'

Indeed, I used this very illustration one day to a college president who had telegraphed me that he was coming to talk about the problem of praying for a large endowment campaign that was fraught with immense possibilities, if it succeeded, as well as immense peril, if it failed, to the college whose destinies he guided. We were lunching together in a downtown hotel and I had just used the above illustration as applied to money problems. Then I added:—

'You have a problem of raising many hundreds of thousands of dollars. For many days you have been thinking and living and praying in terms of dollars. Let us stop and see just what these dollars represent. Are they not ideas? Ideas of culture, inspiration, beauty, freedom, wisdom, and truth? Have not men obtained such ideas seated on wooden benches in country school-houses? Have they not received them when seated on one end of a log with a Mark Hopkins on the other? Have they not received them while gathered on the shore with their Master seated in a boat? Ideas are really what the world wants, what the students want, what you want; and the thousands of dollars you need for endowment, for buildings, for equipment, are merely the means by which you would have these ideas released in the largest possible way in order to do the greatest possible good to the greatest number. I know that if you could go back to Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a boy on the other you would gladly do it. But as a matter of fact that would require more money — not for the logs, but for a sufficient number of Mark Hopkinses to go around for the boys

and the logs — than the actual money you are looking for now.

'At any rate you know and I know that the real thing you want is ideas, and not the money. If one should pray to his Heavenly Father for money, what would happen? The Father would probably gather His angels about him and say, "They seem to want money down below there. Look through our treasuries and our storehouse and find that which they seek and send it to them, for it is my good pleasure to grant every request of my children." Presently the angels would return and report, "We have searched all the inner treasuries of the kingdom and we find no such thing as money. We have nothing up here that moth and rust can corrupt or that thieves can break through and steal. All we can find are ideas — beautiful, glorious ideas — of abundance, of ease, of leisure, of service, of truth, of beauty. Shall we send them?" "No," the Lord would reply; "wait until they ask for them."

'Again the only answer they who are asking would receive would be the words of James: "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss."

'But suppose we should ask, seek, and knock for spiritual ideas, and not for material things — what would happen? Simply this: that a veritable downpour of ideas — almost a hurricane or blizzard of ideas, if you please — would be shed down upon us, and as soon as these ideas would strike the atmosphere of this earth they would — many of them, at least — be converted into good round hard practical dollars, the means by which these ideas of truth, culture, beauty, and happiness could be released in up-to-date colleges in this modern, complex, cosmopolitan age. For one thing we must give God credit. He has sometimes been accused of being a tyrant, and once — by the

author of Job — of being a practical joker. But no one at any time has ever accused God of being an ignoramus or a fool. He knows our practical modern needs better than we do ourselves. But not until we set our affection on things above, not on things on the earth, will He grant the requests of His children. "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

IV

And now I am called upon to answer a very sensible and very sincere question.

Is there not a certain amount of hypocrisy and subterfuge in asking for one thing in secret, as it were, and desiring another thing to be given to us openly? In asking for ideas, for instance, and desiring money; in asking for love and joy, and desiring victory. There is the very issue, my friend. As long as one asks for one thing and *desires* another his prayers remain unanswered. Not until the athletic coach has persuaded himself in his own heart that the pearl without price that he desires above all other things for his athletes is that they be filled to overflowing with love and joy, entirely regardless of whether victory or defeat shall accompany this love and joy, can he begin to see the real *Power* that such love and joy can release in his men. Not until the college president actually desires first and foremost that actual ideas shall come to his college, if need be from teachers in homespun talking to boys on broken benches, and ceases to press down on the thought that these ideas *must* be presented in great million-dollar buildings and paid for by great million-dollar endowments, can he

begin to see the real supply contained in the *spiritual Idea* made manifest.

But how can I explain why so many petitions asked in the old way — without a parable — have been answered? Always for this reason and for no other: they were always first translated — if not consciously in the mind, then unconsciously in the heart of the petitioner — into a parable. The petitioner was looking at the inner spiritual Reality and not at the outward material manifestation of Fact or Thing. In other words, such prayers were answered only when they were offered in simple trust and always with that complete surrender to the will of God — uttered or unexpressed — contained in the simple words, 'Not my will, but thine, be done.' 'Thy will' — whether the seeker knows it or not — is always the spiritual will, just as 'my will' is always the material will. Thus this simple statement, when uttered from the heart, — and not from the lips only, — is a veritable Aladdin's lamp for converting a petition for material things into a petition for spiritual things. In other words, it grants to God the privilege of substituting His will for ours — that is to say, of translating our literal language of the flesh into the parabolic language of the spirit, and thus releasing the spiritual powers and forces so that they may become manifest in whatever way seems necessary to meet the need that our petition contains.

What I am trying to make clear is that we must pray *not in another language so much as in another spirit*. I am convinced that Jesus Himself used *both the new spirit and the new language*, as His continuous use of the parable in both His thinking and His speaking gives us good reason to infer. Moreover, I am convinced that He has given us good authority for following His example and using the new

language as well as the new spirit when He said, 'Neither do men put new wine into old wine-skins: else the skins burst, and the wine is spilled, and the skins perish: but they put new wine into fresh wine-skins, and both are preserved.'

And this assurance I can offer to all those who are willing to give themselves to the Jesus method of prayer: you will find yourself lifted into a purer realm where it will be easier to let the gross material of this earthly world drop from your consciousness, and where you can more easily give your thought, not to the Facts, which are *made*, but to the Realities, which are *not made*, but which are *eternal*. You will find yourself lifted into a rarer atmosphere where you will soon be seeking, not for treasures upon earth, where moth or rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, but you will be seeking — in language as well as in thought — for those treasures which are in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your language and your treasure are, there will your heart be also.

Greater than the prayer is the spirit in which it is uttered. Greater than speaking in parables, than thinking in parables, yes, even than praying in parables, is *living* in parables. This is

the secret underlying the parable method of speech of Jesus — it is the parable method of living. He allied Himself spiritually or, if you will, mystically with the universe, just as a scientist allies himself with it mentally. And as a scientist talks of and about the great powers of nature that are unseen, Jesus lived, moved, and had His being among powers that are unseen, and gave expression to them in His life. He moved amid these spiritual forces with a grace and ease that are the marvel of the ages.

And this art — which He mastered in such a magnificent manner — upon the testimony of Jesus Himself can be ours if we are willing to pay the price: to take up our cross, follow in His footsteps, and look upon life as He looked upon it. And He looked upon life imaginatively — that is to say, sympathetically. For the imagination sees things not in the flesh but in the spirit; not in imperfection but in perfection; not in ugliness but in beauty; not in discord but in harmony; not in parts but in wholes. Jesus came to make men spiritual, beautiful, harmonious, and whole. To that end, and to that end only, He talked to them in parables, He thought for them in parables, He *prayed* for them in parables; 'and without a parable spake He not unto them.'

THE MOVIE THAT COULD N'T BE SCREENED¹

REEL I. CLOSE-UPS OF THE CAST

BY NELL SHIPMAN

CHARLIE said, 'I did n't believe actresses had sense enough to even wash dishes!' and there never was compliment more genuine. 'The Missus,' he said, 'is a swell cook.'

Charlie is a drifter, a sometime hack-driver from Saratoga turned lumber-jack in Northern Idaho. He was wrong, of course. Lots of actresses dabble a dish-mop in a nice enamel pan of sudsy hot water in a blue-and-white kitchen that looks like a full-page 'ad' for Somebody's stoves. I used to do it myself, after a party, when I was afraid the girl would quit if we left so many sticky-rimmed glasses. That was in Hollywood. Up here it is different. The setting for my crockery-bathing is so far removed from that blue-and-white 'litho,' and so impossibly poverty-stricken in its 'props' and furniture, that any good director would turn it down as too artificial and stagy. Even poor people don't really live that way.

Picture a mean little 6x12 floating shack of unpainted boards, with a door at each end and two tiny windows in each side. From the tin-patched roof of homemade shingles — 'shakes' as we call them up here — protrudes a crooked cat's tail of rusty stovepipe. This connects, inside, with a greasy black demon with a fat belly and fallen arches — the cookstove. Kitty-corner from the demon is a bed made of a sway-bottomed spring, lumpy mattress,

and greasy quilts. Under the bed are various boxes, bags, bottles, boots, socks, and, no doubt, sealing wax. There are also a table with incurving legs and splotched oilcloth cover, four dubious chairs, and several milk and soda-cracker boxes utilized as seats. In one corner is a cupboard for dishes and more or less nonperishable food. Under one wee window is a broad shelf, on which I wash dishes, make pastry, open cans, cut cookies, and mix hot-cake batter. The scraps go conveniently through a loose board into the lake below. When I wish fresh water I scoop it up with a bucket, leaning far out on the slippery logs of the house boat's floating foundation. Sometimes I miss my footing and fall in.

All this is moored to a curved beach of astonishing beauty, backed by an emerald wall that slopes up and up, away and away to Canada and God knows where.

We make moving pictures for a living. That is, we make moving pictures. Why, I don't know. But then, does anyone know why he does the thing he does? For instance, I would rather be an explorer, or a writer, or live on a ranch and have six sons, all tall, or be a writer, or own a drug-store and have my pick of all the perfumes, or be a writ — but —

I started out as an actress, pure and simple; very both. I was thirteen and

¹A true personal record. — THE EDITOR

long. In the Dramatic School I would implore my auditors to 'Come to my woman's breasts and take my milk for gall!' wondering why my classmates laughed as I slapped my hard little chest. Poor wee thing! I do love to see you, down through the wrong end of the telescope. So earnest, so ambitious, so hopeful! Just one short step from Broadway! 'Mother,' I wrote home after my début, squawky-voiced and shaky-kneed in a six-side part with a number-four show, 'I am an ACTRESS!'

So we make moving pictures, My Dear and I. We have for quite a long time. We are not amateurs; not more so, that is, than any of the producers who are finding the first ten years the hardest. Everyone connected with the business is of necessity a beginner. Only we are a bit worse off than most because we are that lone and pathetic object, the Independent Producer. In other words we are not on a pay roll — we are the pay roll itself. We make 'em, travel 'em to New York, and lay 'em, hopefully, at the feet of the Purveyors — those slaving servants of the Public whose one desire is to fill the screens with the fare most wanted; those Prophets of Opinion with finger on the palpitating pulse, who can tell you if Costume Drama, Homespun Comedy, or Open-Space Melo is most desired.

We made a picture with everything in it but the kitchen stove. Literally. Our all and more than all — impossible mortgages upon future hopes, loans, savings, what we could beg, borrow, and scrape — we sank cheerfully in that effort. All the gods that were not sold were mortgaged to complete the masterpiece. I had attained three Meccas: a real sealskin coat, a grand piano, and a black and silver shiner that you could really refer to as a 'motor.' They all went. It did not matter. The Picture! Anything, everything, for the Picture!

Of course, others put something in too — ten thousand here, five there, twenty in another quarter — it takes big money to make movies. But with us it was more than money; it was heart's blood, the very inner core of our beings, the finest tissue of our brains, and work — stark, sweating, unmitigated labor.

The picture did not fail. On the contrary, it was fairly successful. Not great, but a friend-maker. You liked it, and it had bits — real under-the-hide bits. But the Purveyors, known technically as the Distributors, picked the month following the release of our picture to go bankrupt. The first earnings went down with them, and when the wreckage washed ashore, Our Child and the other survivors were shunted over to another firm for possible resuscitation.

Meanwhile, to satisfy our creditors, we had to fling them chunks of our holdings, bit by bit, like the old stories of the Russian steppes and the pursuing wolves.

Rather sad, you say, unfortunate and all that sort of thing, but likely to happen to almost anyone who embarks upon the sea of speculation. The unusual points and the facts that we had to face were these: in order to finish the wild animal and nature scenes of our picture we had transported our collection of animal 'actors' and Husky dogs into the wilds of Northern Idaho. The stock totals one hundred and thirty-five head, and each head has a mouth. It takes food to feed them and money to buy the food. Here they were — invaluable, through long years of training, as actors in our pictures, and each and every one equally beloved.

What to do? They could not be moved. They were settled in wire cages and kennels on a strip of leased State land on the shore of a lovely lake, twenty-one miles from the semblance of a road, fifty from a railroad. If we had

had the money to make a move, what then? The animals would eat as much in California as in Idaho and our chances for refinancing were no better in that film-bitten State. There was nothing to do but squat and hold tight. If we could get any backing at all we had a wonderful opportunity for making nature pictures in this glorious setting; if not we might as well sink with the ship.

Winter was coming. We had the following assets: —

1. One hundred and three acres of leased land with lots of firewood on it and the right to log off a strip that would furnish cabin timber.

2. A pile of trunks of 'Northwest' wardrobe, picture 'props,' dog sleds and harness, boats, and miscellaneous junk.

3. Fifteen bears, three deer, two elks, four coyotes, two wolves, one cougar, two wildcats, an endless array of raccoons, skunks, eagles, owls, porcupines, beavers, marmots, muskrats, and rabbits. Thirty-odd sled-dogs, four Great Danes, two Airedales, and a sprinkling of mutts and cats.

4. The Director, my partner — henceforth, for very obvious reasons, known as 'My Dear.' He is a four-square sort of chap, white-haired at thirty. Once a racing driver, always a man. Brave, resourceful, not too humorous, and very sincere.

5. My ten-year-old son by a former marriage; a delightful, somewhat mischievous, and exceedingly lazy brat with a large percentage of humor and big brown eyes like fern-fringed forest-pools.

6. Old 'Daddy' — ex-trapper and guide, now a slave to the Zoo. Seventy years away from the Kentish Hills, but still with an old-country flavor — the one faithful note in a discord of quitters.

7. Myself. I am entitled to this entry only by the fact that I have learned,

through storm and stress, to cook; hence I am of use.

8. Two friends whose faces have remained our way when the solid line of the backs of the fair-weather well-wishers was all we could see. One of these loaned us \$500, all the cash we now have on hand. The other has given its equivalent in belief.

Our liabilities were as follows: —

1. Debts, mountain high.

2. Stomachs that must be filled, bodies that must be covered, heads that must be roofed over against winter.

3. The ill-will of a community which bled us unmercifully when we had the cash.

4. One frozen foot.

This last item from the wrong side of the ledger was acquired by My Dear one night in March when the thermometer slid to forty below. We were in the Peace River country of Alberta making scenes of the 'Arctic Barren.' We were working at night with flares, and it was his duty to drive a team away from the 'Hudson's Bay Company Post.' It took the other people a long time to do correctly the things they were supposed to do, and when he swung the long team of Siwash curs out across the frozen lake his foot was dead. A native guessed it would have to be 'ammunated,' but he has made a desperate battle to save the toes. The pain has settled there and gradually eaten down to the bone. This is the most serious of all our liabilities.

But this is to be from now on most strictly 'diary.' Not meanderings and thoughts, but chronicled events; the record of our winter in the wilderness, starting, as we are, sans everything, and battling through.

September 24

A lovely, warm day, last dwindling of Indian Summer. It coaxes one to wander and waste precious time, dares

winter to come, in fact denies all such things as the possibility of ice and snow. Then a cold drizzly rain sets in, the north wind steals up, the treetops moan, and, suddenly, a storm has hit.

During the night the two remaining eagles battled and only one survives. I can't understand it. All three lived amicably enough together until we moved them into a larger cage. Now only one is left and he is already mournful and lonely, just like Tommy, the wildcat, after he had killed the female by chewing her leg through the wire of their cages.

Then to-day little Meesa, one of the fawns, brushed past me at the gate of their corral and ran away, right straight past the dogs. Lord, I was scared! I yowled for Daddy and the Boy and screamed and gibbered as I watched that little thing dodge the dogs, his white brush of a tail straight up and the powder puffs on his knees bristling. He got past by a miracle, the dogs straining their chains and yelping, and ran for the upper trail. Daddy and the Boy followed, while I tore down to the house boat to tell My Dear what had happened. Was so afraid he would hear the racket and come running out on his hurt foot.

We caught Meesa up in the woods, by my calling him gently and quietly. When he was quite close I was afraid to seize him, for if I missed there would never be a second chance. I let him wander away, then coaxed again. This time I grabbed and got him. He kicked like a little mule, but Daddy lugged him home. My, but I was relieved! His brother, Nenana, would have been more easily caught, but Meesa is very timid.

When we got down to the cages we found Brownie out and calmly strolling about. They had left her cage door open when I yelled. As I went to her, Coon, one of the Huskies, bit her on

the rear end. Poor Brownie, she was so surprised! No dog had ever treated her so before. She turned on him and would have polished him off then and there, but fortunately I had some crackers left from the Meesa foray and I coaxed her into her cage with them. What a wonderful bear she is! But she won't forget Coon in a hurry. She spent the day trying to get out and chew him up.

This day I cooked, cookies and beans, and swept the tent I am sleeping in and the cedar-shake shack against the arrival of two men who were expected. Only one came, a boy named Jim. We are desperate for a man to help on the cabin. My Dear can do nothing. The condition of his foot has scared him, at last, into sitting quiet. Poor soul, how he suffers! It has been over a year now of constant torture.

For dinner we had a partridge Daddy shot yesterday. It was good. Under glass, now, with mushrooms, it would run a dollar seventy-five per.

We are figuring up our winter supplies and cutting them down with every new list. The cost will be about one fourth of what it was last year. It is quite wonderful the system we have with the Zoo. The three of us—Daddy, the Boy and I—can feed the whole bunch in less than forty minutes.

Something is making a queer, squealing noise out in the Zoo. . . . Went out to see what it was, but could find nothing. I like to flash the light on the animals at night. It shines in their big eyes.

Raining now and so cold. I do wish the cabin were up. But wishing will not raise those log walls.

September 25

Another man arrived to-day and we made some progress. It looks nice to see the walls at least two logs high. We seem to have two good workers, so maybe she will go up now. Men are

just like boys with blocks when it comes to building. They love it. It just hurts My Dear that he cannot pitch in and play too. His foot is awfully bad to-night. We played Mah Jongg and he could hardly sit through it.

Fed my hands pretty well to-day. Roast beef and raisin pie for noon dinner, baked beans, johnnycake, and chocolate blancmange for supper. It is a bit easier for me to cook now than it used to be. I don't get quite so confused and 'het up.'

To-morrow I have to bake dog biscuits and go to the village for supplies, as well as take care of the puppies and get three meals. My two sets of pups, Danes and Malamutes, have to be cooked for night and morning. Then I also do most of the Zoo feeding, so that the men can stay at the cabin work. Well, I may not be gathering much moss, but I won't get any cobwebs, either!

Old Jack, the brown bear, is caged and to be shot at dawn. He has grown very mean and is making Jill ugly. He is no use to us for work and is an extra mouth, so it is better he should make a rug for the floor and some soup for the dogs.

Just supposing you could shoot useless people that way! But a bad person would not even be as useful dead as a bad bear.

Blowing a gale to-night.

I am so tired.

September 27

There is recompense in even so prosaic a thing as a diary; a sort of getting off by yourself which, even when you are tired and it is night, gives you a grain of satisfaction. The fine frenzy of constructive work! I often think of that in the midst of baking or dish-washing. Still, I can cook good meals and wash a dish clean, and maybe I'm

not so much at covering white paper with pothooks, or gumming up good celluloid, as I may imagine.

The Boy and I baked a hundred dog biscuits yesterday, as well as doing all our chores and getting breakfast and dinner. Then My Dear and I went to the village for supplies. It was a lovely day, a rich, vivid, oil-painting day, clear and soft and velvet-hushed. Coming home we headed into a rain-storm, could see it raining across the sunset—a most peculiar effect, the storm clouds a deep maroon. We bundled up and got ready for the deluge, but the storm skirted us and passed down the lake, raining pitchforks upon the place that we had just vacated.

When it was dark we saw, very dim and eerie, but unmistakable, the northern lights. They shot up from behind the Selkirks with faint, fairy fingers of light and they brought memories of my first sight of them, in Fairbanks, so many long times ago. I remember I was running—the swift, hard-fleshed run of a very young girl—and a big dog was beside me. It had just turned cold, and the lights fairly sizzled and crackled. When I saw them again in Faust, Lesser Slave Lake, another big dog was with me, my dear Tresore. Of all the unkind, wicked things done to me in this country, the killing of my Great Dane was the most cruel. Two men came in a rowboat to the place he guarded, the 'point of honor' under the flag, and threw him poisoned meat. He was the truest, most honorable friend a human being ever had. When they brought me the news of my father's death, following so close on the going of my dear mother, Tresore was the one who gave me the most comfort and consolation. I can never forget his great head resting upon my lap, his true, kind eyes uplifted in immeasurable love and understanding. . . .

We baked two hundred and seventy-nine dog biscuits to-day. I did not stop work nor sit down once from the time I hit the kitchen at 7 A.M. and started to cook the hot cakes until now. I did n't even manage to brush my teeth, let alone my hair.

The cottonwoods on the shore are all golden now. This is the loveliest time of the year, so quiet and rich, so ripe with fulfillment. It should be the best time of a person's life, too. You have your Spring of Promise, your Summer of Achievement, and then the Autumn, the harvest, the garnering and storing of all you have gained, against the coming of Winter — of old age and the shut-in senses.

September 30

Last day of September and as warm and sweet as a sun-kissed peach. Must get out this afternoon for a ramble with the dogs. I wish this weather could go on forever, but it won't. Winter will hit with a bang.

The Jim boy got a badly infected knee and had to go out to the doctor, but the walls are up to the windows and that is something. We are so anxious to get at the inside. Adversity pays after all, for if we had money we'd probably put in hideous board walls. As it is, there won't be a bit of milled lumber in the shack — nothing but logs and poles.

Old man Beaver chawed out day before yesterday, but stayed around and at feeding-time came back to his cage and walked in. Only his long, flatsome tail stuck out, so we gently folded that in and shut the door. This is the second time he has been loose, and I believe that if it were not for his going house-keeping up some creek we could give him his freedom, as we have the mal-lards, and still own him.

Have n't done much outside of cooking and washing. Don't mind the first

so much. Had a nice chicken-dinner for them to-day and a plum pudding, which has boiled twenty-four hours and is n't done yet. The only part I don't like is baking about 'steen million sour-dough hot-cakes in the morning. The stove is so hot and I get so faint.

October 5

Must take some time for writing or I'll turn into a plain, greasy cook. Am trying to map out a schedule whereby I can get breakfast, clean up, feed the puppies, bake, prepare and serve dinner at twelve, clean up, take an hour's rest, and put in the afternoon at the typewriter. It seems that I ought to be able to do it, that my brain should function even if my back is tired. Also I must get the Boy back to his lessons. We were getting along splendidly when we had to stop on account of the extra work.

The cabin is up to the top logs and looks very fine. It is about 24x40. A passing lumberjack asked me if I thought we 'was going to be able to get all of our animals into that *barn*.'

We have only Daddy and Charlie, the ex-hack-driver, to work on it, as Jim turned out to have a touch of blood-poisoning and is in the hospital.

October 10

Old Codger Charlie walked out to-day for no reason that we can see. Just another drifter, unable to stay long in any one place. The boy Jim is back, but not able to do much on account of his knee; so we are not so very well off. Yesterday we went to the village to try for another man. I was glad for the breathing-spell. I wonder why this cooking business shoots me so to pieces?

My Dear has realized, at last, that he is quite crippled, and unless his foot takes a big mend it will have to go. An operation right now is out of the

question, and the only thing we can do is try to keep him sitting quiet. A mean job, as the least thing will bring him hobbling out, and away goes a day's gain. His nerves, and hence his temper, are absolutely shot, and he is fearfully hard to get along with, but so pathetic in his misery that one's heart aches for him. Sitting still and doing nothing is not his headline act. I racked my brain to think up something for him to do, and at last set him to cutting out colored prints and pasting them on cardboards for the cabin walls. Old Daddy admired the results immensely and suggested that we

paper the cabin completely with them. 'People will come to see you,' he said, 'and it will take all their time to look at the pictures.'

Having kidded my poor cripple into keeping quiet all day, I proceeded to step on his foot. Half-blind with weariness, I missed my step and banged him. After he had come to I went out on the raft and indulged in Grade-A hysterics. These are the silent kind. Your body writhes and your feet and hands twist together and you cry — great, blubbering, swollen tears.

'Dear God,' I begged the stars, 'do something for us!'

(To be continued)

FACE TO FACE WITH LINCOLN

BY HIS SECRETARY, WILLIAM O. STODDARD

EDITED BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, JR.

AFTER I secured a good boarding-house I went to my desk at the Department of the Interior. A large pile of patents had accumulated and I began to sign the President's name at the rate of about nine hundred times per diem. Shortly I received orders to transfer myself to the correspondence desk in the northeast room of the White House. At first I had to make visits to my old office to sign patents, but that was ended by an order to have them all sent up to the White House, for my presence there was needed hourly.

I

The business of Private Secretary, per se, was pretty well absorbed by

Nicolay and Hay, but there were odd days when I had to go over and take Nicolay's place in the opposite room. That gave me more than a little instruction. Among other things, I learned that the House and Senate did not recognize any individual, but knew the Private Secretary only by the practical fact of his bringing a message from the President. It was therefore an important day for me when I proudly appeared at the doors of the Houses and was led in to be loudly announced to the Vice-President and the Speaker as 'The President's Private Secretary with a Message.' From that hour onward, by rule, I was free of the floor of both Houses.

I doubt if there was any spot in the United States in those days, outside of a battlefield, that was more continually interesting than was the correspondence desk of the Executive Mansion. I took pains, at one time, to strike an average of the number of daily arrivals, other than newspapers, and was surprised to find that it was not far from two hundred and fifty. These were of every imaginable character, with quite a number that could not be reasonably imagined. The newspapers themselves were interesting. The majority of them contained marked columns, — editorials or letters, — abusive, complimentary, or advisory, which the authors fondly hoped might reach the eyes of the President. They did not do so. At one time he ordered me to make a daily digest of the course and comments of the leading journals, East and West, and I made one. It was wasted work and was discontinued, for Mr. Lincoln never found time to spend an hour upon those laborious condensations.

The letters were a study. Large packages of documents were all the while coming, relating to business before one or another of the departments. Some were in law cases. Some were in relation to claims. In any event, it was my duty to know where they properly belonged and to endorse them with the necessary reference from the President, favorable or otherwise. There was a river of documents relating to appointments to office and these too were referred to the President, except such as belonged in my custody. The larger number of the epistles belonged in one or another of the two tall wastebaskets which sat on either side of me, and their deposits were as rapid as my decisions could be made. It had to be swift work. It did seem to me as if the foulest blackguards on earth had made up their minds that they could abuse

the President through the mails and they tried to do so. Added to these were the lunatics.

One day I and my paper-cutter and my wastebaskets were hard at work when in came a portly, dignified, elderly man who sat down near me while waiting for an audience with Mr. Lincoln. He appeared to be some kind of distinguished person, perhaps a governor or something of that sort, and he watched me with an interest which evidently grew upon him. He became uneasy in his chair; he waxed red in the face. At last he broke out with: —

‘Is that the way you treat the President’s mail? Mr. Lincoln does not know this! What would the people of the United States think, if they knew that their communications to their Chief Magistrate were dealt with in this shameful manner? Thrown into the wastebasket! What does Lincoln mean? Putting such a responsibility into the hands of a mere boy! A boy!’

I had been all the while watching him as he fired up. Now there had been an uncommonly dirty mail that morning and I had put aside as I opened them a number of the vile scrawls. My critic had risen from his chair and was pacing up and down the room in hot indignation when I quietly turned and offered him a handful of the selected letters.

‘Please read those, sir,’ I said, ‘and give me your opinion of them. I may be right about them. Do you really think that the President of the United States ought to turn from the affairs of the nation to put in his time on that sort of thing?’

He took the awful handful and began to read, and his red face grew redder. Then it was white with speechless wrath. Perhaps he had never before perused anything quite so devilish in all his life.

‘You are quite right, sir,’ he gasped, as he sank into his chair again. ‘Young

man, you are right! He ought not to see a line of that stuff! Burn it, sir! Burn it! What devils there are!

But he was correct about the responsibility, for it was a big one for any fellow, old or young. It included many of the applications for pardons and all of these were at one time in my keeping. I remember some of them and what became of them. There were those who grumbled at Mr. Lincoln's strong objection to any kind of capital punishment and his tendencies toward mercy for all sinners. I may have been one of these. There came, one day, a pile of influential petitions on behalf of a southwestern guerrilla. He was unquestionably a red-handed murderer, but the movement in his favor was a strong one. It included even loyal politicians, and next day a gang of big men of several kinds came up to see the President about it. They spoke of the high character of the papers in the case and these were sent for, but they were not in my possession. They may have been duly referred and transferred to the War Office, as was sometimes the custom. Inquiry was made there, but the papers could not be found. The delegation went its way and that application for pardon was hung up. So was the guerrilla who was the most interested person in the case; hardly had that fact been telegraphed before all the missing papers arrived at the White House. I think Mr. Lincoln did no more than look sidewise at me and I am sure he made no verbal commentary.

Nor have I forgotten the almost daily communications from 'The Angel Gabriel,' who professed to write in blood that appeared to me more like an inferior variety of cheap red ink. Besides, the angel mixed his inspiration terrifically and some of his work would have read well in *Puck*. One day there came a really curious paper which afterward perished with my collection of

autographs in Arkansas. It purported to come from the spirits of a score or more of the old worthies of the Republic and it was certainly a strong and dignified document of advice and encouragement which would not have disgraced any of them. It was signed with the signatures of George Washington, John Hancock, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and others, as perfectly as the most expert forger could have done it if he had traced the names over the printed copy of the Declaration of Independence. It was a queer thing and so were all the letters from simple people who wished that the President would kindly step around among the several departments and attend to their business for them. Even inventors asked him to see about their patents and hurry them up.

II

Naturally, one of the important problems before the Administration was the procuring of guns and ammunition for the armies it was gathering. With the general perplexities of the War Department I had nothing to do, but a part of them speedily drifted into my northeast room. Every proposed vender of condemned European firelocks was possessed by the idea that he might make a sale of them if he could induce the President to overrule the decisions of the Bureau of Ordnance. In each case of that kind, I was likely to have a specimen gun deposited in the corner. At the same time there came to the front a large number of inventors, and some of them had practical ideas and some had not.

At the first, however, I had an opportunity for studying quite a number of out-and-out cranks. I remember in particular one enthusiast who had invented a curious kind of far-shooting rifle the weight of which required it to

be mounted upon a spider wheel as high as your shoulder. Oh, how that genius did abuse the President for his inability to appreciate the spider-wheel gun and for his general bad management of the war!

Then there came other curiosities, one after another, until my room looked like a gunshop. On my table at one time were specimens of steel cuirasses, designed for the loading-down of our volunteers on forced marches in hot weather. Another item was a devilish kind of hand grenade, made to burst on striking and to scatter bits of iron in all directions. Swords were on hand in several patterns and so were various descriptions of cannon. Mr. Lincoln was really deeply interested in the gunnery business and had ideas of his own far in advance of some which were entertained by a few venerable gentlemen in the War Department.

'Stoddard,' he said one evening, 'they say you are a pretty good marksman. I want you to be here early tomorrow morning; say half-past six. We'll go out to the Mall and try some of these guns.'

The Mall is the wide grassy slope from the White House grounds to the Potomac and at that time it was badly littered with rubbish. Out in the middle of it was a huge pile of old building lumber. This was just the thing to set up a target on. I was at my room good and early and I did not have to wait long before in came the President.

'Well,' he remarked, 'you did n't keep me waiting. Now you take that thing and I'll take this and we'll go right along.'

The weapon assigned to me was a breechloader made over from an old Springfield smoothbore musket. The new arrangement was a kind of screw twist and was fitted somewhat loosely. It carried the old cartridges, of which he brought a supply. His own gun

was a well-made affair, resembling the Spencer carbine.

A hundred yards were paced off and a target was set against the lumber. We took turns in firing and I soon discovered two things. One was that the old Springfield barrel carried first-rate and the other was that Mr. Lincoln was anything but a crack shot.

But there was trouble on the way. Washington was then little better than a fortified camp, and stringent military orders were out, forbidding all kinds of firing within the city or camp limits. There were guards set everywhere and one had been posted on the avenue at the entrance to the Mall. It consisted of a very short corporal and four men and it was now coming after us at a double-quick — and swearing. The guard came within talking range just before the piece went off.

'Stop that firing! Stop that firing!' shouted the corporal. But at that moment the gun went off.

The corporal was within a few paces when the President slowly uncoiled himself and rose to his feet. He looked like a very tall man and he may have looked even taller to the angry little warrior who put out a hand to take the culprit in charge. The other soldiers were first in catching the joke, as Mr. Lincoln looked smilingly down into the face of the corporal. It was 'bout face' in a twinkling and they set out toward the avenue at a better pace than that at which they had come. I only heard, as they went, some confused ejaculations, 'We've been cussin' Old Abe himself!'

He was laughing in his half-silent, peculiar way.

'Well, Stoddard,' he said, 'they might have stayed to see the shooting.'

The fact that Mr. Lincoln was a total-abstinence man was well known in Illinois, but not so well elsewhere. Of that fact I received a somewhat

peculiar illustration. Very naturally it was understood all over the country that the Executive Mansion was a place of necessarily expensive hospitality. It may have been with this idea in their heads that several of his admirers in New York clubbed together to send him a fine assortment of wines and liquors without letting him know precisely from whom it came. It was an altogether unexpected kind of elephant and Mrs. Lincoln at once sent for me in a good deal of a quandary as to what she was to do. I went down to look at it, but all I could discover was that the assortment was miscellaneously generous.

'But, Mr. Stoddard,' said Mrs. Lincoln in evident dismay, 'what is to be done? Mr. Lincoln never touches any and I never use any. Here it all is, and these gentlemen — what is to be said to them?'

I had to laugh at her discomfiture, but advised that the only course I could see was to acknowledge the gift in due form to the only address that was provided. As for the wines and liquors, she had better send them to her favorite hospitals and let the nurses and doctors take the responsibility of their future.

'That's what I'll do!' she exclaimed, and that was the end of it, for she was positive that her husband would not allow it to remain in his own house.

III

There came an evening, a dark one, not long before the army was called upon to march up the river to Antietam Creek and meet the invading force under General Lee, when a fine opportunity was given me for understanding the real nature of the truce between the civil and the military powers of the country. I was sitting at my desk. The hall door was open and I was so absorbed in some epistle or other that I heard no sound of anyone coming in

to interrupt me until a low voice at my shoulder said to me: —

'Leave that and come with me. I am going over to McClellan's house.' I arose at once, but did so without any reply whatever, for there was something in Mr. Lincoln's voice and manner that seemed to forbid any remarks on my part. He was arrayed in a black frock uniform. Down we went and out, and the distance to be traveled was not long. He did not utter one word nor did I, for I was strongly impressed with the fact that there was something on his mind. All the while a kind of rebellious feeling was growing within me, for I inwardly growled because the President ought to have sent for his subordinate, commanding him to come, instead of going to call upon him.

The house was reached and we were shown into a well-furnished front parlor with the usual fireplace and mantel and a centre table. I went over to the right and sat down in a chair, but the President took a seat in the middle of the room. He was calm, steady, even smiling, but in half a minute there was no room there at all. Only Abraham Lincoln, filling the place brim full. Our names had been carried upstairs, I knew, but long minutes went by and I felt the hot blood surging into my cheeks, hotter and hotter with every moment of what seemed to me a disrespectful waiting-time. Not so the great man over there beyond the table, for he was as cool and solid as ice. Then — for the hall door was open — a kind of jingle, and slow, descending footsteps were heard from the stairs. It was the great general himself, in full uniform, followed by his chief of staff, General Marcy, and an army colonel. In dress uniform with their swords they were a brilliant trio. General McClellan may have thought that he had come downstairs to receive the President formally and impressively, but he was

altogether mistaken. He entered that parlor to be received there, very kindly, by President Abraham Lincoln, who somehow had taken possession and was the only man in the room.

The conference began almost immediately, for a kind of report of the situation and of plans was plainly called for. It was given, in a masterly way, by McClellan. He was a man of nerve strength, and I admired him as he went on into what was made more and more evidently a grand wrestling-match, with the control of the armies for the prize. Also the future control of the political situation or field and the next Presidency of the United States. That important point was really settled before the match was over — for it was a long one. Lincoln listened well and he said little, at first. Then, a word at a time, he began to open, expanding visibly as he went on, and the match became intensely interesting. Grapple after grapple, tug, strain — down you go! Perfect accord, perfect good will, perfect good manners, not a trace of excitement on either side. There was, in fact, a mutual yielding of many points under discussion, but at the end of it they had all been surrendered by General McClellan, with the courteous assistance of that handsome and capable chief of staff, General Marcy. Silence was my stronghold, and I held it tenaciously. A close came, and Mr. Lincoln and I were ceremoniously shown to the door. The parlor we left behind us was still, to my mind, full of Mr. Lincoln, although he had walked out. Never before had I so fully appreciated the human will in its greatest power.

Not many days afterward, General McClellan led his forces up the valley to the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. Both were reported as victories and General Lee was driven back into Virginia, but there was be-

lieved to be a fault, somewhere, in the very fact that he was permitted to get away. However that may be, the echoes of our first really great victory in a contested field were still reverberating over the country and finding their sonorous way back to Washington when, one afternoon, as I sat at my table, John Hay came hastily in with a sheet of foolscap paper in his hand and a flush on his face.

‘Stod,’ he said, ‘the President wants you to make two copies of this right away. I must go back to him —’

I took the paper and some fresh sheets and went at it, mechanically, in the ordinary course of business. Then, as I went on from sentence to sentence, word for word, I wrote more slowly and with a queer kind of tremor. I was copying from Abraham Lincoln’s own draft of the first Emancipation Proclamation. The copies went back to him, care of John Hay, and the original remained in my drawer, until one day John came for it to send it to Chicago for use at the great patriotic Fair there, where it was subsequently burned up in the great fire.

IV

I was sitting at my work one evening when the door opened and Mr. Lincoln came in. ‘I reckoned I’d find you here. I am going to the theatre to see Hackett play Falstaff, and I want you to come with me. I’ve always wanted to see him in that character. Come to my room. It’s about time to go.’

I was already in evening dress. We went over into his office and I believed that he was all the while trying to put away from him his load of thoughts. If he had landed his cares upon the Cabinet table they would have been stacked ten feet high. I do not now remember anything else that took place until we were seated in the Executive

box at the theatre. There were some persons, even then, who criticized the President severely for his heartlessness in ever going to a theatre or listening to music at a time when the affairs of the nation required his devotion. They were represented at Ford's that night in a peculiar and offensive manner which would have given them complete satisfaction. The house was crowded and there were many soldiers in uniform who had obtained furloughs for an evening's relief from the dull monotony of camp life.

Hackett had not yet made his appearance when there came a brief and unexpected experience. One of the President's critics had a seat back toward the entrance. He arose upon his feet, and shouted out: —

'There he is! That's all he cares for his poor soldiers!' And other words were added which I cannot now recall.

The President did not move a muscle, but a soldier instantly sprang up, declaring vociferously: —

'De President haf a right to his music! Put out dot feller! De President ees all right! Let him haf his music!'

There was a confused racket for a few seconds and then the luckless critic went out of the theatre, borne upon the strong arms of several others in uniform who agreed with their German comrade.

V

'Stanton says this is the darkest day of the war. It seems as if the bottom had dropped out,' John Hay called into my room one eventful day.

The Army of the Potomac, after its weary history on the Peninsula, had been reënforced and put under the command of 'Fighting Joe' Hooker. It is of no use here to put in any mention of the difficulties and jealousies, or even of the military errors, which were said to have

interfered with the efficiency of that magnificent army. It is enough to say that it fought the battle of Chancellorsville splendidly, heroically, and that it was defeated, as many a gallant army has been. The losses on either side were severe. I recall those of the Confederates at about twelve thousand, 'killed and wounded,' and those of our army at about seventeen thousand, 'killed, wounded, and prisoners.' The figures were appalling. That was an awful day in Washington. In the minds of all were the protests and the mourning which would quickly come down from the North for this one more lost battle and for its dead. I remember that upon my table, that very day, lay a perfect mass of letters, from friends and foes, telling the discontent, the anger, the despondency, of the American people, and I had not wished to tell the President one word of their contents. The whole city seemed dead, that day. Men and women went hither and thither as usual, but there were no crowds lingering around the telegraph bulletins. Men came and looked at them and shook their heads and walked away. At the White House it was as still as the grave. My mail was a large one. I had been hindered greatly by other duties and it had accumulated, compelling me, as it often did, to toil on into late hours.

I had been out to my dinner long ago. I do not know what had become of Nicolay and Hay. My door was open, however, and at last I saw men come out of Lincoln's office and walk slowly away. I can recall Seward, Halleck, Stanton, but after they had departed I believed myself to be alone on that floor of the Executive Mansion except for the President in his room across the hall. It was then about nine o'clock, for I looked at my watch. It seemed as if the rooms and hall were full of shadows, some of which came in

and sat down by me to ask me what I thought would become of the Union cause and the country. Not long afterward a dull, regularly repeated sound came out of Lincoln's room through its half-open door. I listened, listened, and became aware that this was the measured tread of the President's feet, as he walked steadily to and fro, up and down, on the farther side, beyond the Cabinet table, from wall to wall. He must have been listening to a great many weird utterances, as he walked and as he turned at the wall at either end of his ceaseless promenade.

Ten o'clock came and found me still busy with my papers, but whenever I paused to endorse one of them I could hear the tread of the feet in that other room. The sound had become such a half-heard monotony that when, just at twelve o'clock midnight, it suddenly ceased, the silence startled me into listening. I did not dare to go and look in upon him, but what a silence that was! It may have continued during many minutes. Then the silence was broken and the sound of the heavy feet began again. One o'clock came and I still had much work before me. At times Mr. Lincoln's pace quickened as if under the spur of some burst of feeling.

Two o'clock came, for I again looked at my watch, and Lincoln was walking still. It was a vigil with God and with the future, and a long wrestle with disaster and, it may be, with himself — for he was weary of delays and sore with defeats. It was almost three

o'clock when my own long task was done and I arose to go, but I did not so much as peer through the narrow opening of the President's doorway. It would have been a kind of profanity. At the top of the stairway, however, I paused and listened before going down, and the last sound that I heard and that seemed to go out of the house with me was the sentry-like tread with which the President was marching on into the coming day.

I went home weary enough, but did not go to bed. I remember taking a bath and then a breakfast at Gautier's restaurant on the avenue. My table was still heavily loaded and I knew fresh duties were at hand. It was therefore not yet eight o'clock when I was once more at the White House, letting myself in with my latchkey. It was a bright sunlit morning, without a cloud in the sky.

On reaching the second floor I saw the President's door wide open and looked in. There he sat, near the end of the Cabinet table, with a breakfast before him. Just beyond the cup of coffee at his right lay a sheet of foolscap paper, covered with fresh writing in his own hand. They were the orders under which General Meade shortly took Hooker's place and marched on to Gettysburg. That long night vigil and combat had been a victory, for he turned to me with a bright and smiling face and talked with me as cheerfully as if he had not been up all night in that room, face to face with — Chancellorsville.

BARRACOMB

BY WILFRID GIBSON

In the dead man's bed I lay
Longing for the break of day
Light enough for me to rise
And feast the first time eager eyes
On the pastures broad and fair
That had fallen to my share
As my uncle's only heir.

Last night in the wintry gloam
I had come to Barracomb:
Never in my life before
Had I opened the front door,
Never crossed the threshold-stone —
I who had n't even known
The old man who 'd lived alone

Reckless of his kin till death
Laid him low and choked his breath,
Forcing him to let his lands
Pass into a stranger's hands,
Forcing him to leave his home
High on windy Barracomb
For a lodging in the loam.

In the wide and creaky bed
All night long I 'd tossed, my head
Filled with plans of all I 'd do
Now good fortune had come true
And the wealth he 'd held so fast
In his miser grip at last
Into better hands had passed.

When as I lay there wide-eyed
Someone seemed to quit my side,
Though all night alone I 'd lain,
And against the windowpane
Stood a ghostly form and gray
Peering out across the brae
For the first chill glint of day.

Stark with dread I lay astare
Watching that strange shadow there,
Dark against the kindling sky,
And my blood ran cold as I
Wondered if that shape might be
The ghost of old John Heatherly
Or my own fetch awaiting me.

AN ENGINEER TALKS ON MEDICINE

BY ARTHUR B. GREEN

I

EVEN a casual survey of the broad field of healing will turn up the most divergent doctrines as to disease, cure, and health. They divide practitioners into schools, mutually exclusive, more or less competitive, about as receptive each of another's philosophy as rival political parties. In fact, the more powerful of them have their political aspects quite as marked as their scientific. In discussing the subject almost everybody, professional as well as lay, stresses what he or she 'believes,' or what his or her 'view' happens to be. Medical wisdom has a nebulous fringe. Now is that not a hard pass for the layman? Charged with preserving whatever he may have of health and perhaps improving it, he is faced sooner or later with the practical task of deciding what advice and assistance to select. How is he to choose?

A bashful swain in a bevy of girls has no more difficult or delicate selection to make, nor is he more likely to be booed.

Modesty stands much in the way. Few indeed have been the professors of medicine who have suggested at all audibly that there may be understandable laws at the bottom of the science, as there are laws underlying most fields of exact knowledge. It is not that medicine has lacked a most fascinating publicity. On the contrary, it occupies a generous share of type space; but the conclusion most readily drawn from the public print would be that, rather than

any laws of general application, there are separate laws for separate ailments, or at any rate for separate groups of diseases, and that successful practice is too mystical, too involved, too confused and technical for a mere layman to grasp. People thus dazzled find interesting and ingenious ways of avoiding the need of thought and yet making a choice that they can accept. Some gravitate to the most prominent physician in town, gauging therapeutic success by size of practice and invoicing-ability. Business men of ample spoils, deeming themselves good buyers, want their doctors in Packards. The more doctrinaire take up with one or another of the 'systems,' fasten themselves to it offensively and defensively, much as they would join a church, and patronize those physicians who profess the chosen articles of faith. They place the emphasis less on circumstance and more on denomination. A taste for precision inclines some people of means to specialists. If by precedent or by comparing notes with neighbors they persuade themselves to a fair certainty what part of their being is at the time deranged, they may take upon themselves the responsibility of selecting which specialist to consult. On the other hand, if discretion is held above courage they may employ the family physician to make the preliminary survey and to guess more expertly to what address they should be referred, saving in that way unnecessary examinations

of parts not rightfully under suspicion.

To choose with thought, however, and even to discover simple principles in medicine, is not unreasonably hard for the layman if he discounts at the outset the uncomfortable feeling that he may be in that respect odd and lonely. Going candidly at it, he will soon make an enlightening discovery. He will find all thought and action in the practice of healing divided into two great parts. One embraces the vast majority of the profession and the laity, and devotes itself to isolated diseases; the other embraces but a very few, and deals with disease-tendencies and constitutional remedy. On one side he has found all the confusion, and on the other a few simple principles he can really understand.

This division occurred about one hundred years ago, as a result of Hahnemann's work. He had based all of his conclusions on experiment, thorough and systematic, covering an arduous lifetime, working along independent lines and carrying them to their end. He more than anyone else had deduced laws. He was therefore reviled by the established profession. His work was distorted and misunderstood even by well-meaning would-be disciples.

What characterizes this odd philosophy? In what principal ways does it depart from usual traditional or common thought?

In the first place, Homœopathy has a different objective. It is quite satisfactory to almost any ordinary physician if he succeeds in causing the symptoms of the ailment to disappear. Any means may be justified that has that result. A cancer may be carved off. After that, whatever there may be for the patient to complain of, certainly he no longer suffers from cancer, for there is no cancer. Suppose the cancer occurs at some point — say on an important

internal organ — where it cannot be cut off, because that would kill or seriously injure the patient. Two other courses are still open: a delicate operation to remove the organ, eliminate the cancer, and replace the organ with all necessary connections, — perhaps to substitute a fresh part from another individual, — or a cancer-destroying agent applied at the spot. New agents are discovered every few months. X-ray, ultra-violet light, and radium have been numbered among them. And related to these in purpose, but different in technique, are the many attempts to isolate a serum or virus such that, when properly injected into the blood, it will terminate the bacterial action that characterizes cancer. Whole institutions with large endowment, elaborate equipment, and amazing laboratory methods are devoted to the quest for still other and better ways of 'attacking' this one disease.

All this is based on the idea that cancer is a local affection and that, aside from the cancer itself, all the remainder of the patient is well. Whatever the disease, the usual examination goes no further than that; it stops at the boundary of the affected parts and includes nothing that went before.

Consider the matter from the other end. People confess that they are sick. If you sit down with one of them and make note of everything he tells you, you will cover page after page with notes and by looking into his face you will see that he is sick. He may drift from one doctor to another, be examined from top to toe, and every examination and every test may turn out negative, and in that case he would be pronounced sound. Allow him to go unaided, even though he recover some of his lost powers for a time, nevertheless he becomes sick so that any doctor would recognize it finally. When in later years such a person shows cancer

of some sort, tuberculosis, fatty degeneration of the liver, some form of Bright's disease, or whatever it may be, can we excuse the physician who said in the first instance that he was not sick? The doctor was blind to everything that was not ponderable, that he could not sense with his own eye, and he passed over the sensations that the patient wanted to tell him about. He considered only a part of his case.

Again, if the case is presented after the disease has run to ultimatum in morbid tissue, and the doctor can see by his own independent senses that something is wrong, he then gathers only an unimportant part of the facts if he neglects what went on before — precisely the kind of things, the very manner of suffering, that would have been his surest guide to treatment years before, had he known how to make use of it. That is the error of the doctor who treats cancer merely as cancer.

These elaborate institutions for cancer research are beside the mark. What they ought to be studying is not cancer, but patients who have cancer, together with patients who are going to have cancer if they are not cured now.

It is characteristic of Homœopathy that disease-tendencies are divined and treated rather than diseases themselves. The significance of ailments is in relation to the tendencies that they betray. If the specific maladies are attacked separately the patient is not improved, — he may easily be made seriously worse, — even though the troubles that describe the disease are terminated. It is invariably true that when some deep-seated pathology is presented, such as a case of cancer, the patient's peculiarities that went before were less serious and easier to treat.

Attacking a specific symptom or special disease separately, aiming to eradicate it without reference to the

patient as a whole, results in one of two ways. First and least harmful is palliation. A sore throat is palliated by a hot pack. A headache is palliated by soaking the feet in hot water. Such devices establish no reason why the pain should not return. The patient is eased, but not cured. Now the second is a more dangerous way of getting rid of symptoms — suppression. Surgical removal of the cancer is a case in point. Driving away eczema by external lotions is another. Suppression closes off the avenue of discharge taken by the disorder. If the eruption is regarded as the entity to be treated in eczema, and if it is suppressed from outside, it may never return as eczema, but sooner or later it will return — very likely as Bright's disease.

Much modern therapy takes this blundering course, driving the patient from a comparatively light malady to a deeper and more difficult one, and we wonder why it is that, along with the increasing power of modern specifics, there is also an increase in the deepest disorders of body and brain, which end in death or public asylum. We wonder at the frequent stories in the paper telling of the sudden ending of a vigorous invaluable career in a shock, a general breakdown, a sudden, complicated dissolution, somewhere between fifty-five and sixty-five years of age; and the answer almost always is local suppression, cumulative through life, and practised by the choice of the profession. This is not altogether to be laid at the physician's door. We get in doctors' services, as in other services, about what we demand, and so we pay for our thoughtlessness.

II

Though almost any physician is quite content with any means that will rid the patient of disease symptoms,

Homœopathy, as I have suggested, knows three ways in which that can be done: palliation, suppression, — one futile and the other desperately harmful, — and cure. What is cure? Cure rids the patient not only of his disease symptoms but also of his disease-tendencies; renders him less likely to be sick; places him at a higher level of health than he has known before. To cure in this sense is the full mission of the doctor.

How then is cure to be recognized, if not by the disappearance of the symptoms?

Cure follows out a definite law. This law, like Newton's law of motion, is commonly stated in two parts, though it is one law. First, cure proceeds from within outward. 'Complaints of the heart and chest and head must in recovery be accompanied by manifestations upon the surface, in the extremities, upon the skin, nails, and hair. Hence you will find that these parts become diseased when patients are getting well. . . . In cases of rheumatism of the heart you find, if the patient is recovering, that his knees become rheumatic; and he may say, "Doctor, I could walk all over this house when you first came to me, but now I cannot walk, my joints are so swollen." That means recovery.' Thus the late Doctor Kent of Chicago to his pupils twenty-five years ago. Cure proceeds from more important to less important parts of the economy, and thence permanently away.

Secondly, cure retraces in inverse order the coming of the malady. A woman of middle age was about to go to the operating-table in a famed Eastern hospital, near death from cancer. Surgeons prescribed operation, but said at the same time that she could not survive the shock. It happened that a sister knew of a true Homœopathist and determined to try him. He examined into the history of the case, as well as

into the cancer, and found out what had gone before. She had suffered agonies of another sort months earlier, had been treated locally, and supposed she had been cured. This former malady was brought back to her and it in turn cured, and she lived to advanced age in good health and activity.

Homœopathy stands alone in medicine in results aimed at, in facts taken account of when examining a case, in conception, and in method. It stands alone also in that there are laws — definite, simple, understandable — that always apply and always, when applied, work.

But someone says: 'You have n't been describing the Homœopathy I have heard about. You have n't mentioned the infinitesimal dose.'

The handling of infinitesimals is part of Homœopathy. So also is the law of similars, from which it gets its name. But these belong to the therapeutics, while we are talking of the philosophy. When you know the laws you can employ potentized remedies. If you do not know the laws, potentized remedies mean nothing to you and you can accomplish next to nothing with them. Potentizing empowers medicines. That is a matter of experiment. When you have found the basis of a prescription according to the laws, remedies potentized and used in the right potency do the quickest and most permanent work.

Notice, if you will, how much more comprehensive is the study of the case in Homœopathy; and yet there is no such thing as diagnosis. The peculiarities of the patient that guide to the remedy are not those that identify the disease. The patient is considered as a whole, and treated not on the diagnostic manifestations, but on the totality of symptoms. When all the symptoms, those belonging to the patient and those belonging to the specific disease,

— if there is a specific disease, — have disappeared from within outward and in the inverse order of their coming, then there has been a cure.

So much for theory. The fact is that this philosophy has penetrated traditional medicine not at all. It could not penetrate. It would have to upset, wreck, demolish. Too many physicians are dogmatists, and too many laymen like that sort of physician. The traditionalists, called regulars, meet in convention, compare notes, relate their experiences, recount their laboratory discoveries, air their differences, and settle by consensus of opinion what shall be the approved practice. The following year, their experience having changed, they vote out the old practice and vote in a new one. Every disease is a separate problem. New diseases have a special fascination. New diseases, like influenza, catch them unprepared. They have little to offer to those armies of people who suffer but who have no disease that can be named. Traditional medicine is no nearer to law now than it was two centuries ago, though its practice has been shifting.

III

When Homœopathy came into the field traditional medicine was in a bad way. It used drugs in big doses. They were ill fitted to the maladies at which they were aimed. They brought on gross overeffects, and drug afflictions became as common and as dangerous as the more natural sicknesses. Public and profession were deserting the faith and casting about for something better. The thought was growing that, as Doctor Holmes later expressed it, the world would have been the gainer if all the drugs that people had consumed had been sunk in the sea.

Homœopathy seemed to offer a way to use drugs in very small doses and

thus encourage the old school to abandon their gross drugging. This influence, superficial as it was, was still under way when the work of Pasteur came on the field. Here, it seemed, would be a possible escape from drugs altogether, by substituting preparations containing microorganisms nicely fitted to the diseases because derived from them. In the temper of medicine at that time, this was seized upon and elaborated as no other innovation has ever been seized by the established school. It was confidently expected to furnish a specific for each and every human ailment, and to establish the origin of each at some point outside the human economy, where it could be located, attacked, and routed. Entrenched practice had laughed at infinitesimals, but here was an opportunity to reach infinitesimals by making them seen, by bringing them to light. This was real progress. Besides, were not preparations similar in nature to the infecting agents to be used as cures, and would that not embrace all there could be in the law of similars?

Not all the influence of these two major developments was felt inside the traditionalist camp. Going a bit further than old-school men, but still failing to comprehend the philosophy, a new school grew up, called by the name 'Homœopathy.' These men made some study of Hahnemann's work, used the laws sometimes when cases were light, and got some characteristic successes in that way; but in desperate circumstances they resorted to the same palliatives, stimulants, and suppressives that characterized the older school. They thus took up in a limited way with some of the practices, but did not absorb the reasons. They were superficial, and presented a wavering front.

With the advent of bacteriology as a factor in old-school practice, bearing a

ghastly resemblance to Homœopathy, but dealing nevertheless with diseases and not with patients, it is little wonder that these half-breed Homœopathists were disconcerted. They were on no firmer ground scientifically than their elder brothers. They were no less exponents of empiricism. Most of their thunder had been stolen. They flocked to serum therapy with quite as much zest as anybody. They lost their distinction as to method, and had never had any as to principle. Out of the jumble there could be ultimately no other issue than submergence.

So one hears everywhere that Homœopathy is a dead issue. The great schools and hospitals that used to bear the name have closed or have been handed over to the dominant practice. Scarcely a single medical college of first rank that was teaching at the opening of this century what passed generally as Homœopathy has survived. The once

powerful flourishing American Institute has fear and confesses it. Once reared as a menace to the entrenched medicine of its day, once the butt of the medical jibe and the victim of professional slight, scorn, persecution, this ill-founded mongrel empiricism is now passing out of sight by a process like that which one of our Presidents described as 'benevolent assimilation.'

Thus draws to a close an important epoch in the history of medicine. If the dominant school swells with pride in a well-earned victory, it is entitled to do it. But the blessing of it is that the air is becoming clearer. One confusion is blending itself with another, naturally enough, and it leaves standing in a less beclouded light the simple truths that are the laws of medicine. Homœopathy itself is being rid of travesty, sophistry, and plausible misrepresentation. Homœopathy is not going down, but has come to the morning of a new day.

FEAR

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

I

ONCE I saw thirty young men face for several hours the prospect of death at sea. With one exception they gave no sign of fear. Nothing but a shade more smiling and exchange of jokes than was natural in a chill blast and an angry sea would have told the fact that the disabled scout-patrol boat would probably never reach port. One Naval Reservist, however, feared most pitifully. His eyes stared restlessly out of a yellow, twitching face; his pale lips

moved mechanically in idle questions and still more futile suggestions. More gently bred than most of his mates, he was also morally the superior of most of them. This they knew; they looked at his distress without scorn and with an entirely friendly pity. I suppose they dimly perceived that it was a doom for which he was in no way responsible, and felt the irony of a patriotism that had cast him into a service in which ordinary courage was simply in the

day's work. Simple men—as I was constantly to learn in the Navy—often have the most extraordinarily delicate and just intuitions of personal crises. What they sorrowed for in a loyal mate who was born to fear they would have mocked at in a calm-sea braggart.

Since M—— happened to be the only physical coward I had ever studied in danger, and since I knew that he had in full measure all the finer moral qualities that are supposed to make for courage, I naturally pondered his case. The trouble I can only surmise. Water of any sort spoke peril to him. He feared as much in a benign day of drifting under blue skies as he did in those rare moments when the safety of the scout patrol hung by the hair of a spark plug or a steering pinion. His life on a patrol, which for most of us was ordinarily a recreation, must have been a hell, and no man less deserved it. I could only suppose that we had to do with some profound lesion in childhood, some fright at the seaside or even in the baby's bath, that had scarred and warped his consciousness for life. Perhaps a psychoanalyst could have located the fount of his fear, but the war was too short for such studies and cures. We could only hope that the capricious special providence which sat up aloft at Newport would put our friend ashore. I suppose he was a classical instance of what we loosely call the physical coward: that his malady was akin to that unreasoning dread of pointed things, of enclosed spaces, of certain animals, even of certain odors, which has afflicted many an equally gifted person.

II

That kind of fear is not my subject. I am thinking rather of that rare fear which falls on an ordinarily brave person; and I am considering no ordi-

nary or passing qualm, but that terror which clutches the throat and loosens the knees, exudes in cold sweat, and, while it lasts, disables abjectly the physical and moral man. I have felt it a few times, as I suppose everyone has felt it. The occasion was generally the slightest. I have feared most horribly when I was really in no danger. In every case it was panic before the unknown, generally before an unknown which thrust itself upon me before mental preparation could be made and the unknownness thus diminished. Perhaps this is the fear of the normal man and, if so, animals and savages must suffer terribly from it, for the unknown bulks large in their lives, and their memories are short. Probably the demon-worship so common among savages arises from the need of exteriorizing their fears. Your demon, however appalling, is at least a fixed and calculable thing. Even to an orthodox soul, Satan moving up and down the earth and seeking what he may devour is more endurable than is the unexpected touching of a big cool fungus in a forest stroll after nightfall.

In any case, my own abject fears have always been occasioned by the unknown, and generally by an unknown that proclaimed itself with instantaneous suddenness. My boyhood fears grew out of my reading. Being a good reader of the 'Frank' books,—I wonder if that exemplary boy-hero still delights boyhood,—whenever I passed dark doorways on my way to bed I imagined the Indians would leap out at me, and there was a distinct prickling sensation under my tow-colored scalp-lock. But this was rather a flirtation with the idea of fear than fear itself, for I only half believed that the Indians had really crept up from peaceful South Street to our third story.

But it was real fear when I visited

my grandparents in the Connecticut Valley, and the lightning cracked about the house and the thunder growled and boomed endlessly between the hills. I shut it out by cowering under the bedclothes, and trembled long after it had passed. It was not the quite common nervous fear of electrical storms, — for I have since headed my tiny yawl into thunder squalls without fear, — but the fear of an angry God and an imminent Day of Judgment. I can hardly recall a time when I had not read the Book of the Revelation, the gorgeous imagery of which has always captured my imagination; and our pastor had incessantly preached that the day of wrath was at hand. So when the lightning was let loose there came vivid if confused images of sinister horsemen in the sky, and the unstopping of awful vials, and the bass prelude of the thunder, hushed only to bring expectancy of the trumpet blast, and my small and unworthy self standing among the newly risen and uncanny dead, to answer for my sins before an all-knowing and inexorable God.

I had deeply sinned, notably against the Commandments concerning honoring parents, false witness, and stealing. I had chewed forbidden green apples, carefully ejecting the pomace in order that I might say I had not eaten them. I had stolen from the pantry incalculable quantities of brown sugar — now, I fear, an unknown dainty to childhood — and raisins. Once, in the cellar of a building under construction, I had stripped myself and wallowed deliciously in the clean sand-pile. Although this was not a specifically forbidden indulgence, for even parents cannot foresee every working of original sin in a child, this indecent episode actually troubled me most. It seemed a hard thing to avow before the last tribunal, and calculated to add to the

weight of guilt the almost worse sting of ridicule.

I suppose I suffered more from fear in those otherwise happy summers in Connecticut than many people do in a lifetime. The panic gradually abated as I saw that after many thunderstorms the last trump had never blown, while, as I began to guess that our pastor's confidence that the Last Day was imminent would not be borne out by events, his other preaching encouraged me to hope that although God had been notoriously difficult in the matter of apples He might be indulgent as to brown sugar, raisins, and sand-piles. So the old fear wore off and, perhaps because there had been so much of it, I have no sure recollection of being deeply affrighted again until I was in the thirties. Meanwhile I had traveled fearlessly through a cholera epidemic, the risk, such as it was, being entirely calculable.

III

Next, fear came to me in the most ridiculous and preposterous of guises — panic fear over nothing. All day long I had been whipping the oceanic eddies below the Grande Décharge for ouananiche. Evening fell, and my two Indian guides, knowing the difficulty of taking the canoe up the portage in the dusk, had gone ahead, cautioning me not to lose the trail. It was a question of half a mile uphill by a well-beaten path, and I trod it without thought, only to find myself suddenly on a broad logging-road which I had never seen before. A moment's reflection would have told me that the road must lead away from the landing-place; that my guides must be within earshot and would answer a call. At worst I had merely the prospect of a bivouac on the island; many a time I had camped under worse conditions — nothing to

fear but blackflies; matches to fight them and to cook the ouananiche in my creel. As getting lost in the woods goes, I was in the most auspicious case possible, even if my guides should not find me till morning.

None of these perfectly obvious reflections were actually made, though I had made them profitably in many a similar emergency. A sense of being hopelessly lost and a mad desire for escape overcame me. I began to sprint along the logging-road as I was headed until sheer breathlessness and the great gray stretch of Lake St. John, quiet in the twilight, checked my foolish flight. Then I sat down, thought out what had happened, and retraced with care the steps I had taken in panic haste. In a few minutes the halloos of the guides answered my own.

This kind of fear is common enough, and it has driven to unnecessary death many a novice in forest and mountain. It was only odd that it befell one with a woodsman's experience. It was the suddenness with which the sense of being lost confronted me that was my moral undoing. My frightened muscles worked before my mind could grasp a very simple situation.

Next comes to mind a relief ship off Messina in earthquake time, and a sullen rainy evening. For two days we had lived in increasing filth and disorder, so that the devastation of the ruins and the spectacle of the maimed and the dead being impartially extracted from the rubbish heap that Messina was become had been almost a relief. Having amazing news and being unable to get away, we newspaper men were chafing until we hated each other and, I fear, even the wounded, who both littered up our ship and delayed its sailing. Every day there had been little shocks and crashing-down of creviced walls that still stood. Suddenly there was a great explosion,

far heavier and more palpable than the minor shakings and mutterings to which our ears and nerves were accustomed. Dead silence on the erstwhile clamorous deck of the crowded ship; wailing from the refugees, camped on the shattered quay. I trembled as I waited for the tidal wave to break the ship on the stone quay, and when the wave delayed I rushed to my state-room and turned my chattering teeth to the wall.

Nothing had happened but the bursting of the boiler in the ship alongside. It was too sudden to be borne. Probably if a meteorologist had told me that another earthquake would destroy us all within a minute I should have met the event like a brave man. At least I hope so.

IV

Evidently mental preparation is of the essence of all courage. We do what we have willed to do in advance, and the more vividly we have anticipated peril in imagination the more manfully shall we face it when it comes. The Navy, a service where minor peril is in the day's work, does well to prepare its men; it beats into every beginner the duty of keeping still in danger and waiting for orders, and that of keeping quiet and not moving about even if no orders come. It is the first move that counts for panic. A man who stands firmly on both feet in time of danger, and keeps his mouth shut, will always be sufficiently brave. Such is the faith of the Navy, and it works in practice — witness the drill of the sinking Camperdown and many a less spectacular instance.

I saw how this worked when the fire ran over the oily water where twenty patrol boats were at dock. It caught on the painted sides of two submarine-chasers, roared up the gulf between

them, crackled up the canvased sides of their deck-houses, and licked twenty feet in the air on their flagpoles and radio-stretchers. But all this was merely spectacular; what really counted was that it also gnawed at the thin wooden boxes containing the fourteen-pound shells. The molasses-like trickle of melting trinitrotoluol from the heated depth-bombs was unpleasing to the eye, but otherwise negligible. What really counted was the first fourteen-pounder shell. If it detonated, so would all the depth-bombs, and our little fleet would be blown to an ooze indistinguishable from the habitual slime of our basin. This we all knew — some five hundred half-trained men on twenty little scout-patrol boats. The situation was entirely calculable and well understood. Three quarters of an inch of canvased pine,—three or four minutes — a certain number of gallons of water — stood between us and the most complete annihilation conceivable.

A dash for the land would have given an off chance of survival. Nobody thought of it, or if he did he promptly repressed the thought. All simply waited in stillness and reckoned the event. For a few seconds my muscles carried me behind the triced-up grating of the gangway. My muscles mistook it for a protection. My mind smiled at the folly and took me to the after six-pounder, to be blown up where I belonged, at my station. That was everybody's thought. Meanwhile I had none of the proper feelings, did n't recall my loved ones, nor yet did my life unroll itself before me like a scroll. I merely kept my eye on the fire, as it throve on the ammunition boxes thirty feet across the pier. Would the first shell start? Just a dull curiosity, as if the event, while of general interest, hardly concerned myself. As I looked up and down the fleet, the picture was

everywhere the same: quiet men, standing still and wondering. The *Blue-jacket's Manual* plainly had wrought its perfect work in us all, and though our taking off would have lacked the superb 'swank' of the Camperdown it would have been entirely 'seagoing,' and that is all that can be expected of landmen in little patrol-boats.

Naturally I took a proper pride in a steadiness which had been tried by fire; but I was soon to learn that there was no precaution that really worked with the old enemy Surprise, if he could catch you without time to think.

V

This essay ends, as it began, on a scout-patrol boat, but differently, for it concerns a fear where no danger was involved — merely the worst fear, that of the too-sudden unknown. S. P. 227 had just come in from four days of convoy escort and patrol, when orders came to meet a British ship with a precious cargo off Barnegat, at seven next morning, and escort her to New York. We were caught with empty bunkers and half a crew. I put in the coal when I had expected to make up lost sleep, and at one o'clock I had my stern toward Ambrose Lightship and was pointing southward against the new and ugly short chop of a southerly half-gale. Suddenly our call letter flashed urgently, north of the lightship. I ignored it, for the time was short to our morning rendezvous off Barnegat whistling buoy. But the signal flashed so incessantly that I woke the captain, who with an oath of disgust ordered me to turn back. At the place whence the signal had come there was nothing — just blackness, confusion of waters, and uncomfortable proximity of lightless monsters stealing into the harbor. The mystery — a simple one, merely a fellow S. P. tired of waiting — was

disquieting at the moment, and I turned the ship toward Barnegat in a restless and querying mood.

At that moment of uncertainty there rose far up the bay, directly over New York, an incredible column of rosy light. It climbed swiftly and intact thousands of feet into the air and spread into an incandescent rose. Followed, before the mind grasped the spectacle, a concussion which shook me to the marrow.

I had felt the like from Capri when Vesuvius was in full eruption. But this was unexplained and inexplicable. The imagination made wild work of it: an infernal plot! New York destroyed! My knees knocked together. I tottered on the dancing-bridge and clutched the rail for support, while I trembled and the chill crept through my greatcoat and oilskins. Perhaps it was not long, but it seemed long to the moment when I pulled myself together, recalled that, whatever had happened to New York, I had a course to steer and a ship to meet. When the coppery face of the bo's'n appeared over the rail and told me the hold was dry, that was reassuring. I became once more an officer, and for the rest of a wild night the wonders in sight and sound of the exploding powder-works at Perth Amboy, while still unexplained, became no longer terrifying, but merely an unexpectedly romantic decoration for

an uncommonly arduous bit of routine duty.

I am no psychologist, and have no mind to analyze these personal experiences of fear. Sufficient if I have suggested that the worst fears are those of imagination, and that we suffer most when there is nothing to fear at all. Possibly one might conclude that a well-trained person would never suffer disabling fear if he fully understood whatever emergency might arise, or if he had time to adjust himself to it even without understanding it. But the usually patient vassals of the rational self have their sway in certain shocks. Their animal quickness outruns the surer mental processes of their master, and from time to time they assert transiently their primal rule.

Perfect love is said to put away fear, and, theoretically, perfect knowledge ought to do so. Practically, the more we know, whether through experience or imagination, the less we shall fear. And the hope of the race seems to lie in such an increase in knowledge as will check and shorten those panics in which a man or a mob may either tremble impotently or turn and rend others as fear turns to fury. But since our knowledge is never complete, and the silent vassals never sleep, there will probably be no time when a man can be quite sure of standing or dying, a gentleman, unafraid.

PLANTS AND POLICIES¹

BY STEPHEN F. HAMBLIN

I

PEOPLE who hear by chance the word 'quarantine' applied to plants are apt to call to mind the tragic fate of chestnut trees in America, the ravages of the white-pine blister, ruined farm-crops, or the disease of a favorite garden-plant; and they say:—

'Quite right: it's time the Government did something.'

That the Government should do something is doubtless quite right; and among those aware of the situation approval was general in 1912 when an Act of Congress authorized the Secretary of Agriculture to appoint a Federal Horticultural Board, consisting of officials of certain bureaus in the Department, to deal with the problem of protecting the country from the further introduction of insect pests and diseases.

Under the leadership of an entomologist who is still chairman of the Board, it proceeded to place restrictions on the importations of various plants, for many of those coming from foreign countries are said to have been responsible for the introduction of harmful insects and the spread of diseases. To-day, while the principle of a quarantine

is still upheld, and coöperation with the Department of Agriculture is strongly desired, dissatisfaction with the administration of the Board prevails in many quarters.

The particular action which aroused opposition was the promulgation and execution of Quarantine Order No. 37 in the year 1919. Under this order the Board enforces restrictions which amount to an embargo by 'permitting, under permit' only, the limited and controlled entry of certain classes of plants and making a general exclusion of others.

The general nature of the quarantine measures is shown by the agitation caused in quarters whose interests are apparently totally unrelated. The New York Fruit Exchange is now greatly concerned because Almeria grapes are to be excluded under another order known as Quarantine No. 42, in pursuance of which the Board may at any time exclude bananas from the country; and garden enthusiasts, who have suffered much through the application of Quarantine 37, are now bewailing the fact that the Board has decided to exclude all narcissus² bulbs after December 1925. They fear, too, that tulips and hyacinths, those noted productions of the Netherlands, may soon be shut out.

² The term 'narcissus' includes all daffodils. Chionodoxas, fritillarias, grape hyacinths, ixias, scillas, snowdrops, and winter aconites will also be excluded.

¹ This article is a symposium for which the material was collected and prepared by Stephen F. Hamblin, Director of the Harvard Botanic Garden, and Ann Alderton. The compilers wish to express thanks for their valuable assistance to those authorities quoted in the text, to Mr. John C. Wister (of the American Iris Society and the American Rose Society), and to other experts who have been consulted on the subject.

In some ways the effect of this quarantine is worse than that of a tariff, for, whether popular or unpopular, an embargo can be legally imposed only by an Act of Congress, when it is openly recognized for what it is, and the necessary executive work is supposedly organized on a proportional scale. The Federal Horticultural Board claims that the tariff aspect of its regulations is merely incidental: thus there is no public or official recognition of Quarantine 37 as an embargo, and the Board itself deplors the lack of facilities for dealing with the vast quantities of material which it insists on handling. Moreover, the members of the Board are the sole arbiters in the issuing of permits, and from the ease with which some people obtain permits, and the difficulties encountered by others, it appears that the elements of a secret proscription list are added to the restrictive nature of a measure that is a tariff in all but name.

Between the year 1912, when the Act of Congress was passed, and the year 1919, when Quarantine Order No. 37 was promulgated, thirty-six separate quarantines were instituted, none of which met with any serious opposition. In order to discuss Quarantine 37, however, a conference of scientific and amateur horticulturalists was held in New York in June 1920, at which there were present representatives from the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University, the Horticultural Societies of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin, the Garden Club of America, the American Rose Society, the Woman's Farm and Garden Association, and many other organizations; and by authority of this representative assembly a Committee on Horticultural Quarantine was formed. The conference, while fully agreeing as to the importance of strict quarantine measures, opposed unnecessary and

wholesale plant-exclusion. Yet, in spite of many efforts to persuade the Board to mitigate the severity of its restrictions, the chairman of the Committee, Mr. J. Horace McFarland, has still occasion to speak of Quarantine 37 as 'probably the most unsettling and autocratic action ever taken by the American Government outside a declaration of war.' Professor Charles Sprague Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum expresses doubt that the Board will modify its regulations, and writes of them:—

'Most of them are very unnecessary and unreasonable, and it is not quite clear what induced the Board to make and enforce such regulations. Certainly it is not for the interests of this country.'

Although the Federal Horticultural Board claims that the tariff aspect is incidental, it protests that no secret has been made of its expanding policy of general exclusion. In April 1919 *Landscape Architecture* published almost in full the reply of the Secretary of Agriculture to Mr. Winfred Rolker of the New York Florists Club's Protesting Committee. The letter—which deals, among other protests, with objections to the 'surprise nature' and the 'legality of the quarantine'—contained an allusion to an inquiry sent by the Federal Horticultural Board in 1918 to the Bureau of Plant Industry concerning the advisability of debarring importations of 'all ornamentals and other plants with soil about the roots, and the exclusion of all kinds of nursery stock from Asia, Africa, and other little-known localities.' The report of the Bureau stated that 'the time seemed to be at hand for the inauguration of a policy that would gradually result in the exclusion of all foreign nursery and florist's stock'; and the Federal Horticultural Board considered that, though entire exclusion

would be 'unwise' at that time, 'complete safety' could be obtained only by the debarring of all plants and plant products, and that by shutting out ornamental stock and seedlings the Department had taken a 'definite step toward absolute safety.'

Such arguments might, perhaps, have been more acceptable some hundred years ago, when by refusing to take an active part in the world's affairs America could become inconspicuous to her nearest neighbors. To-day her relations with foreign countries, whether negative or affirmative, are a policy — an individual as large as America cannot live in a crowded room as small as the world without contact. Translated into national terms, the result of such contact is expressed in her laws, the matter and the manner of whose expression must reveal her as a nation of the world, inherently cosmopolitan, or as a provincial unwilling to comprehend the necessity for social intercourse; and it is a self-betrayal, in the making of a law, to dismiss as 'little-known localities' the seats of two of the oldest known civilizations of the world. Moreover, if such a policy had been enforced a hundred years ago, America would lack at the present day more than half the plants that make her gardens beautiful, and more than half the fruits, grains, and other economic plants that make her horticulture profitable and advantageous.

II

Notwithstanding the protests against the present régime, no one has sought to underestimate the menace to horticulture, agriculture, or forestry through exposure to infection or parasites. The opponents, who have themselves suffered losses through the ravages of pests and disease, do not advocate a policy

offoolhardiness; they contend, however, not only that some risks are worth taking, but that these risks are imposed by the very forces of life, and that the attempt to evade them by a complicated system of protective measures may result in spiritual and material losses greater than the fulfillment of the menace. With this view they advocate the enforcement of a severe and intelligent quarantine applied on the principle of excluding plants when previous investigation at the points of foreign shipment has proved them to be a source of danger. This plea, however, has been refused on the grounds that 'there are many instances of disease and pests which are not discernible by any practical method yet known.' Yet by the institution of sweeping restrictive measures, coupled with a permit system, the Board has merely centralized the control of inspection without abolishing the practice; and in the foreword of a Government publication it is stated that in the record of interceptions by officials omission is made of many interceptions of insects and plant diseases not *considered* injurious to the plant cultures of this country.

Nobody would wish to deny that the employees of the Board have caught a certain number of insects. It is possible that some damage to crops may have been prevented. But an exclusion policy is at best a negative remedy, and if ineffectual the good has been rejected and the evil admitted. The insects, moreover, have had three hundred years' handicap; some of them, after lying low for a period, have chosen this precise juncture to become obstreperous, and it is possible that on their account many precautions are being taken to keep out what has already entered.

This view of the matter is confirmed by the report of an expert who was asked to comment on a list published

by the Government concerning the work of the Federal Horticultural Board. The report contains a list of forty-five pages enumerating insects and diseases said to have been intercepted. Its contents, however, are somewhat misleading to those without a knowledge of entomology, for one third to one half of the insects named are well-known American species already established and distributed in this country. Consequently a great deal of time, money, and energy is, to all appearances, being expended on the interception of such common pests as the codlin moth, the San José scale, the cotton boll-weevil, the potato tuber moth, the corn earworm, the common mealy bug, and many others.

It is doubtful whether quarantines can be more than a delay; and it is possible that within a short time the ever-growing pile of regulations, both in Washington and in the various states, will create so much public dissatisfaction that the whole system will collapse and leave the country in a worse condition than if no quarantine had ever been imposed. To guard against such a state of affairs the attitude toward this question should be one of the greatest possible sanity and common-sense.³

As long as commerce exists, plant insects and diseases will travel from country to country; and if they do not come in on plants they will come in on ballast, ropes, clothing, lumber, or other material, just as the corn-borer

smuggled himself in on bales of hemp. No quarantine ever devised will check indefinitely the transmission of diseases from contiguous countries; neither will it seriously impede insects from moving across the Canadian and Mexican borders, borne on their wings or on the wind. State authorities, whose exclusion policy is similar, cannot prevent winged insects from flying across the state borders; yet, to effect exclusion, automobiles are held up along the road, and people compelled to throw away their flowers or their sweet corn. It seems almost as impractical to tilt at aphids in this fashion as to enter into single combat with windmills.

III

In considering the value of a quarantine as an expedient, and in determining the extent of exclusion methods to be adopted, it is well to remember how much can be done by control methods whose use has been made possible by the scientific investigations and research carried on by some divisions of the Department of Agriculture, and by various State Experiment stations.

At different periods in New England the canker worm, the San José scale, the elm-leaf beetle, the gypsy moth, and the brown-tailed moth were going to destroy all trees of certain kinds. All these pests have been so greatly reduced in virulence that they are now of little consequence as a menace to state or nation; and this has been brought about by the natural or the artificial propagation of parasitic or other enemies, and by intelligent methods of spraying. Unfortunately this success in control has not yet extended to finding a means of remedy for the chestnut blight.

The efficacy of control methods is further illustrated by the success of the Dutch and English nurserymen, whose

³ Because of this complexity and confusion of regulations in the several states, the Federal Horticultural Board found it necessary to call a conference which met in Washington, December 30, 1924, to discuss certain state quarantines that threatened to defy the Federal authority. It was with much difficulty that the entomological authorities of Florida, Georgia, and neighboring states were persuaded to respect the inspection certificates of the Washington Board with regard to the harmlessness of plants shipped with soil about their roots from Northern states.

industry was at one time seriously endangered by two insect pests which attacked narcissus bulbs. Their efforts to control these pests have been so successful that last year the Dutch Bulb Experiment Station at Haarlem had difficulty in finding diseased specimens with which to continue further research work.

This example is of particular interest at the present moment, owing to the decision of the Federal Horticultural Board to exclude narcissus and other bulbs after December 31, 1925; and the peculiar way in which quarantines can work out is shown by the fact that after that date the American public will be prevented from buying these bulbs at the source where the mischief has been practically stamped out, and must turn to a source which is now infested and where the supply of bulbs is admittedly inadequate in quantity and in scope of varieties; and owing to their scarcity these inferior bulbs will be more expensive than those that are now obtainable.

It is strange to realize that, during a frenzy of so-called protective measures, diseased bulbs should have been allowed to enter the country. Yet this was permitted by the original decree in 1919. In 1923, possibly through criticism of the clause allowing their entry, the Board issued a ruling that these bulbs were dangerous. The dangers were described, but the bulbs were not immediately excluded. Three years' grace was given for American importers to bring stock into the country.

As a matter of fact, the two pests have long since been here. They have not proved serious in the colder sections, a fact admitted by the experts of the Board, but in California and the Pacific Northwest they are firmly established and flourishing. This is the source from which the Federal Horticultural Board proposes that American

buyers shall obtain their bulbs after the year 1925.

This fact was officially brought to the notice of the Board, which replied by sending to the horticultural papers a statement, signed by one of its members, announcing that the Board did not care whether or not the Dutch bulbs were now clean from the pests, and that the exclusion would go into effect on December 31, 1925, regardless of the condition of the bulbs abroad.

It might be mentioned in this connection that it was one of the fears of the Board that the narcissus pests might become dangerous to onions. This notion has not gained universal support among entomologists; neither does it appear to affect the question in point, since the pests are in the country.

In addition to the fact that control methods are most desirable, as being a solution to a problem instead of a temporary evasion that is not always effectual, it is the opinion of scientific authorities that each infliction of pests and disease, though grievous in itself, enforces sanitation and remedial measures which usually combat the particular causative difficulty and at the same time add to the prosperity of the crop or plants related; and although such visitations will doubtless receive the usual welcome accorded to blessings in disguise, this aspect of the situation is not to be ignored when reviewing the problem as a whole and considering the extent to which it is necessary to sacrifice plants that are hardy and popular for the sake of a problematical scourge.⁴

⁴The Chairman of the Federal Horticultural Board in his justification for the imposition of quarantines insists, for example, that the San José scale costs America a vast sum annually. He ignores the fact that the spraying required to control the introduced pest has accomplished sanitation in orchards so effectively as to increase the quantity and improve the quality of the threatened crops.

IV

Although from the wording of Quarantine Order 37 one was led to suppose that due provision would be made for the importation of plants for scientific and educational purposes, much of this work was at one time seriously interfered with in such plant establishments as the Arnold Arboretum, the Missouri Botanical Garden, and the Botanical Gardens of Brooklyn and New York. Through the recommendations of the Committee on Horticultural Quarantine the Board has to a certain extent relaxed the rigors of the quarantine on scientific imports. It has, however, refused to grant the request of the Committee that these establishments should be permitted to receive plants without disinfection — and not infrequent destruction — on their own guaranty of inspection and protection from the spread of insects and diseases; and it is impossible to gauge the extent of the irreparable mischief caused by the 'protective measures' of the last few years.

Under Quarantine 37 all plants were to be excluded that came from foreign countries, and especially those 'from remote corners of the earth.' By 'permission under permit' exceptions were to be allowed in favor of five types of bulbs, and in favor of fruit-tree stocks and rose stocks. No pretense was made that these plants were safer than the ones excluded, but it was claimed that it was necessary for American horticulture to admit them. This at once brought criticism on account of favoritism shown toward certain classes of plants and consequently to the dealers handling them. The Federal Horticultural Board, however, has denied emphatically that it is influenced by commercial interests.

The Quarantine also made provision for the entry of 'novelties.' Further

criticism ensued, because the decision of what did and what did not constitute a novelty was left entirely to the judgment of the chairman — an entomologist, not a plant specialist. He also decreed who could and who could not have permits, how many plants of a variety might be imported, and what was to be done with them for five years after importation.

At first only nurserymen were allowed to import, but such an outcry arose from amateurs that the regulations were slightly modified. Then the Board had the further task of deciding which amateurs were sufficiently distinguished to import, for it was stated that permits would not be issued to anyone for personal use, such as the 'mere adornment of private estates,' and if people were not known to the Department as 'maintaining collections of real merit' or engaged in work of 'real benefit with the plants concerned' they had to furnish 'evidence of their status.' In this connection it may be noted that the Board has been unable to place upon any amateur or upon any of the great botanical gardens the onus of having imported any plant pests. Both the San José scale and the Japanese beetle are attributed to trade importations.

The intense criticism evoked has partly modified this scorn for the amateur, and permits are now issued to people who found it impossible to obtain them a year or two ago. Nevertheless, in its publications the Board takes care to state that it will do exactly what it chooses at any time it pleases, and it has semiofficially announced its intention of going on forever.

The attitude of the Board toward those who want to adorn their estates is rather surprising when one pictures the probable effect on the appearance of the country if, even for one year,

every attempt at adornment were to be renounced as a vainglorious and unworthy pursuit. For the amateur is ultimately responsible for the appearance of the country. 'Estates,' as forming part of the landscape, are a universal possession, and the term includes not only the large enclosed areas of the prosperous, but that vast collection of tiny garden-units whose appearance can make or mar the face of the earth in any populated district. Since many suburbs and villages are far from being beautiful or even orderly, and do not make the most of their possibilities, any effort toward adornment should invite encouragement rather than derision. The recognition of this fact is evidenced by the amount of literature now published on the small garden, and by the interest taken in the subject by garden clubs and village improvement societies; and it is particularly unfortunate that a measure so general should impede or even delay a movement that might contribute much to national life or to the expression of a developing art in America.

Mr. Warren H. Manning, writing on behalf of the American Society of Landscape Architects, states that the restrictions are being extended to cover more and more plants in such ways as to make it more difficult and more expensive for landscape practitioners to carry on their work; and although he believes that all plants used in large quantities will ultimately be grown in America to compete with European prices and qualities, he states that it will be a long time before this can be brought about for all plants that are used and needed in the development of American landscapes and gardens. He adds that every member of the Society is greatly concerned over the questions under discussion, and anxious to see that the regulations for the

exclusion of foreign plant-diseases are executed in an efficient, sensible, and practicable way; and with other representatives of various organizations he questions the economy and good sense of present methods.

When first imposed, Quarantine 37 was also unpopular with growers, because they did not have a supply of prohibited plants in readiness, and some nurseries found it difficult to procure permits, while others readily obtained them. Now that there has been time to grow a certain amount of material, the restrictions have become more popular with the growers, for the demands within the country have become greater in direct proportion to the diminishing external supply, and prices have risen inordinately. Rose-bushes, bay trees, box, rhododendrons, and azaleas cost twice as much as they did in 1918, and they are frequently extremely difficult to obtain at all.

In some ways this result of the Quarantine has been beneficial, as it has kept out the tremendous quantities of worthless foreign stock which were formerly sold here at low prices, and which seldom made satisfactory growth, owing to climatic conditions. The American nurserymen have grown many plants that they formerly bought abroad, as the removal of foreign competition has enabled them to raise prices and sell their stock at a profit. This gain, however, is somewhat counterbalanced by the fact that the Quarantine has enabled the average nurseryman to standardize his stock and to limit it to the few 'best-sellers.' It is hardly to be expected that he should grow plants in advance of a demand, and welcome new ones whose potentialities are their greatest recommendation. This, in the past, has been the important part played by the amateur, who has accepted the hazards of the experimentalist and has introduced and

grown many plants for which the demand came later, and which are now commercially profitable. In the future such enterprise is likely to be very much limited, and only commercial men of exceptionally wide outlook will resist the idea of an embargo that will enable them, not to meet the demands of intelligent buyers, but to stop a gap at very high prices.

It is in this way that Quarantine 37 has acted as a tariff, and has obtained popularity with the nurserymen, most of whom are now strongly in favor of it. There may be some who favor it because they think it protects them from new diseases, but most of their discussions on the subject concern the fact that it has enabled them to make more money. It is, perhaps, a valuable criticism of this measure that not everyone who has profited by it is in favor of it. Recently a member of one of the horticultural societies, while traveling through the country, found the Quarantine to be popular with the nurserymen with the exception of one man who said that although the law meant 'money in his pocket' he objected to it on principle, because he considered it detrimental to the interests of horticulture in America.

The prosperity of a certain group of tradesmen is in itself a cause for satisfaction. But the financial side of a problem is never the whole of that problem, and when a rise in prices is accompanied by lowered standards of service and of workmanship the standards of democracy are themselves degraded by an erratic system of valuations.

To envisage a result of this kind is not to fail in appreciation of the American nurseryman. He is not responsible for the scarcity of labor, and particularly of skilled labor, through the attraction of cities. It is certainly not due to any oversight of his that Holland was growing bulbs while America was a

pioneer settlement; that countries with world-wide reputations for nursery work have acquired them through generations of effort; and that because of their centuries of experience, and because of the skilled and unskilled labor at their command, they commonly grow many thousands of plants which cannot be obtained here. But while the opponents of the present administration of Quarantine 37 have every sympathy with the difficulties of the nurseryman in this country, and every wish to support his demand for reasonable prices and to encourage the attempt to grow on a large scale the plants suitable for American needs and the American climate, they can but see his problem as part of a far larger question; and it is their conviction that the lack of contact with the trade aristocracies of other nations will stultify national development as surely as a refusal to assimilate any of the thought or culture of other lands. They resent the assumption made by the Government that America, who has hitherto benefited by availing herself of the best of all the world in men and plants and culture, will now benefit through refusal to admit plants save under regulations so stringent as to be generally prohibitive. Now that the air is becoming a highway, and natural boundaries mere geographical incidents, they consider measures of total exclusion to be a paradox and a mystery; and any aspect of such measures, however incidental, is the result of an Order promulgated by a Department at the instance of a Board which has now been presided over by the same chairman for twelve years, despite all changes of Government. Under his leadership it appears to combine executive, judicial, administrative, and advisory functions, and in cases of appeal to act as defendant, judge, and jury. Consequently the administration of this group of men may

play a large part in moulding the democracy of a country reputedly democratic; it may result, against the wishes of many citizens, in the general acceptance of a national policy; it may affect international trade relations concerning plants and plant products, either through the obvious invitation for retaliatory measures on the part of other countries, or through the illusion created by the Board as to the value of its work, and the consequent imitation of its methods.

And when, in pursuance of this policy, the inevitable deadlock has been brought about, the original problem is not solved. All injurious insects are not extinct. They are not even isolated in captivity. They are waiting to pounce on the first individual or state or nation that moves hand or foot. It is unlikely that they will wait for that. Then the same dilemma recurs; and the years eaten by the locust are as nothing to those devoured by the Federal Horticultural Board.

V

When the Committee on Horticultural Quarantine was formed, in June 1920, the wish to coöperate with the Department of Agriculture was expressed, as well as the desire to uphold sensible quarantine regulations, while general plant-exclusion was deemed unnecessary. Another cause of complaint was the fact that, with many ports of entry, it was required that all plants should be sent to Washington for inspection and possible duplicate disinfection. Request was made that the final examination should occur at several ports of entry, avoiding the delay, expense, and danger of the inspection in Washington. To this plea the Board yielded slightly by arranging for inspection at San Francisco, insisting that if other inspection stations were desired those protesting should

arrange with Congress for the required appropriations.

Although in Washington facilities for the work have been multiplied and the inconveniences reduced, the amount of labor required and the expenditure necessitated in this single phase of the work of the Board are something of an indictment of a scheme in which economy is supposed to be an important feature.

In the Report of the Federal Horticultural Board for the year ending June 30, 1923, it is stated:—

Quarantine 37, as now administered, involves the handling and inspection in Washington of a vast quantity of plant material imported for introduction and propagation purposes by commercial growers and propagators throughout the United States. It also involves the inspection of all foreign and domestic seeds and plants which are distributed by the Department of Agriculture, as well as all commercial shipments of plants that come into the District of Columbia for local purposes or which are exported from the District in interstate traffic. Much of this material must be fumigated or disinfected. It involves further the receipt and examination of all foreign cotton samples. Much of this plant and other material which is thus received by this office must be disinfected as well as inspected, and must be again sent out to the ultimate consignees. Some of the material is also grown under quarantine, either for the purpose of determining freedom from pests or for experimental purposes in relation to disinfection or pest-control. This work has involved during the fiscal year the handling, inspection, disinfection, and reshipment of upward of 20,000 different parcels and shipments varying in quantity from small packages to carload lots. The protective value of this work in the exclusion of plant pests has been indicated elsewhere in this report.

The inadequacy of the inspection and holding-quarters on the grounds of the department available for this important work very greatly handicaps the men engaged in it and makes it very difficult to

properly handle and examine the imported and other material. The available greenhouse facilities are also entirely inadequate to care for such of this material as it is necessary to hold in quarantine or for any experimental work.

In spite of the realization of the size of the task it has insisted on performing, the Board refuses to lighten its burden by accepting the coöperation proffered both by foreign countries that have agreed to maintain inspection and by the communities of this nation of which the Board is the official representative.

If restrictions on the present scale are to continue, it is hoped that there will be general recognition of their extent, and that every effort will be made to compensate in some slight degree for the losses occasioned to the country by this definite step toward absolute safety; and it is urged that if this quarantine continues, the Department of Agriculture, having cut off the individual right to import, should itself import and distribute on a large scale and according to a definite programme.

In Washington definite plans exist for a Federal Botanic Garden, and land is proposed for this purpose at a suitable location known as the Mount Hamilton Site. By means of this garden it might be possible to grow and send out material otherwise unobtainable in this country.

It should also be possible to benefit through the coöperation proffered by those nations who agree to maintain inspection; and if it seemed inadvisable to entrust the task to men without knowledge of the conditions in this country, representation of the nature of a horticultural consulate might be established where American specialists could prevent loss of time, money, and material to importers in this country by checking the danger at its source.

The immigration policy of the United States has been vastly improved recently through selection abroad rather than at Ellis Island, and the Governments of Great Britain, Holland, France, and Belgium are known to be willing to coöperate in similar action with respect to plant immigrants, giving place and authority to accredited and capable representatives of the Federal Horticultural Board who might be sent abroad for that purpose.

Such coöperation might result, finally, not only in prohibitive measures, but in the apportioning of research work and experimentation to the nation where it could most suitably be carried on, and in the development of a constructive policy. It is surely not too great a thing to ask in a civilized age that the unavoidable interchange between countries shall be productive of growth and ideas, as well as of pests and disease. For, after all, Pandora's box was opened long ago.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN AND REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

In the 1880's the youngest member elected up to that time to the Kentucky House of Representatives appeared in Frankfort with the convening of the Legislature, bringing with him his still younger bride. The wife of the Governor of the state had organized a Sunday school for the inmates of the penitentiary that winter, — the first recorded effort toward prison reform in the state thus to be credited to personal initiative, — and she sought the services of the bride as a teacher. The husband, in view of the youth of his wife, questioned the advisability of this.

'My boy,' said white-haired Mrs. Governor earnestly, 'she'll come to no harm with me and my convicts within the penitentiary walls; but see that she meets none of these creatures known as lobbyists, who are still on the outside!'

I

We women in the United States have traveled a long way from Mrs. Governor's day to this, when a woman's magazine heads a biographical sketch of a certain personable and charming woman in public life: 'The Lady Who Made Lobbying Respectable.' And this woman's organ, it is fair to assume, feels that it has grounds for its statement, for its belief that this pursuit can be respectable, considering that there is nothing necessarily illegitimate in lobbying per se — that lobbying by no means in all cases implies the power of threat or the use of bribery.

The unfavorable view of the practice as voiced by the wife of the Kentucky Governor was, however, the prevailing one in the 80's — this as gathered from the periodicals and the newspapers of that day, and from the constitutions and the statutes of various of the states that sought to repress it.

Mr. Bryce quotes an experienced American publicist as saying: —

In the United States, though lobbying is perfectly legitimate in theory, yet the secrecy and want of personal responsibility, the confusion and want of system in the committees, make it rapidly degenerate into a process of intrigue and fall into the hands of the worst men. It is so disagreeable and humiliating that all men shrink from it except those who are stimulated by direct personal interest; and these soon throw away all scruples. The most dangerous men are ex-members, who know how things are to be managed.

Yes; we in the 80's, if the printed word is trustworthy, used the word 'lobby,' as Mr. Bryce again suggests, in a dyslogistic sense: a sense truly the opposite of eulogistic, conveying in our application of it censure, disapproval, opprobrium, moral and ethical contempt. The word in its primary meaning, used as a caption by a cartoonist of that day, is made to carry sinister portent — Lobby: a covered way. The paragrapher, as touching the lobbyist, read into Shakespeare an innuendo of his own: 'If you find him not . . . you shall nose him as you go . . . into the lobby.'

As has been said, attempts were made by the states from time to time to remedy the evil; this by constitutional prohibition, by statute law, and by the force of public opinion. Lobbying was declared by California to be a felony; by Georgia to be a crime. Following California, improper lobbying has been declared a felony by Utah, Tennessee, Oregon, Montana, and Arizona, and the constitutions of practically all the states impose restrictions upon the enactment of special and private legislation. The Massachusetts anti-lobbying act (1890), which has served as model for various of the other states, is based upon the publicity principle. Counsel and other legislative agents must register with the sergeant at arms, giving their names and the character of their employment. In 1907 laws regulating lobbying were passed in nine additional states. In fact we appear popularly to have believed that lobbying should be made the object of incessant war until driven from our legislative centres.

The American woman to-day, however, — as reported, — sees the lobby in a new and a different sense; sees this Augean stable of a former day as cleansed of its abominations by the presence and the methods of her sex; or, to be exact, by the presence in the halls and chambers of legislation of representatives of that percentage of the enfranchised women of the United States who, through organization and leadership, are voice and initiative for the silent and as yet inert majority: an organized minority of, say, one third of the whole.

Mrs. Maude Wood Park, at that time President of the National League of Women Voters, says, as reported by the *Woman's News Service*: —

Women have done a thing which has never been done before. They have made lobbying respectable.

In the old days, when a certain group or a certain big interest wanted a bill put through the Congress, it sent a lobbyist or two to Washington, or engaged somebody on the ground skilled at the business, to see members of the Congress and 'persuade' them to vote for the measure. Sometimes large sums of money were placed in their hands to use 'where it will do most good,' in the words of a newspaperman who testified before an investigation committee years ago. That particular person who had been 'approached' said he had bought himself a house with the money. Whether other sums went to build up Washington can be conjectured. It is fairly safe to say that sums contributed by interested persons did not go to orphan asylums.

In those days it would have been the direst insult to say on the floor of House or Senate that a man was voting as he had been asked to vote. Now Senators and Representatives rather pride themselves on having it known that they are voting in the way the women want them to vote.

The women's lobby is a 'front-door' lobby. It works in the open and is effective by reason of the millions of women behind it. Seventeen national organizations of women have representatives in Washington who work for legislation of interest to women in general, regardless of party affiliation. They make no secret of it, for publicity is one of their three tremendous assets. The millions of voters behind them and the inherent common-sense of the bills they push are the other two.

It is a new thing, the front-door lobby, and it has given the word 'lobbyist' so new a meaning that the old working-under-cover urgers of legislation are without a title.

They are also without a deal of their old power; for there is not nearly so much convenient darkness to work in as there used to be, and members of Congress have learned to ask a disconcerting question: 'How many people want this?'

The front-door lobby has let light in. It has conveyed the idea that when a majority of the voters want a law for the general good they are entitled to have it, and that pleasing the people pays better in the long run than pleasing a few pullers of secret wires.

Conceded either way, then, that lobbying is not or is respectable, what is it that the lobby and the lobbyist are about? What is their reason for being?

Lobbying, in America, is a general term used to designate the efforts of persons who are not members of a legislative body to influence the course of legislation. In addition to the large numbers of private bills which are constantly being introduced in Congress and the various state legislatures, there are many general measures, such as proposed changes in the tariff or in the railway or banking laws, which seriously affect special interests. The people who are the most intimately concerned naturally have a right to appear before the legislature or its representative, the committee in charge of the bill, and present their side of the case. Lobbying in this sense is legitimate, and may almost be regarded as a necessity. Unfortunately, however, all lobbying is not of this innocent character. The great industrial corporations, insurance companies, and railway-traction monopolies . . . are constantly in need of legislative favors; they are also compelled to protect themselves against what are known in the slang of politics as strikes or holdups: bills introduced for the purposes of blackmail.

In order that these objects may be accomplished there are kept at Washington and at the various state capitols paid agents whose influence is so well recognized that they are popularly called 'the third house.' Methods of the most reprehensible kind have often been employed by them.

II

Since the above statement was written, defining lobbying as we in the United States knew it two or more decades ago, the ranks of the lobbyist have been increased by the agents of organized labor; of organized agriculture; of prohibitionists and antiprohibitionists; of the federated churches; of organized women; of the National Educational Association; of the professional welfare-workers and reformers, and others.

In this parlous world of 'the third house,' national, state, and municipal, the American woman as a factor of any appreciable moment first appeared some thirty and more years ago, this appearance being simultaneous with the nation-wide spread among the women of the United States of the organized club movement, the prohibition movement, and the suffrage movement.

To-day, as we have seen in Mrs. Park's statement quoted, the organized American woman frankly avows herself a component factor in this 'third house,' seventeen national organizations of women — as Mrs. Park has told us — having authorized agents in Washington to work for their interests, and this apart from the organized women's activities in the various state legislatures.

The American woman's motives thus far in seeking to influence legislation have been for the most part altruistic. And it is not to attack or decry these motives, or to belittle the ends which the organized woman seeks, to say that many of her fellow citizens feel: first, that she, in her zeal for the end she seeks, overlooks the purpose and the proper limits of government; and next, that some of the measures she has helped to write into the statutes are failing of their direct object, while on the other hand they are creating unnumbered collateral evils, alarmingly increasing the official class, and unduly and unwisely burdening the taxpayer. Nor does it detract from the disinterestedness of the organized woman's intentions, that she seems to fail to grasp the fact that no law or statute, since time and history were, has achieved its purpose unless it has had the consent of the popular will.

It seems to these fellow citizens that the organized woman is that illiberal factor in the electorate, a reactionary; and that her policy, as revealed, is

'based on collectivism, which is liberalism's most active and unrelenting foe,' this definition of the reactionary of to-day being that of Nicholas Murray Butler.

Doctor Butler goes on to say: —

The liberal knows that it is not progressive but reactionary to attempt to control and make uniform by law the personal habits and conduct of men . . . that it is not progressive but reactionary to relieve by law any group of citizens. . . . The liberal abhors the constant success with legislation and with executives of these well-organized lobbies which are now euphemistically described as pressure groups; for he knows that each . . . of these represents not the public interest but a special interest. . . . The liberal resists the building-up of a still more huge bureaucracy at Washington, with its agents, inspectors, and spies, spread out over the land at enormous cost to invade and subtract from what should be the province and responsibility of local government among a free people. . . . The liberal knows that there is a democratic imperialism as well as a monarchical imperialism, and he resists the one as vigorously as his ancestors resisted the other.

III

There are those of the organized woman's fellow citizens who even believe that she, with the persuasive power of her mass vote, has been used, has been exploited; who insist that she is the cat's-paw which at this moment is pulling the chestnuts from the fire; and this through the same fine quality of altruism. There are those of her fellow citizens who maintain that the organized woman as a whole is unaware of the influences that centred upon her from the moment of her enfranchisement, as the instrument by which to accomplish desired ends. To instance: Representative Lester D. Volk, speaking on an Act for the creating of another Federal Bureau, which the or-

ganized women endorsed (*Congressional Record*, November 19, 1921), said: —

In order to maintain schools of philanthropy, to teach social work as a profession, it is necessary to obtain jobs; hence the women's associations are led by those interested.

Senator Thomas F. Bayard, speaking in the Senate of the United States on the proposed Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution, May 31, 1924, said: —

The junior Senator from Wisconsin (Mr. Lenroot) referred to the tremendous number of very respectable organizations throughout the country which are advocating this measure. . . .

I would suggest this: that all of these organizations seem to get their information entirely from the National Child Labor Bureau; that none of them speak of their own knowledge. They all speak by second-hand knowledge, and they speak vehemently, and are very aggressive. . . .

I state this, that these good people — and most of them are ladies, and I think these organizations are for the most part ladies' organizations — evidently had that fed to them. . . .

I have also received a number of copies of a magazine called *The American Child*, published by the National Child Labor Committee of New York. That committee seems to be the backbone and the clearing house for all the information gathered together and put out. I find in the number of June 1924 a table showing the vote in the House, the names of all the members of the Senate, their addresses, and the statement:

Now write to your Senators.

The Senate has not yet passed the amendment.

Write or wire your Senator.

See pages 7 and 8 for the names and addresses of all Senators.

The American women in the mass, on finding themselves enfranchised, had their moment of exaltation; had their far view of possible better results which they should bring about. I am

sure of this. I say it as a fact. We had our brief moment in which we saw the ballot in woman's hand as the spear in the hand of Ithuriel, the touch of which exposed deceit.

The American woman as represented to-day by the woman lobbyist seems, however, to differ from the man lobbyist, not in ethics, but in methods only.

One woman's group is credited with the use during the suffrage campaign of a 'card index of Congress' whereby, through a tabulation of both the private and the official life of each member, the chosen representatives of the nation's will might, wherever it was possible through intimidation based on the individual record, be bent to the will of this group.

Other groups are said — and this again according to testimony appearing in the *Congressional Record* — to be banded together in a so-called Washington Interlocking Lobby Dictatorship, its principle of operation being: 'A united front, but separate organizations.'

Still another variety in woman's lobbying at Washington is set forth in this same testimony in the *Congressional Record*: —

American centralism and bureaucracy is frequently called 'Prussianism.' They are as far apart as the poles.

Nothing could be less like the system of expert central control and direction of pre-war Prussia, every department of its huge overhead in charge of scientific specialists indoctrinating the German nation in the policy of their Government, than the uncontrolled, undisciplined, unsupervised activities of a Washington Federal Bureau in charge of settlement-house workers, disseminating any propaganda they please, — socialism, pacifism, or what not, — and operating as a political machine in defiance of civil-service rules, with lobbies in Congress and state legislatures for the promotion of the Bureau's interest.

IV

Now the question which troubles some of us here in the United States to-day is not whether lobbying can or cannot be made respectable, but whether we can have and do have representative government when legislation is arrived at through group coercion, be these groups who or what they may; when our laws, as made for us, are the outcome of pressure brought to bear by minorities on the lawmakers.

Can we be said to have representative government when we ourselves are lobbying against the free hand of the legislators whom we ourselves have elected? Shall the parent then seek to steal the manhood of his or her own child? How long shall a house divided against itself stand?

The new President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs endorses and recommends to the two million women within the federation this weapon of group pressure: of group pressure against the functioning of government as accepted by these two millions of us when we asked for and received citizenship under the Constitution. Mrs. Sherman says in her first message to the federated club women of the United States, as printed in the *Woman's Home Companion*, September 1924: —

Next in importance . . . comes a knowledge of power gained through federation. As an individual, however keen and earnest, the woman citizen feels powerless in the face of a local, state, or national evil which should be corrected or eradicated.

As an individual voter, she knows that her protest will carry small weight with the police department or board of education in her town, the commissioners of her county. As a member of the Woman's Club, fifty voters strong, with perhaps a well-organized civic department, she knows her appeal carries weight because it represents a block of ballots.

Translate this idea into terms of state government and state federation, and it means juvenile protection, better management for state institutions, the sort of housekeeping through state government at which women are adept. From a federation of fifty women, you now deal with an affiliation of several thousand.

Move on from state to Federal government, and what can be done?

The Sheppard-Towner Act is the best answer to that question. Congressmen who wanted to defeat it hesitated before the demands of two million federated club women. And the General Federation, coöperating with the other organizations of women, has stood determinedly behind the Child Labor Amendment, which will free hundreds of thousands of children now enslaved to industry.

Now it may be that the majority of us women here in the United States are really convinced that our political institutions as now existing are unfitted longer to carry on government as desired by the people. It may be that the majority of us women are ready to abandon that 'dispensation of individual liberty which the Constitution of the United States offers them,' though myself I do not believe it.

What we women cannot do, however, is make the Constitution a working agent of another, even if a desired, system. To have the one, we must first abandon or destroy the other. This because our present system of representative government is, in its essential purpose, — which purpose is the preservation of the rights of the individual and of the state through the agency of representation, — a contradiction of government by group or bloc, or by centralized bureaucratic control.

Let us women be as frank here as we are about our lobbying and our group coercion. If the majority of us are agreed against our present system in government, let us say so and get about the next step, which is to declare as

frankly what we do want. But at once to ratify a system through a voluntary acceptance of citizenship under the system, and the while be boring from within to destroy what we are ratifying — this would seem to be the part of the witless, the tool, or the enemy.

Or is it — and I myself believe that it is — that we women here in the United States really have not grasped for ourselves the meaning and the purpose of representative government, the Anglo-Saxon's great contribution to democracy?

Is it that we really have not entered into the idea — and this as a working proposition which we then can proceed upon — that in the Grecian democracies, of which our own democracy is a logical development, it was the small physical areas of the little political units which made possible the scheme of democratic government as then operating, the supreme authority resting with an assembly in which every qualified citizen gave his vote *in person*; whereas the same scheme of government, when it was transported to the vast-spreading Roman Empire, led to its ultimate downfall, control being centred at Rome, and leading through this centralized power to abuses, decay, and dissolution?

Is it then that we women, having failed to grasp these fundamentals in the story of modern government as we know it to-day, fail as a consequence to enter into the further idea that it is the principle of representation, as developed by the Anglo-Saxon mind out of the feudal system, that makes modern democratic government possible — a principle which, as embodied in our government here in the vast-spreading United States, we organized American women seem banded to destroy?

Representative government is only the application to government of that principle

which men have found by experience to be beneficial in other important affairs of life.

Government more and more becomes a difficult and complex thing. Just as the citizen selects someone skilled in the law to represent him in a lawsuit, or someone skilled in medicine if his child is ill, so he ought to be permitted to select someone to represent him in government. The representative can, if he so desires, keep in touch with the needs and real interests of those he represents. In intelligence and character he is usually above the average of his constituency. He has the great advantage of listening in and participating in debates upon any important question of policy. He has the privilege of proposing amendment if he favors the principle of a bill but objects to its form. Therefore he has infinitely better opportunity to act intelligently and well than his constituents can possibly have. If the people are unable to select wisely from their own numbers one who will represent them honestly and faithfully, what possible chance have they to legislate wisely themselves?

Upon questions of government we all know how unsafe it is to act upon first impulses. The representative, giving all his time to the consideration of public questions, has an opportunity to correct his impressions where they are wrong. The people have not the time for the study necessary to the understanding of these questions. But the representative may come before the people to discuss with them the mooted question in all its bearings. He thus becomes an educative force.

The above picture, as set forth by Ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois, is representative government at its best, as Governor Lowden is himself a type of the people's representative at its best.

It may be that we American women are better acquainted with representative government and with representatives at their worst. This is offered in defense of the woman voter throughout the forty-eight states who, only too aware of the dubious character of much of the legislative class, obeys her nearest woman leader, whose injunc-

tions — in the words of one leader, as these appeared in a woman's organ, and in this particular corroborating the testimony of Senator Bayard — will be: 'Write or telegraph your Congressman; get pressure to bear on your Senator. Bring pressure to bear where pressure counts — that is, through political channels.'

Let us see how this works. A Congressman goes to Washington from, say, my state of Kentucky, representing a constituency who, from a Jeffersonian objection to centralization of government as threatening that personal liberty guaranteed in the Bill of Rights, opposed the Sheppard-Towner Maternity Bill. Mrs. Sherman, the new President of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, says specifically concerning this Sheppard-Towner Bill: '*Congressmen who wanted to defeat it hesitated before the demands of two million federated club women.*'

How is it that federated women justify to themselves such an admission as this? Have the Constitutional rights of this district in Kentucky, through its elected and credentialed representative, no claims to respect from these two million club women who, each in turn, is given the same right to be represented in Washington through her own Congressman from Maine, or Texas, or California? Mrs. Sherman does not say that our arguments convinced these Congressmen that they were wrong, but that they were afraid to vote their sentiments in the face of two million women's votes. We not only denied their legislative representation to these Congressmen's constituents, but also are directly responsible for the deterioration in character in the individual Congressman.

We have here both a moral and a political crime. We are tempting the Congressman to do evil in violating his own sense of right and wrong; and we

are denying to his constituents their political rights.

Mrs. Sherman, in recommending group-pressure, in theory offers us nothing new; a club of whatever nature over the head of another, as a means of persuasion to our view, was, as an argument, old when Donnybrook Fair was young.

'Pressure to bear where pressure counts—that is, through political channels.' This would look, indeed, as if the business of politics in organized woman's hands is to be one with tyranny: an ugly trade.

If American women are better acquainted with representative government and with representatives at their worst, will the methods of the federated women of to-day tend to raise or to lower the present standard? For the woman in Kentucky, who in her turn writes and wires and brings pressure to bear upon her own Congressman or her own Senator, is in her turn denying to him his rights as a representative. Mr. Alleyne Ireland, in *Collier's*, makes these rights clear:—

A legislative representative is an elector whose duty it is to apply his own knowledge and his own judgment to the conduct of public affairs; a delegate is an elector sent to register the will of his constituents. A legislative representative is supposed to make up his mind after hearing debate; a delegate has had his mind made up for him before he takes his seat. To keep a man of eminent ability out of politics, nothing can be more effectual than to hold out to him a delegateship. To represent a people is an opportunity which can command the service of the most talented and upright man in the country; but the chance to become the obedient servant of the passions and prejudices of an uninformed and misinformed electorate is an ambition which can appeal to few men of worth.

The thoughtful man in the United States admits to the inquiring woman

a general lowering from the former standards in our public men. He tells her that democracy as at present operating seems to insist on degrading the statesman into the politician. He points her to this and that illustration of this process of degradation in operation; as with the henchman who, pleading that his candidate never owned a dinner coat, assured his audience: 'Democracy won't flatter any man he's better than we are.'

The thoughtful American man tells the inquiring woman, however, that the henchman quoted is representative of a proportion only of the American people. He assures her that there is a not inconsiderable proportion in the United States who, believing that the representative form of government is the highest form yet evolved, still believe that because it is the highest form it calls for the highest types in human nature.

V

I could wish that we American women, when our enfranchisement arrived, had been less organized than we were, with our federations, our welfare groups, our suffrage and our antisuffrage groups, our prohibition and our antiprohibition groups, our pacifists, our war mothers, our internationalists. I could wish that we at the start of our citizenship had been a more heterogeneous mass. As it was, when the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment brought our citizenship, before we could apply ourselves to even a cursory study of government, of the fundamentals of economics, and the legitimate scope of legislation, membership within an organization too often determined the individual woman's policy, engendered and fixed her prejudices, and overemphasized to her the interests of women and children, the one ground common, as it proved, to all these organizations.

The English woman, as she is reported in the press, sees her part differently. Lady Astor says of woman's part in legislation: —

English women must think, not in terms of women and children, or of any special groups, but in terms of Empire.

Mrs. Philipson says, as reported: —

Women must n't come in with the idea of working especially for women's questions. That comes into it, of course, but we must n't be narrow and feminist. It will only handicap us, prevent people from taking the woman member seriously. In Parliament one must have a broader idea. One must think, not sectionally, but nationally.

Miss Bondfield says, in answer to a question as to what she considers the most important phase of woman's work in Parliament: —

There is no most important work. It's like this: these women represent constituencies. I am a member of a big constituency, Northampton, a large boot-and-shoe centre. I represent the town in it as a whole and every question that comes up in Parliament interests me. Of course women exert special influence in the House of Commons on questions relating to women and children.

Perhaps it really is that human nature values only that which it works for, pays for; that which it gains by labor or performance; that which is earned before it is secured. And this may explain why we American women to-day, blessed politically through no efforts of our own, are so busily and — it almost seems — so gayly doing what we can to destroy our own and our fellow citizens' constitutional freedom; doing all that we can, through the multiplying of bureaus and the strengthening of bureaucracy, to change our government

into a democratic autocracy, to impose its will upon the states and the people.

George Washington, in the Farewell Address to his countrymen, reminded them and us: 'The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts.'

The following comment occurs in a letter written by an American woman, a teacher in a primary school: —

I find blindness and disregard for broad principles among American women, extending even to the care of little children; perhaps here is the beginning.

Women want to rush the millennium, and that is not nature's way, not God's way. They ask rewards without giving or exacting service, and this deprives us of our birthright, freedom in its highest sense.

After all, very few of the ancestors of our present-day Americans fought for freedom in our Revolution, and fewer still faced King John at Runnymede. To the mass of our countrymen and countrywomen, alas! freedom is a thing not earned, but conferred; so why not every other good or desirable thing?

Let us women here in the United States, before we repudiate the plan of government which at our request gave us our citizenship, try out for ourselves its logical workings. Let us find, persuade, and elect the right sort of men and women to public office; and, having elected them, let us trust them. To avoid the evils of overpower or of control through force or threat by any group or groups, the originators of this republican democracy of ours embodied within it the principles of representation. And do not let us seek by indirection to overthrow its constitutional equilibrium, indirection being that nature of weapon I am convinced the American woman would not knowingly and voluntarily employ.

MY SHOP

BY MAUDE HUME

My shop is in a ramshackle building on one of the main avenues of a small college town. Street cars go clanging noisily by. They are out of keeping with the landscape, like the houses opposite, yet the houses are quietly ugly. When the shop door is shut you turn to the joy of inanimate things of beauty — to look at jades or porcelains, linens and pottery.

Someone calls my shop the town salon. My daily callers are many, my daily customers are few. I should n't have a shop; I know that. But the ways of trying to make a living are few.

This is the first of the month. How I hate the first of the month! My letters are a mixture of humor and otherwise. They come from friends scattered over the world. A reminder from the bank that a note is due. An envelope with Rolls-Royce printed in the corner. I've been in a Rolls-Royce twice in my life, once in London, once in New York. My friend in New York was bored with life. We looked at rugs worth thousands.

Yes, they actually want to sell me a car. They enclose a photograph of a young millionaire and his new 'model.' Above they say, 'A good business proposition.' I cannot think in these terms.

Li has come to wash the window. He's a delightful old creature. He looks as if he had stepped out of the Ming Dynasty and had forgotten to go back again. You feel they are waiting for him with fine brocades and rich embroideries. He is distressed because I have an inflamed eye: —

'Me come back to-mollah; you no touchee — makem bad.'

He notices each new thing I buy. To-day it is a vase. The other day he admired a Chinese painting. He knew the name of the artist. But then, that's nothing: the scavenger prefers Masfield to Galsworthy and Dumas to both; the postman has been telling me about the *No* drama of Japan, and the man moving the telephone pole before my door wonders if I am fond of Javanese marionettes; while the professor's wife has been speaking of her struggles with the family washing, and the girl student, looking round, asks, 'Say, what is this — a shop?'

To-day Li brought his remedy — an egg. He rolled it about on my cheek and the gentle massage is soothing.

'You allee same bettah to-mollah — tear no fallée.' Then he laughed. 'You rubum you face, you makee plenty pletty colah.' He went on rolling the egg round and round. 'Makee nightee time morning time you bettah.' Li does n't speak pidgin English, but a jargon all his own. Sometimes he lapses into Chinese; then you wait for the volley to end.

Walking behind him this morning I watched him swing gracefully along, his hands clasped behind his back, a pail dangling from one arm. His clothes are very shabby, but he does n't know a young artist has sent a large bundle of old clothes for him. At last he will have a cap that will hide his queue. Two boys pass and look at the little knot

of hair sticking out beneath the ragged lining. They nudge each other and giggle. They don't know that Li belongs to yesterday.

Li has looked at the bundle of clothing. There are three suits, an overcoat, and a good hat. But he seems distressed.

'What is it, Li?'

'You no breakee egg, no eatem — bling plenty bad luck.'

'Oh no, Li. I would n't think of it. I've had quite enough bad luck.'

He chose a jacket and put it on over his own.

'When will you come for the other things?'

'No wantem.'

'But the hat? Your hat is so old.'

'Got hat — no wantee two hat. You eye allee same bettah. Velly good — goo'bye.'

As he left, a customer came in. She examined everything in the shop, bought nothing, and looked at me pityingly. 'I'm off to a luncheon and then a bridge. You poor thing, how dull it must be staying in this little shop, where nothing interesting happens.'

The scavenger has been telling me about the South Sea Islands. He thinks recent writers have not 'caught the spirit of it all,' and — well, if Gauguin had seen the natives with *his* eyes his paintings would have been different. 'Now, there was Loti —' But he was interrupted by the man moving the telephone pole, who asked for a drink of water.

The workman went to the tap in the back shop, and paused to listen to someone playing next door. The Russian shoemaker, I explain, takes violin lessons twice a week. We listen, and agree the neighbor has the touch of an artist.

He goes on: 'It reminds me — I can

hear it now, the clear note of that reed. It's a beautiful memory.'

'Where did you hear a reed?'

'In the mountains. In India, twenty years ago. A native — Thanks. Oh, will you be open when we knock off? I'd like to speak to you about a nautch dance. . . .'

I've had Beatrice to lunch to-day. She's newly back from Paris, and looks it. Li came in. He always stutters when he's pleased. His parchment face lighted up. 'V-v-v-velly good. You v-v-velly pretty.' Li knows how to be personal without being familiar. He should have been a diplomat.

'You look very smart yourself, Li,' she told him.

He's actually got a new pair of blue-linen trousers, and a clean shirt. I imagine he did n't like the episode of the old clothes. He's an Oriental Tory.

'What you read?' Li has come in without my hearing the door open.

'I'm reading about a raid on an opium den. Li, where do you live?' He explained the direction. 'Then this place was near you?'

He laughed. 'Catchee Chinaman. Catchee hop. Policeman him catchee plenty muchee hop — no catchee me.' He went on washing the window and chattering to himself in Chinese. 'Velly bad, catchee hop; Li no catchee. You eye bettah?' Which was his way of changing the subject.

He walked up the street, turned, and came back; waited at the door a few minutes, and then shook his finger at me. 'Policeman catchee man speakee "opiom." You no speakee that word — velly dangelous. Policeman him speakee "hop joint."'

'Washee?' Li shouted.

'Now what's the good of washing the window when it's raining, and

you've washed it twice this week already?' We watched the student making patterns on the glass with his finger.

'No pletty. Washee?'

'Li, I've got no money.' I opened my purse to show him it was empty.

'You sick? You allee same yellah.'

'Yes, Li, I'm pretty miserable.'

He helped himself to a cigarette.

'Washee window allee same. You go your house. Li come catchee goo' soupee, goo' pie — makee bettah.'

'Thanks, Li; you are very kind.'

He laid down twenty-five cents on the table. 'You say you no money. I give.'

I laughed, handing him back his quarter. He looked very hurt. 'I give, you no take.'

'Thanks, Li; all I meant was that it was wasting money to wash the window when it was raining.'

He looked at the twenty-five cents in his hand. 'Allee same you no take. Li catchee lottely ticket —'

I dined out last night and heard poor Li had walked about in front of my house for hours, ringing the bell and shaking the door by turns, talking to himself in a loud voice.

He sent a friend to ask for me to-day.

'Li say you chair inside fall out.'

'Thanks, but I don't think I want the chair mended.'

He looked at me, surprised. 'Li say go mend chair. I mend.'

'And who are you?' I asked him.

'Li stays my house'; and picking up the chair he left the shop.

Li walked up the other side of the street. Very evidently his feelings are badly hurt, or he's lost the twenty-five cents in the lottery.

The chair is standing at my door this morning, beautifully mended.

It is a horrid dark foggy day. The scavenger has bad news. His brother

had sailed out of this harbor for thirty years in all weathers without mishap. Last night, going ashore in the fog, he slipped, fell into a few feet of water, and was drowned.

'Yes, my brother was a good skipper. It's good we don't know what our end is to be. Thank you for your sympathy. I thought you'd like to know —'

When he's not mending boots the Russian shoemaker next door is studying. He means to go to college later. He goes to a night school, and says nothing may interfere with his lessons.

I sometimes correct him, and the other day when he took a handful of bills out of his pocket to give me change I said, 'You are a very rich person.' He answered me in the slang of the day and was very much surprised when I told him 'Where do you get that stuff?' was not English.

Perhaps the immigrant is learning English and I'm early-Victorian, because a charming girl has been talking to me. In speaking of the man who took her in to dinner last night she said: 'He had a good line. Some party, I'll say. Rotten life you lead here, but there's always lots of highbrows hanging round at tea time. I've got to beat it to a class. Gee, is that the time? Going to college is the limit.'

This is Good Friday.

I've a habit of keeping the festivals of the Church, and decorate my window to suit the day. I've emptied it to-day and put a crucifix in the stark vacant space, hanging a black-and-gold gauze behind. Passers-by stop to look.

The three-hours service is over, but the shop is not open to customers. Someone is knocking. I go to answer. It is Li, gazing at the crucifix.

He comes in. 'You bettah?' Then he points to the crucifix. 'Him velly good, velly good, your Chlist.'

NO PILOTS WE

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

WOULD I were one of those who preach no Cause —
Nor guide mankind with meddling fingertips;
But let each star that moves without a pause
Shine as it list — as potent when it dips
Beyond their ken in visual eclipse
As when it blazes in a darkling sky,
Regnant and beautiful, while with mute lips
Men bow the head in worship, or in shy
And inexpressive words admit that God is nigh.

We are no pilots: let us trust our bark,
Miraculous, alert, not made with hands,
That feels a magic impulse through the dark,
And leaps upon the course it understands
From shores unknown to unimagined strands;
Resists the helm we give it, but divines —
Being itself divine — divine commands;
And answers to no compass save the signs
Encircling deepest heaven where the Zodiac shines.

THE GRACE OF LAMBS

BY MANUEL KOMROFF

I

IN spite of his vice, one could see that he was a man of education and refinement. Of all the people whom I met in China, his scope of vision was the greatest.

It was in a Shanghai hotel that I first saw him, as he passed from the kitchen through the dining-room and eyed me carefully over his bent spectacles. His white coat was badly soiled, one pocket was ripped open, and his eyes seemed to look through you rather than at you. Presently he returned and stood before my table.

'Excuse me,' he said, 'but I'd like to talk to you. You look like a scholar and a gentleman. It's hard to find gentlemen in China — all business men and engineers. I would n't talk to them myself — nothing to say to them.' Quite evidently he had been drinking.

'Been in China long?' I inquired.

'Not long — only eight years. But that's long enough. Four years teaching, three years research, and one year doing nothing — just nothing — but drinking. They brought me over from England and then fired me. I drink too much. That's well and good; but I never missed a class, and not one of them knows my subject. Told me himself — the Chancellor — that the only reason they kept me as long as they did was because my name and titles looked good in their catalogue — not another Doctor of Science in China, and besides that I am a Fellow of the

Royal Society, and I have my B.S., M.A., and Ph.D. Looked good on the catalogue, but what good is it to me if I must eat in the kitchen with the coolie help?'

'Eat in the kitchen?'

'Yes, that's it. You see I've plenty of money,' and he drew from the pocket of his white coat a large roll of bills, 'but what good is money? The hotel manager won't let me eat here because I'm always full and like to abuse his guests. Only in the mornings, about this time, does he even let me pass through this way — and this is my fourth hotel in Shanghai. They're all the same. You're the first gentleman I have seen and I'd like to talk to you. Clark is my name — William Clark; came out here to teach the Chinese boys all about mathematics.'

'You are not the William Clark who wrote the work on line geometry?'

'You know it?' he replied, and his parched face brightened.

I told him that we used it in school and that I had often cursed the very day he was born.

'Curse it — that's right! I do it myself. What good is life? If a man spends ten years on a work, as I did on my *Mysticism of Numbers*, and only six copies are ever sold — ten years — six copies, and my royalties were six shillings. Ten years! But what's the difference? It was a beautiful subject: full of mystery. Modern mathematics is saturated with mystery. Ever read

the works of Cantor, and Weierstrass? Two great mathematical detectives — they rid the world of some horrible fallacies. But what thanks do they get? They should have come to China to eat in the kitchen. Ha, ha!’

He came into my room a few days later and invited me to go with him to the native walled city and see a slice of the unknown. We passed through the French settlement, entered the gate of the city, and rode on and on until the streets became too narrow for the rickshaw and we were obliged to continue on foot. Soon we arrived at a small temple and, passing through the yard, reached a low doorway. Dr. Clark struck with his stick on the door, which presently was opened by an old man who seemed quite indifferent to our coming. One side of the room that we entered was entirely open, without a wall, separated from the small garden by only a low carved teakwood railing. In the centre stood a table with a marble top.

Presently two dark-skinned Chinese priests entered.

‘Mango trick — can do?’ asked Dr. Clark in pidgin English.

‘Can do — can do.’ And one of them held out his hand, in which my mathematical friend placed a fifty-cent piece.

They brought an empty flowerpot that we both examined before placing on the table, also a box of sandy earth that Clark himself helped pour into the pot. The priest then drew from his belt a tiny seed, so small that it looked very much like the head of a match. This he pressed into the sandy earth. Now a pail of water was brought, and we both had our fingers in it before it was poured into the flowerpot. It darkened the earth and nothing more. But the priest already had his fan in hand and started urging a gentle breeze across the surface of the pot.

We bent over it and watched closely.

Presently a tiny yellow sprout arose. As it grew higher, it turned green and divided itself into many stems. Leaves unfolded themselves and seemed to grow in sudden jerks. Buds formed and opened. In a full minute the whole thing was a miniature tree about a foot and a half in height. But hardly had we time to admire it when the petals dropped; two green, plum-shaped mangoes sprang out from the stalk and ripened into a liquid yellow.

The priest continued fanning. ‘All lite!’ he said. ‘Can eat.’

We plucked the fruit from the plant and tasted one. It was rich, ripe, and juicy.

From that moment on neither of us spoke until we reached the bar of our hotel. We ordered whiskey-and-sodas and just sat and looked at each other. Before us on the table lay the other mango, which we had brought with us. It remained full and ripe.

I ventured to break the silence. ‘So that’s the mango trick I have heard so much about.’

‘Call it a trick if you like,’ said Dr. Clark, ‘but it’s more than that. It contains the essence of all things. It contains the germ of our two worlds, the world of life and death that we know, and the world of the unknown. Ever read the works of the two great English mathematicians — Bertrand Russell and Whitehead? I can’t say that they mention this particular problem, but they touch very near to it. Mathematics is not quite so exact a science as our little teachers would have us believe. Its fundamentals are based upon absurdities. Myths! Sometimes by some irony of chance we have reached correct results in problems founded upon absurdities — illogically reasoned. It is only by error that any conclusions at all have ever been reached.’

'It is only through vision that any progress can be made,' he continued, gazing into the distance. 'But what are men doing? They come to China for trade, for business, for money, for greater power. And what is power? Power is bad. Has one of them come here to gain that magical strength, that spirit that lies close to the gate of wisdom, found only in China, that simple essence of life that grows-up the mango tree and gives off light? Do they come to China for this? And what do they say when they see it? They call it a trick or an hypnotic vision, and to-morrow they forget it. They forget it because they want to forget it. They must forget it or give up their ugly materialism, their quest for sham power; for without the ugly and the sordid they would perish. They call it a trick and at the same time they forget that the same trick lurks after them; follows them to the ends of the earth; tracks them into their very homes. The same trick is the trick of death. That is why I drink, and remain content to eat in the kitchen with the coolie help.'

'Do you think life and death the same thing?' I ventured to ask.

'That I don't say; but what I do feel is this: that there is a world that we know — it is small and petty — and there is a world that we don't know, a world that is touched only in moments of fancy, in gestures of madness. Most people are tied to the one; but as for me, I am no longer interested in existing from meal to meal. I am absorbed by the great unknown.'

About two weeks later he knocked at my door to return a borrowed book. 'Yes, I am leaving, or rather I am asked by the hotel to. I must have raised another scene last night, but it is just as well — I am going to live with the natives. I think I am begin-

ning to understand them and they will understand me. As for the white men, I understand them less and less every day, and that is why I abuse them when — It is just as well. And when my money runs out, then perhaps I shall know the secret, the great secret of immaterialism — the secret of the great unknown. Good-bye.'

II

Six months later, to escape the heat of the city, I took one of the large river steamers up the famous Yangtze-kiang River as far as Hankow. This is as far as large steamers go, but it is possible to hire a junk and a crew, as some missionaries must, for further navigation. It is through the waters of the Yangtze-kiang that one may hope to reach the lofty steppes of Tibet. The journey is slow and expensive, so we had to content ourselves with the tales told by those who came from this distant land of mystery. But how many have ever returned?

At Hankow we saw the old university, the seat of learning of ancient China, and its marvelous library.

'If I ever get the chance,' I promised my host, 'I am coming back to make extracts and translations, with native help, from several of your Chinese classics which deal with the theory and philosophy of art.'

'Art?' he asked in amazement. 'Why art?'

'Because I feel that the Chinese have touched life's essence more deeply and truly in their art — at least to Western eyes,' I quickly added.

'Do you think that Chinese philosophy could embrace our Western problems?'

'No; but I do think that two thousand years of Chinese culture would not have produced a Europe such as we had in 1914.'

In this channel our discussion ran for days, and I am indebted to my host for much valuable information that the many years in China had gained for him.

One morning, as I was looking at a Chinese picture that I had bought, and trying with the aid of Professor Giles's book to estimate its age, the servant came into the room and announced:—

'China boy stand yard-side. Mango tree can do.'

'There you have it,' I said to my host. 'Explain that if you can.'

'Well, let's see what the fakers can do,' he replied.

In the yard we found two poor-looking coolies in rags. One had a swollen knee, around which was bound what appeared to be a silk necktie. I looked closer and discovered a label bearing the words: 'Liberty, London.'

'Where did you get this?' I inquired.

'Master — he give.'

'Where is your master?'

'Master wait street-side. Mango tree can do.'

We announced that we were ready to be entertained, and in a minute they returned with their master. Our servant had already placed an old tomato-can and a jug of water on the steps.

The master appeared, no better dressed than his aids, only his hair was lighter, as if it were burned brown by the sun. He carefully avoided looking at us, and immediately began his performance by scraping up the gravel of the path with the tomato-can.

'Just a minute,' I interrupted. 'Don't you speak English? Are you not Dr. Clark?'

He dropped the can and looked up over his glasses.

'What have you done!' I cried. 'You have thrown away your life for a trick.'

He shook his head.

'You have become a begging conjurer! You have traded your science for — ' Words failed me.

He still shook his head.

'You will not understand,' he said finally. 'Not because you can't understand, but because you don't want to. And why should I explain — I am not here to explain; I am here to do my little act. If you will pay us we will continue. If not, then well and good. I know very well that you have seen this before, but you have not seen it done as I can do it. I have completed it with an addition that has turned it from a trick into a miracle — yes, a miracle. There is a miracle in every man, and every man can in his life perform at least one miracle — but few do; that is their tragedy. Shall I continue?'

He performed the act with marvelous skill but in the same manner in which I had seen it done before, only instead of fanning the surface of the pot he blew across it with his warm breath.

One large mango ripened before my eyes.

'Now,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye, 'now pluck it, and eat it if you can!'

I took the mango from the tree, but before I had time to bring it to my mouth I felt a strange creeping movement in my hand. The mango was already decayed! I let the putrid thing fall to the ground. My fingers were stained with its rot.

'That 's my addition,' the master exclaimed, 'the addition of death! When a man plucks the fruit of life, it rots in his hand. The forces of Nature are greater than the powers of man. The bony hands of death are stronger than the fickleness of life. Time in man is petty to the time of the eternal, but the space of man — What is space? His space is only his

capacity. Have you a capacity for the meagre or for the eternal? Do you acquire things that are everlasting, or do you scratch from the world's slimy surface a few petty odds and ends which you call property? Will you carry an ounce of it with you beyond your grave?'

Had I not known him so well, I might have been offended at his schoolroom voice. But I quickly replied, 'You still demand to be paid for your services.'

'Well, yes,' he admitted, 'but that is because I cannot yet do without food. Some day I may be able to cast it away as I have thrown worldly goods into the rubbish heap where they belong. We are on our way to Tibet. My two boys are natives of Tibet and are as anxious to return as I am to get there. Only the other day we met four more who were going the same way and we have already, with the help of the Buddhist priests, secured our boat. We are now stocking it with provisions for the journey and, anxious to do my share, I am showing one of the feats. But it is only a means to an end.'

'Could you teach us the mango trick?' inquired my host.

He shook his head sadly.

'One hundred dollars,' pressed my business friend, 'if you show us your secret.'

'There is no secret that can be passed from one man to another. It can be acquired only through suffering and pain. Wisdom cannot be sold or bought. It is a merchandise that has no traffic.'

'In the past six months,' continued the master of the mango, 'I have learned more than during all my previous years. I think I have reached the first step to wisdom. But I am still an infant compared to the sages of Tibet who are able to raise themselves bodily from the ground. I am still an infant; but I am absorbed by the mystery of existence and the first step I have already reached. We have no secrets. We are not fakers — I will gladly tell anyone the philosophy that grows and rots a mango. It is so simple and yet difficult to accomplish. It can be summed up in a few words — the words of the ancient Chinese: "Lambs have the grace to suckle kneeling."'

His manner was filled with contempt. He turned for the gate and as he passed through repeated the words, as if talking to himself: 'Lambs have the grace — '

FARMERS IN THE PIT

BY WILLIAM L. CHENERY

THE scene is laid on one of the upper floors of the largest bank in Chicago. The spacious offices are wainscoted in heavy mahogany and furnished with rich simplicity. In one of these rooms 'the old man' is to be found. Past sixty now, the powerful frame is somewhat bent by years of unremitting toil. His eyes are still clear and discerning and he speaks as one having authority. Plainly he has been long accustomed to dealing with large affairs.

Thus far the setting might be that of any big business.

Around the corner is another ample chamber, outfitted like the lounge of a rich man's club. The only suggestion of business is to be found in the tickers, which incessantly convey a record of the market news of the world. Seated in earnest conversation are a few sun-burned men. Their large hands and strong bodies evidence years of labor and exposure in the open air. Farmers and business men, they are the board of directors of this corporation, and the big business man around the corner is their manager, their employee, their hired man.

The enterprise is itself a novel experiment in American trade. It is a spectacular combination of business and agricultural coöperation, the rural lamb lying down peacefully with the urban lion. Grain-trading corporations possessing extensive elevator properties and capitalized for many millions have merged with the coöperative ventures of thousands of farmers scattered through a dozen states. What

this accomplishes and what it fails to accomplish must have large consequences, since it is the culmination of a conspicuous effort, with concessions on both sides, to bridge the chasm which has so long separated American farmers and business men.

No one can understand what is being attempted in Chicago unless he knows the underlying and often ignored facts. The chief of these is the political power of the American farmer. In 1916 that long-headed Irishman, Sir Horace Plunkett, who has devoted so much of his life toward bringing about a better understanding between the American and British peoples, was asked by his Government when the United States would enter the war. He replied, 'When the Middle West is ready.' This opinion was based on his observation that in this country political sovereignty, or certainly the balance of power, had for some years been resting in the agricultural states of the Mississippi Valley. History proved that this opinion was correct; when the Middle West was ready, which incidentally was many months and perhaps a year after the Atlantic States were in the mood to throw aside neutrality, Congress declared war.

Chicago business men have been engaged in a conflict — an unwilling conflict, it may be admitted — with Western farmers ever since the Civil War. During two generations the farmers have had much the same set of grievances. Again and again they have sought through political channels to

obtain redress. Not always have they succeeded in getting satisfaction; their plans have often been frustrated, even though their activity left a deep mark on the development of the nation. All the while, however, their strength has been growing and now, in a vital affair, the business leaders are willing to compromise and to treat for peace.

Low prices for agricultural products have been the persistent source of the farmers' unrest. Sixty years ago Western farmers, impoverished by low prices, fought the attempt of the Treasury Department to withdraw the greenbacks from circulation just as within the past few years the grandsons of the same men have been critical of the deflation policy of the Federal Reserve system. In each case men who had agricultural products to sell have believed that the policies adopted by the Government at the instigation of the 'moneyed interests' have worked to their disadvantage. It does not matter whether the Greenbackers were sound in their objection to Secretary Hugh McCulloch's plans for refunding the Civil War Debt or whether present-day farmers are justified in their antagonism to the policies adopted by the Federal Reserve Board in 1920. The important fact is that several million farmers, then and now, have drifted into a position of sharp hostility to business men and bankers and that these controversies are the result of disproportionately low prices of farm produce.

During the last four years the Farm Bloc in Congress and the unrest in grain states of which it was an expression have been regarded as a strange and unprecedented phenomenon in American life. Actually, however, this new insurgency is but a reappearance of one of the oldest and most solid traditions in the development of the country. The Farm Bloc of 1924 speaks the same language and

stands sponsor for many of the same principles characteristic of the Greenbackers, the Grangers, and the Populists. Higher prices — if necessary at the cost of an inflated currency — and lower freight rates were issues which moved the Western farmers during the seventies and eighties quite as much as they do to-day. As the conflict became sharp, fifty years ago, city men said that the farmers believed in repudiation of national debts when they asked for currency-inflation. The lowering of freight rates and the regulation of railroads were termed confiscation and the demand for such things was loudly denounced as a proof of the inherent dishonesty of the men on the farms. Yet it is historically true that the Granger agitation resulted in the establishment of governmental regulation of railroads. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the numerous state railroad commissions are monuments to the unrest of the farmers.

The difference between the present and that earlier period, when even so brilliant and generous a man as Charles Francis Adams could say, on the very eve of the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, that any general law attempting to regulate railroads was inherently impossible because of the diversity of conditions, lies in the greater sophistication of the leaders on both sides. However much conservatives may dislike the ideas and personalities now dominant in the politics of the Northwest, moderate men in all quarters and all activities recognize that the farmers did suffer disproportionately during the depression which began in 1920.

It is of course arguable that the rule of supply and demand is like the law of the Medes and the Persians and that the farmers should accept its blessings and its penalties without complaint. The truth is, however, that other

groups do what they can to modify this economic principle to their own advantage, sometimes with success. Wise farmers concluded that the wide gap between falling wheat-prices and steady bread-prices was due to the highly integrated condition of the flour and bread markets and to the disordered state of the agricultural market. The city men had learned how to protect themselves against rapid variations in the prices of what they had to sell while the farmers remained exposed to the full fury of economic elements.

In the opinion of the leaders of rural thought, they too might stabilize agricultural prices as J. P. Morgan had steadied the price of steel. In this belief they had support in some well-informed circles. Two years ago Bernard M. Baruch, former chairman of the War Industries Board, worked out a plan by means of which a farmers' coöperative organization might attempt to stabilize prices through the acquisition of terminal elevators and the formation of an export company. Nothing came of this immediately, but the idea, as will be seen, is now bearing fruit.

Since 1920 the farmers have centred their efforts upon four lines of activity. They have demanded and obtained laws favorable to the creation of producers' coöperative societies. They have sought and secured loans from the Federal Government. They have asked for lower freight rates, so far without success, and they have succeeded in obtaining the passage of legislation designed to restrict trading in the grain markets. Their aspirations have been by no means fully met; but both in that which they have already attained and in that which has been promised them by all three political parties they are in a more favorable position than ever before.

Under such circumstances the Grain

Marketing Company was formed — a farmers' coöperative society, organized under a recent Illinois law. This business is capitalized at \$26,000,000 and it has already absorbed the Armour Grain Marketing Company, the Rosenbaum Grain Corporation, and Rosenbaum Brothers. When negotiations are completed the buying farmers will have at least nominal control of a majority of the elevators and of the marketing facilities in Chicago. In addition they will have very large establishments in Kansas City, Duluth, Buffalo, and other grain centres. The coöperative has taken over the offices and staff of the Armour Grain Marketing Company, and George E. Marcy, for a generation the managing director of the Armour interests in the grain market, is now the chief executive.

This shift seems hardly credible to those whose memories run back even twenty years. For fifty years the Chicago packers have been rated as the enemy by insurgent farmers. Among the Chicago packers old P. D. Armour, and after him his son, J. Ogden Armour, have personified the 'big business' which the countrymen regarded as so antagonistic to their prosperity. The conflict between the farmers and the packers has been every whit as sharp as that between capital and labor. These hostile groups are now united in a common enterprise. Peace such as this passes understanding and an explanation is due.

I asked those responsible for the venture, and many others whose positions gave them comprehension of the realities of the grain trade, how it happened that these conspicuous traders had come into agreement with their hereditary foes. The answers obtained from diverse sources were strikingly similar. Here is a composite reply: —

'We grain-dealers are tired of fighting

the farmers. The wheat-growers think that the elevator men and traders make all the money out of grain. They believe that sharp practice and even dishonesty are used against them.

'This long-standing belief has begun to register itself in legislation. Already the trading-in-futures act is being enforced. This law does not forbid trading in futures, but it does provide potential publicity for those who so trade. The brokers must give the names of their customers to the Department of Agriculture. The man who knows that at any time his deals may be made public by a government official is less inclined to buy against the future.

'In other ways the business has already been handicapped. Economic conditions, especially the inability of the European buyers to purchase American wheat, have rendered trade less profitable. Moreover the future looks gloomy. If the radical farmers have their way in Congress—and who can say that they will not—the Federal Government will soon take charge of the grain-marketing business. We do not favor that development.

'Furthermore, we think that if the farmers knew more about the grain business they would be less critical of what we do. They would learn that the restrictions they seek to impose upon us hurt the business itself. Consequently we are in the mood to try something new.'

This is not the whole explanation, but it is the gist of what the traders say. Personal elements are also involved, and important among them was the attitude of Bernard M. Baruch, who was in Europe at the time the actual experiment was determined upon. Mr. Baruch first presented the idea forcefully to the men who afterward carried it to fruition.

The War Industries Board in the stress of international fighting induced

the leaders of many American industries to coöperate. Chairman Baruch brought together at Washington competitors and rivals, and the necessities of making war led them to see industry from a common point of view. Good consequences and bad have followed from this coöperation since peace eliminated the common welfare as the prime objective of the joint dealing. Nevertheless the picture remained one of promise, and when the farmers, threatened with bankruptcy by the swift reduction in the value of all their possessions and of their products, sought counsel, Mr. Baruch advised the sort of coöperation the War Industries Board had encouraged during the war.

In company with a group of farmers he journeyed to Chicago and conferred with J. Ogden Armour, George E. Marcy, and other prominent traders. He proposed that one or more of the large dealers sell their elevators and their organizations to a farmers' coöperative. By entering the export trade and holding their wheat for rising prices Mr. Baruch thought the farmers might better their condition. For the moment the plan was abandoned. No one was willing to yield, and then the West continued to send to Washington representatives and senators pledged to enact laws for the relief of the wheat-growers.

Coöperation continued to be discussed and many of those in high position gave their sanction to the idea. Frank O. Lowden, a distinguished former governor of Illinois and a son-in-law of George M. Pullman, who a generation ago was typical of the hard-headed business men of Chicago, abandoned Presidential aspirations to work for an improvement in agricultural conditions. Politicians and statesmen hailed coöperation as the refuge from intolerable conditions and the

grain-dealers began to wonder if there was not something in the idea. A few of them at least were also influenced by idealism. The man chiefly responsible on the traders' side for what has been attempted said with some embarrassment when questioned closely: 'I have given my entire life to this business and when I pass out I would like to leave the industry a little better than I found it.' That is a characteristic Chicago attitude. Nowhere is business harder and nowhere is a generous public conception more likely to express itself in action. Fourteen years ago Joseph Shaffner, a clothing-manufacturer, at the end of a long strike, gave voice to a similar conviction, and already his industry has been revolutionized and the standards of living of hundreds of thousands of workers have been raised. Another Chicagoan, Daniel H. Burnham, put on paper an architect's dream of making his city beautiful and to-day Chicago is being rebuilt with the prodigality of a Napoleon. Unless idealism is conceded, it is not possible fully to understand what is happening in the West.

The organization with which the grain-dealers made their contract is the American Farm Bureau Federation. This is a large and representative body having branches in most of the states. It is dominated by the larger farmers and, compared with certain other agricultural associations, is conservative rather than radical. Still the Farm Bureau Federation actively supported the McNary-Haugen bill, which the Chicago business men denounced as diabolically bad. This measure, which failed of passage in the last Congress, would have established an agricultural export commission with an authorized capital of \$200,000,000. Its purpose was to 'restore and maintain approximately the pre-war normal relationship between the prices of certain

farm products and the general price level.' It would in fact have put the Federal Government in the business of marketing wheat and, had the scheme succeeded, the domain of those who have so long dominated the Chicago Board of Trade would have indeed been restricted.

The Farm Bureau Federation is itself the result of other Federal legislation. The Smith-Lever Act, which provided county agricultural agents, presupposed the organization of the farmers. To secure the benefits of the law, countrymen were compelled to form coöperative associations. Within two years the entire country has been covered by these coöperatives. County groups have been united into state associations, the states in turn bound together in a national federation.

Marketing problems were at once attacked, and already some important achievements have been recorded. The National Live Stock Producers' Association is a child of the Farm Bureau Federation; last year it did a business of more than \$100,000,000. Likewise the vegetable and fruit growers in many states have been organized. Since its very beginning the Federation has been giving attention to wheat-marketing. When the grain-dealers arrived at willingness to compromise, it was an available buyer for those who would yield their control of elevator facilities.

The terms of the bargain have been criticized, but the statement of one of those immediately involved was probably fair when he said: 'This is neither a sheriff's sale nor a hard trade; we have come together at a fair price.'

The contract called for the creation of a \$26,000,000 company. The farmers paid out nothing in cash and the grain-dealers undertook to provide \$4,000,000 working capital. The previous owners of the grain companies retained 500,000

shares of Class B stock at fifty dollars a share — in effect a \$25,000,000 mortgage on the entire business. The farmers have undertaken to sell 1,000,000 shares of common stock at one dollar a share and 1,000,000 shares of Class A stock at twenty-five dollars a share. As rapidly as the common stock and the Class A preferred are sold to the wheat-growers, the mortgage will be retired.

Moreover the profits of the business will be used to pay off the mortgage. It has been estimated that economies resulting from the merging of interests will be from six to eight cents a bushel. This will immediately redound to the benefit of the producers in accordance with coöperative principles. How large the earnings of the business will be is naturally problematical, but one of the companies involved has made an average profit of \$1,250,000 during the past ten years. The same company's interest on its share of the Class B stock, or mortgage, will be but \$400,000 a year. Manifestly it has yielded something and the farmers have been given a comparatively painless method of buying a large business.

Not less important is the fact that the executives and the personnel of the merged companies are now employed by the farmers. Good management is the key to all business success, whatever the system under which trade is conducted. Hitherto coöperation has frequently failed because the coöperatives lacked expert direction. The Grain Marketing Company starts with managers and a trained staff whose competence none disputes. In truth their very skill has in the past been the farmers' argument against them.

So it has happened that the farmers are in possession of sumptuous offices on Chicago's La Salle Street, the financial centre of the Middle West. There, within earshot of the pit of the famous

Board of Trade, they direct a business the very volume of which would arouse criticism and perhaps Federal prosecution if it had not the immunity from antitrust suspicion which attaches to agricultural coöperation.

It seems that something of almost revolutionary significance is happening in the West. Power appears to be passing from one group to another. The grain-dealers say they have given themselves five years more in the business. Within that time the wheat-growers should have learned the intricacies of the market place, trained their own merchants, and become prepared to displace those who are now hired to carry on the business. In the process they will have become accustomed to an environment they have long viewed with suspicion. Likewise the business men with whom the farmers associate so closely will have reached a better understanding of agricultural problems.

Already local coöperative societies in many states possess elevators; added now are storage facilities in the terminal cities, and a marketing-agency with national and international ramifications. The wheat-growers' business is different, however, from that which it may supersede. In producers' coöperation there are no profits in the ordinary sense of the word. Interest must of course be paid on borrowed money and, if the management continues to be as successful as the same men have been in the past, ample net earnings should be shown on the balance sheet. But these earnings will be returned to the coöperators. The wheat-grower will obtain rebates in accordance with the number of bushels distributed for him. What is earned will thus be scattered over the farming-country and not accumulated in the cities.

This is on the assumption that the

plan succeeds. There are those who profess to believe that soon enough the farmers will be glad to abandon the wheat pit, where so many speculators have waged their spectacular campaigns, and return to their ploughs and tractors. Such pessimism ignores too much. The farmers who have sponsored these adventures are university-trained and acquainted with financial methods. The contract they negotiated is the expression of their intelligence as well as that of the lawyers, bankers, and grain-dealers involved. The scientific methods they have long applied to growing their products they would now direct to the distribution and sale of the fruits of their labor.

Excessive enthusiasm is not needed to conclude that this effort or one like it is apt to strike root and to flourish. A little while ago, throughout vast areas the wheat farmers, on the verge of bankruptcy, seemed unequal to the struggle against an economic system which tended to reduce them to a condition of economic serfdom. If there were not intelligence enough in the agricultural regions to master the problem of favorably disposing of such a commodity as wheat, then in fact American farmers might be expected to sink to the level of a peasantry.

Fortunately, however, from many directions comes the assurance that the men who plant and harvest the crops are able also to dispose of them.

The Chicago grain-dealers offered no treaty of peace until the farmers persuaded the leaders of the pit that the Government was likely to take over their business. They accepted coöperation because they dreaded governmental operation. The McNary-Haugen bill, which implied Federal domination of the grain market, was close to passage at the last session of Congress, thereby proving that the farmers could wage aggressive warfare in order to win back the relatively high standard of living they once enjoyed. It is interesting to the nation, however, that in an elemental industry, producing and distributing the chief food article of the world, men should agree and seek to work together. Coöperation, honestly and wisely administered, avoids some of the inherent disadvantages of a bureaucratic service. Assuredly this trial of large-scale coöperation is better for the nation than that scheme for bringing the United States Government directly into the grain business, a measure seriously considered during the recent sessions of Congress.

BUCOLIC BEATTITUDES

II. BLESSED BE THE PIG

BY RUSTICUS

My neighbor has many broad acres upon which he pays the taxes and over which I ride and walk — an admirable arrangement. He likes to pay taxes and I like to ride where the footing is soft and the paths shaded. This is only one of the many advantages that I possess in having so amiable and excellent a man for neighbor.

To be sure, his orbit is a bit more extended than mine, and we meet but seldom. He, nevertheless, adds enormously to my pleasure, for his manner of life is ornamental and leisured. He does things suavely and without hurry. His surroundings suit him admirably, and when he takes tea in the garden, dressed in spotless riding-togs, he is every inch the picture he thinks he is.

My somewhat covert admiration of his sartorial perfection has been a bit marred, however, by a suspicion that his life was not one of full-flavored and perfect rusticity. It seemed too perfect in detail, just a bit studied. A tumble-down stone wall separates my entire estate from one corner of his domain. It is not a well-preserved or suburban-looking wall. I know it is my duty to repair it — I mean to sometime. Over this wall on rare occasions we hold conversation, and it was while thus engaged that I unwittingly discovered his secret.

I had said something about pigs, and, not wishing to appear superior

or improperly proud of my worldly possessions, I inquired as to how his pigs 'did' — pigs are one of the few animals who 'do.' To my surprise he told me that he did not keep pigs; not even a pig; in fact he would not tolerate one on his place. Then I knew his secret — I realized the flaw in his pretentious rusticity.

I turned and walked sadly away. There are times when people reveal themselves so shamelessly and in such bland innocence of the awful revelations they make that the kindest thing you can do is to leave them in ignorance of their guilt.

Then a disquieting thought came to me. If Midas dislikes pigs so much, perhaps he dislikes mine, and wishes them removed. Perhaps he meant to go on and make the suggestion. It was well that I left him. I hastened my step lest he call me back.

Presently I found myself in earnest contemplation of the creatures held in so low esteem by my neighbor. I looked tenderly at them. I recognized the mood. It was the familiar one that is experienced when you hold in your hand a most unflattering report from your eldest's preceptor and the tiny culprit stands before you waiting the utterance of reprimand or sentence. This mood, by some strange twist in my mind, always prompts immoderate and boisterous laughter, which must be restrained in the family circle, but to-

day I was safely out of hearing. My neighbor was taking tea by now in an ornate and inaccessible garden, and I found myself shaken with Homeric laughter as I leaned over the low wall and shared my merriment with two most astonished pigs.

Of course Midas would not keep a pig. I might have known it. Midas chops trees in a silk shirt. That in itself is not inherently base or sordid. But he grunts — it is not a pretty word, but he does — when his axe strikes the tree or log he is manhandling in an utterly inaccurate imitation of a real chopper with a real axe striking real blows. He fails to synchronize properly and betrays the amateur. I have even heard him describe a pack of hounds as dogs!

I was not thinking pleasant thoughts of Midas. I did not try to. I knew I was through with him. Our wives might continue to exchange biennial calls; we might even exchange a word or two over the wall; but for all intents and purposes I knew I was through with Midas. How silly I had been — of course Midas would not keep a pig.

And what a pity! By one of those wise provisions of a benign Providence this crowning glory of rusticity is within the reach of the humblest, except those unfortunates who dwell in congested districts where a perverse public opinion has legislated against this highly useful animal. But then, no self-respecting person would live in such a place anyway.

There is no need to enlarge upon the economic value of the pig. The billboards and the press are radiant with tasteful illustrations of the appetizing final state of this succulent animal. It is in other ways and for other reasons that I admire and love him.

He is the one animal with whom man can ever hope to be on intimate terms,

who is an incorrigible wag. He is the humorist of the farm. It seems strange that it should be so. Bred for countless generations for nothing but culinary purposes, daily approaching an inevitably tragic end, he has preserved inviolate the comic tradition.

When opportunity presents, my friend, look attentively at those little glittering eyes and you will see a waggish twinkle that will convince you that you are in the presence of a humorist.

To get the very best out of ownership of a pig, thought should be given to his habitat. An enclosure is necessary. Now, have the enclosure of such a height that your elbows rest comfortably upon the top, arrange a soft and agreeable footing on the windward side of the enclosure, and all will be well. Your relation with a pig is not an intimate one — pigs are not to be handled except in early infancy, and you will find that merely to contemplate them as you stand in a comfortable and relaxed attitude with some support to the body will yield a rich reward.

They should be secured young — there is an innocent joyousness in a very young pig, which will amuse you in the early stages of your acquaintance and will give you food for thought as your intimacy grows. And then the pleasure of seeing them grow! If you have a low and commercial type of mind you can calculate daily your profit, even after deducting the interest on your modest initial investment. The upkeep is not a heavy item. One of the most charming things about a pig is his heartfelt gratitude for the delicacies that a wasteful and ignorant generation regard as inappropriate for human consumption. And to beneficent use he puts them, returning literally a hundredfold.

But it is not these sordid consider-

ations that lead me to love a pig. It is the intellectual sympathy that exists between us that endears him to me.

In the first place, a pig looks more like many people you know than any of your other animal friends. The moment you see a new pig you have at once a dozen names in mind, every one of them fitting perfectly. I will admit that I have encountered a curious prejudice on the part of some people to having a pig named after them. This can be remedied in a simple and most effective manner. In my case, I have a pig which irresistibly reminded me of a near relative, a man of pronounced opinions. That settled his name. On formal occasions and for reference in certain quarters I use a coldly classic name with no special significance. But at the twilight hour when that pig and I hold communion I address him by his lawful given name. I have had pigs who possessed a variety of aliases. In such a case, as I talk pleasantly with one or the other, I go through the list until I use the one name I know to be his by every right of pigship. An ear pricks up, a roguish eye twinkles a bit more brightly, and after a delicately executed *pas seul* around the enclosure he is back once more, demure and attentive.

And how attentive he is! He stands with ears erect, forefeet firmly planted in the empty trough, his little eyes raised to mine, and his nostrils twitching with interest and anticipation. In that posture he is the living image of a lady I know as she leans over her teacup to catch the last syllable of innuendo in the last titbit of scandal that is making its rapid circuit of our little town.

So I address my remarks to Mrs. Jones, and relate to her incidents in the lives of mutual friends, no less apocryphal than those so much enjoyed by my neighbors. And Mrs.

Jones's eyes twinkle, and her nose twitches, and her tail curls tighter and tighter in sheer delight until I burst into laughter with a guilty fear that I may have been overheard and so set in motion a new series of stories which would inevitably bring disaster to some of our most respected townfolk.

There is a direct simplicity about a pig. He knows no affectations. He has but two ends in view. One is to wax fat, — and how splendidly he does it! — the other to amuse, with a subtle, ironic humor. He lives a curiously circumscribed life in utter and absolute contentment. He has none of that nervous intellectual intensity that is so wearing to live with. He has no illusions; he indulges in no moods or fancies; but what a wonderful companion he is! He is the very flower of discretion — your most intimate confidences are safe with him.

The older he grows, the more humorous he becomes, until in his stately prime he so closely resembles the president of our local bank that, at times of financial stringency, I can hardly bring myself to visit him. I know if he could speak he would say something about an impending overdraft. He knows it too, and as he waddles over toward me he puffs and grunts a bit in covert imitation of the great man whom he knows I fear.

I am quick to act on his suggestion. It suits my mood. There are plans afoot which will soon necessitate a visit to that temple of finance. It will be well to be letter-perfect in my part, though I know from experience that my part in the dialogue will be unimportant once it gets under way.

The visit starts with an effusive welcome as Moneybags extends a moist and yielding hand. A wan smile flits for a moment across his impassive countenance, and the judicial manner

is once more assumed. How are things with me? Well, he hopes. But at times like these it is difficult to tell, very difficult. A faint note of pessimism already begins to creep into the monologue. General business conditions are unsatisfactory, there has been overproduction in certain industrial lines, the situation in the Near East is not what he would like to have it. Dark hints of revolution and tottering governments, an uncomfortable feeling in Wall Street, lead naturally to a detailed description of the appalling condition of the farmer, — here I begin to be sympathetic, — due to the presence of either too much or too little gold in the country; and I am newly impressed by the unfortunate circumstance that I either am or am not a citizen of a debtor nation. I do not quite know which it is, but it is dreadful, whatever it is, and I find myself suddenly filled with compunction that I should have come to this noble, suffering person with my paltry needs. I begin to see dimly that I am only adding a feather's weight to the staggering load that this self-forgetful Atlas is already carrying, as single-handed he supports the financial fabric of the world.

He pauses, a chubby hand plays nervously with a delicate ivory paper-cutter. He glances apprehensively at the door; his voice becomes a husky whisper as he alludes to general conditions of unrest among the working classes, their utter lack of appreciation of what is being done for them, and the certainty that things will be worse before they are better. Long ago my little errand has been forgotten in a flood of sympathy for a man so harried by world problems.

At this point Moneybags observes a delicate morsel in a far corner of the trough and he moves away to investigate. It proves attractive, and he for-

gets me in his efforts to secure it. It is well, for at that moment we are joined by the companion of his sequestered life.

It is Mrs. Murphy, the excellent woman who does the cleaning and other important matters in the little house yonder.

She comes abruptly; her manner has none of the poise and dignity which have always endeared her companion to me. She is vocal, she is positive, she knows what she wants and goes after it with commendable directness. I fear she is, like myself, hopelessly middle-class. But I like her. It is a relief to converse again with a pig who talks my language and with whom I have much in common. For Mrs. Murphy and I have many mutual interests — taxes, interest, mortgages, plumbers' bills, insurance premiums, indigent relatives, and growing children.

The talk turns to other channels. Things are not well with Mrs. Murphy; her rent has been raised on account of conditions in the Near East, there has been illness, food is very dear. I try to explain to her that this is due entirely to unsettled conditions in Russia, but without great success.

Her sister's children — oh yes, they are with her. Yes, six of them. The two eldest are in an 'institooshun.' Thomas will soon be at work, she hopes. Her lord and master is just at present unemployed, but as soon as he gets out of the hospital he hopes to secure half-time.

Mrs. Murphy glides easily from the concrete to the abstract. It is the rich who are to blame. They are growing richer and the poor, poorer. She looks scornfully at the towers of the palace beyond the stone wall. I hasten to tell her that we are not on terms now, that I too am out of sympathy with Midas. She seems appeased.

I try to remember all the dreadful

things Moneybags told me. It is no use. Moneybags was right. The working classes do not, will not understand, but I have a suspicion that Mrs. Murphy and I do not quite understand Midas and Moneybags.

A joyous bark is heard. Shrill voices pierce the air. School is over and life really begins. I leave this oddly assorted pair to work out their problems, grateful for an hour of perfect peace in the presence of perfect understanding.

Finally, a pig is the only animal friend with whom I am able to part at an appropriate time without bitter grief and self-reproaches. It is not that I am not sincerely attached to it by the subtlest ties of kinship. But there seems to be only one logical finale of our life together. If the parting is delayed too long, the relationship loses something of its old-time zest, the flower is fading, and dull and apathetic habit replaces the first sweet fervor of your fellowship. It is well to let the parting come in proper season without vain regrets. And even after the parting there is opportunity for affectionate remembrance. Your breakfast takes on a new and interesting significance. As the delicate morsel rests before you, you inhale its subtle aroma, you see the

slender stripes of delicate color, and you wonder — you wonder.

The pig has a secure niche in the Temple of Letters. The gentle Elia has enshrined him for all time. But by a curious chance even he emphasized the gastronomic aspect of his fame without reference to his waggish quality. It is well that the benign Dr. Dolittle has placed before us his true picture in Gub-Gub, beloved of children.

And now, my friend, the fever of the day is over. The twilight hour has come with its suggestion of peace and contemplation. Come with me and we will rest awhile. Let me introduce you to a friend of mine, a person of importance in local financial and social circles. He will amuse you.

And when you reach that time in your life when you begin to suffer from the chronic irritability of the man over fifty, when you begin to get a bit queer, and quarrel with your neighbor simply because he wears expensive and becoming raiment, when you need a solace and an unfailing source of understanding fellowship, when you begin to feel the need of occasional soul-communings with Nature's subtlest humorist and most perfect clown, apply to me. I will sell you a pig and, having dined at your table, I know he will 'do' well.

ROADS—MOTOR AND RAIL

BY GEORGE W. ANDERSON

I

THERE is very *uncommon* sense in the pithy saying, 'Our fundamental need is not the elucidation of the mysterious, but an appreciation of the significance of the obvious.' This writing is but a modest attempt to promote appreciation of some significant aspects of the obvious facts as to our motor and rail transportation problems.

We may well start our comparison of the two rival methods of moving us and our belongings from somewhere to somewhere else, with the dollar test — the common though frequently misleading measure in American thinking. The value of our railroads, as tentatively estimated by the Interstate Commerce Commission, is about \$20,000,000,000. Tested by sales of stocks and bonds, the market value has, for perhaps five years, been from \$12,000,000,000 to \$15,000,000,000. The railroad securities outstanding, eliminating the intercompany holdings of over \$5,000,000,000, are about \$18,255,000,000. This is \$2,000,000,000 to \$3,000,000,000 less than the popular view, based on misleading railroad propaganda, which has long sought to induce public belief that our railroads are capitalized for several billions more than they are, and are worth still more. Nearly forty per cent or about \$7,000,000,000 of outstanding stock has long been nondividend-paying; it has had, in the main, but speculative or control value. The railroad revenue in 1923,

including nonoperating income, was a little over \$6,500,000,000. The estimated value of our agricultural product for that year was about \$8,000,000,000. Railroad mileage is now about 250,000 miles, approximately 4000 miles less than six years ago. On these rail highways we have about 2,700,000 freight cars (including private cars), and about 60,000 passenger and baggage and express cars, moved by about 70,000 locomotives. The passenger cars have a seating-capacity for about 2,250,000 people. Railroad employees are about 1,750,000.

But the railroad *industry* covers more than the properties included in the reports to the Commission — mainly, of course, engine- and car-building concerns. Including these, the value of the railroad industry is probably not far from \$20,000,000,000, and its annual income not far from the \$8,000,000,000 estimated as the value of our agricultural production in 1923. Roughly, we spend \$75 per year, per person, in the railroad industry.

This rail-highway-carrier industry is the development of just under a century. Within the first quarter of its career, this new transportation system had demonstrated its overwhelming superiority over its chief competitors, the internal water-highway-carriers — river and canal; and by the middle of the century had gone far toward destroying traffic on these water highways. The outstanding fact as to the

rail highway was its adaptability. It could, as the water highways could not, go almost anywhere — along valleys, over or through mountains — wherever industries were for various reasons located.

But within the last quarter of the century now ending there has come, in the mobility of mankind, a development more revolutionary than had resulted from all previous transportation methods since the dawn of history — and we are dealing now only with transportation on the earth, not through the air.

The statistics as to the motor industry are less easily obtained, less accurate, and more belated, than those as to rail transportation. Our chief reliance must be data put out by the Federal Bureau of Public Roads in the Department of Agriculture, publications of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, and certain other official sources. We now have in the United States about 17,000,000 registered motor cars and trucks. Their present value can only be estimated. But the average retail price of automobiles, not including trucks, sold in 1924 is stated as \$814. About half the cars and trucks are Fords. The wholesale value of the cars and trucks put out in 1924 was about \$2,250,000,000. The present value of these motor vehicles can hardly be less than \$7,000,000,000 to \$8,000,000,000 — an average of less than \$500 per vehicle. The gross expenditure of automobilists in 1923 is estimated to exceed \$6,000,000,000 — close to the gross revenue of the railroads.

Manifestly the surfaced roads are in the main a part of, or at any rate a result from, the motor-car industry. We have approximately 450,000 miles of surfaced *rural* roads, now about double our decreasing railroad mileage, and rapidly increasing. The available

figures do not, both as to mileage and expenditures, include the streets in cities and incorporated towns. Our general conclusions from available data are therefore likely to be under rather than over the facts. Motor roads — costing over \$60,000 a mile — practically parallel railroads costing originally not more than \$30,000 a mile. These surfaced roads must be worth, on the average, \$15,000 a mile, or about \$7,000,000,000. This view is sustained by the facts that the 35,156.9 miles of completed 'Federal Aid Roads' cost \$602,326,380.21 — an average of about \$17,000 a mile; and that the average cost of Massachusetts State highways is about \$33,000 a mile. Our motor roads and vehicles together are worth as much as our railroads — say \$15,000,000,000. Our rural highway expenditures are now over \$1,000,000,000 a year, and rapidly increasing. It is stated that the automobile industry (not apparently including roads) gives employment to 2,750,000 people — nearly 1,000,000 more than the employees of the railroads.

In general, without further elaboration of figures and analysis, the conclusion is warranted that the motor transportation industry is now somewhat larger than the railroad transportation industry. It is about one fourth the age of the railroad industry — a lusty growing youth.

But the railroads show many signs of decaying old age. There has been no substantial improvement in railroad equipment or management in twenty years or more. The actual abandonment of about 4000 miles discloses but a small part of the discouraging facts shown by an examination of train schedules and other indicia of the decadent condition of the thin lines. While we have tens of thousands of miles of railroads that never ought to have been built, few of them should be

abandoned. But many thousands of miles now moribund — financially, and nearly so functionally — will be abandoned unless we have, very soon, radical changes in organization, equipment, and management. Our railroads need an intelligent conservation programme as much as do our forests.

The astounding proposition, coming from a highly intelligent and responsible source, of abandoning 1000 miles (almost one half the mileage) of the Boston & Maine Railroad System should be enough to arouse the public to the immediate need of radical changes in both public and corporation railroad policy. The situation is critically bad and rapidly growing worse. But this junking proposition should not be accepted without a struggle to avoid such an appalling waste.

A related, though in essence a different, situation exists as to trolleys. In Massachusetts alone we have abandoned about 570 miles. Many of these lines were, of course, improvidently built; but it is at least doubtful whether the abandonment has not gone to the extent of being serious waste.

II

Let us turn from dollars to functions. The seating-capacity of our motor-cars and omnibuses must be at least 70,000,000 — about thirty times the seating-capacity of our railroad cars. We could move two thirds of our population of 110,000,000 at one time, thirty miles an hour, on very good roads, from coast to coast; and we have passable unsurfaced roads available for motor traffic of about 2,500,000 miles more. As carriers of mankind, the automobile has already passed the rail carrier, although accurate figures cannot be obtained as to motor-car-passenger mileage. It is plain that passenger rail movement is, in relation

to population, already substantially decreased, and is tending downward; and that the movement of mankind in motor-cars has not only absorbed what would otherwise have been a movement on the rails, but has enormously increased the general mobility of humanity. No people ever began to move about as we do.

Some cynic has said, 'In America nobody stays at home. Americans live mostly in their automobiles. Mr. Henry Ford has put, not only the American railroads, but the American homes, into the discard.' There is exaggeration in this statement, but exaggeration sometimes helps toward an appreciation of the significance of the obvious.

Turning from passenger traffic to freight and package movement, the salient facts are difficult of ascertainment. The encroachment on railroad traffic, measured by tons, is not alarming. Measured by its importance and potency for profit, as it should be, it is serious. But when prompt and reliable movement of high-class merchandise from door to door is required, the truck is the more efficient and economical transportation agency. Efficient railroading would limit motor freight-handling to this comparatively narrow field.

Less and less does the commonly used ton-mile performance of our railroads test their aggregate serviceability in the transportation field. Over half of their tonnage is the products of mines, mostly coal, a large part of which should go by water or not at all; it should be transmuted into power at the mine mouth and be delivered by copper wire. Consider also the rapidly increasing hydroelectrics. We should cherish no delusions grounded on the recent, much advertised, ton-mile showings of our railroads. Most substantial manufacturing and mercantile concerns

years ago largely abandoned the use of the rail carriers for handling light freight and express packages. They now own and operate, for most short-haul business, their own transportation equipment. Statistics as to the comparative cost are not now available, but are greatly needed. Apart from the privately owned and operated motor equipment, we have a rapidly increasing number of lines of public motor transportation concerns, moving in competition with each other and with the rail lines all over the country. This movement is, to a large degree, seasonal; and the competition with the rail lines is grossly unfair. We cannot justify a public policy that permits road-destroying trucks, moving over free rights of way, to take the cream of the business in the most favorable season, remitting the rail lines to an unremunerative, but enforced, service in bad weather — while we compel the rail lines to pay exorbitant taxes, which go in substantial part to create the free roads on which trucking concerns, frequently financially irresponsible, carry, damage, or lose goods.

It is pretty clear that much of the trucking business is now parasitic; that it pays taxes disproportionate to its road-destroying achievements; and that it calls for such regulation as will greatly reduce its unfair seasonal competition with regular and reliable transportation service.

It is also clear that there is a pressing need of increased efficiency in the equipment and management of the rail service so as to meet the just demand for quick and reliable service for high-class freight. When the railroads seek from the legislatures, as they should, protection against unfair competition, they should be able to make a better showing as to their own capacity to meet public business needs. Not a little of the surge toward the truck is

due directly to the failure of rail managers properly to equip and handle their lines. Such a stream of trucks, carrying cotton and wool, as moves from Boston to the Merrimack River cities, from side track to side track, is irrefutable evidence of inefficiency in railroad equipment and management.

The motor roads, motor car, telephone, and now the radio, have, as we all know, radically changed living conditions in the country. Hardly less significant are the changed conditions in our cities. Here the horse and his resultant street filth, with the block stone paving for his foothold, have been almost eliminated. Our streets are infinitely cleaner and smoother than twenty years ago. The air is cleaner — hardly quieter, though the quality of the noise has changed. We are tearing up city as well as country rails and substituting jitneys — and cabs, now serving at rates comparable to those that have long obtained in European cities.

But these changes are not all gain. The motor car, moving or parked, is an extravagant consumer of street space. Exact figures are not available; but compare the street area, lateral and longitudinal, taken by our business or shopping population moving in or out of a city in automobiles, with the street space required by the same number riding in steam or trolley cars. Ten to one is not a reckless estimate. An ordinary automobile is over ten feet long, and must have at least ten feet safety leeway, before and aft. It ordinarily carries in this space of thirty feet not over three persons, of whom one is frequently merely the chauffeur. Think of the conditions if the bulk of the present trolley riders became automobile passengers. The Boston trolley system handles about a million passengers a day, say a third of a million, in and out. All of us riders in

automobiles owe these trolley riders a debt of gratitude for letting us have so much more street space than they use. Yet in 1923 these trolley riders paid in taxes almost one half a cent for each ride. They ought to be subsidized, not taxed, because they are not using their proportionate share of the street space. Informing statistics based on careful counts of motor- and rail-passenger street movement, are greatly needed. It is plain enough that we automobile riders are 'road-hogs' of necessity; and that we ought to pay the sardine-packed rail-riders something for keeping out of our way.

This tremendous demand for more street room has compelled numerous and expensive street widenings — imposing a heavy burden on the general taxpayer, of which the railroads and trolley companies are among the very largest.

In Massachusetts these companies paid, in 1923, \$12,490,764.99 in taxes. We still cherish the delusion that the rail carriers are such money-makers that they should be compelled to disgorge copiously. These taxes are grossly unjust. Investors in New England rail lines have, in say fifteen years, lost probably more than \$500,000,000. Roughly, one half of this loss may be attributed to unsound public policy, and one half to management so incredibly bad as to endanger the reputation for veracity of any person who knows and dares tell the truth about it.

But the auto has determined that the city of the future shall give less of its area to buildings and more to streets and open spaces. Very likely buildings will, because of the resultant increase in air and light, go higher — a vertical offset to a lateral loss.

Another little-considered expense of motor traffic is a large but unascertainable increase in the cost of our police

service. Without the frequent traffic-officer, pedestrian movement in our streets would be practically impossible during the rush hours of the day. Twenty-five years ago we were struggling, strenuously and expensively, to get rid of railroad grade-crossings because of their obvious danger to life and limb. Motor cars have to-day made thousands of miles of our city streets, for all practical purposes, grade crossings; indeed, in many respects, worse than grade crossings, for the rail tells us where the steam engine and cars are going, whereas the motor car is very frequently found where the pedestrian does not fairly expect it. Our streets are to all pedestrians a *memento mori* in action.

III

Most financial and social phenomena are grounded on physical facts. What are the outstanding physical facts of rail and motor transportation? When, about one hundred years ago, the rail highway began to assume its dominant position in transportation, the outstanding physical facts were two: —

1. A great reduction in the friction of the vehicle movement. Iron rolling on iron — now steel on steel — increased enormously the efficiency of the motive power. Now that we have substituted smooth, well-surfaced motor-roads for the old tracks of mud, sand, or ordinary dirt, and the powerful gasoline engine for the slow and comparatively feeble horse, this friction-reducing factor has sunk into comparative insignificance.

2. The second distinction was that the rail highway steered its vehicle. This fact, always important, has, with the growth of motor-road traffic, become increasingly important. Its significance has mostly escaped observation and comment. It is the central

and dominating physical fact in our present transportation problem. Its importance can hardly be exaggerated.

We have, perhaps, 100,000 locomotive engineers in this country — a highly trained and experienced class. Their functions are to start, control the speed of, and stop their engines. The tracks determine where their engines and attached vehicles will go. Except as they must observe signals and switches, they have no steering function to perform. Their highway does the steering — an operation as vital as, and calling for far more skill and continuous attention than, starting, stopping, or speed-regulating.

Look now at the motor vehicles on the motor roads — the nonsteering roads. With 17,000,000 vehicles, we probably have at least 20,000,000 drivers. They must not only start, control the speed, and stop their locomotives, — for every automobile is a combined locomotive and car, — but they must steer their vehicles with reference to all the curves and obstacles in the highway as well as with reference to other steerers of like locomotives. The function of the ordinary chauffeur is, in dominant aspects, more difficult, more dangerous to himself and to other users of the motor highway, than the function of the locomotive engineer. But, instead of having on our nonsteering roads only a carefully selected and experienced set of trained men, we have millions of 'engineers' of both sexes — some of them frequently drunk, a considerable part of them financially irresponsible.

The problem is intrinsic. It cannot be escaped or, in fundamentals, changed. Zealous and competent officials may do their utmost to eliminate the drunks and the unfit; we may install signal systems on our main streets analogous to those now used on the railroads; multiply traffic-officers; guard against

defective brakes; regulate blinding headlights; compel all automobile-owners to carry insurance for the benefit of accident victims, in analogy to compensation acts for industrial accidents — these and other protective devices may help, but they will not cure.

The outstanding factors will remain unchanged; we are undertaking to move, on nonsteering highways, locomotives whose course, and not merely speed, is dependent upon human intelligence, alertness, and action.

In essence, the problem is insoluble. Almost as soon as locomotives began to run on the rail highways, monopoly control was, for safety's sake, given to the operating companies. The public use was prohibited; to walk on the rail highway is to trespass, not because it is private property, — for it is not, — but in order to prevent accidents. We cannot exclude pedestrians from our streets.

The inevitable result of 17,000,000 high-powered motor cars, moving on nonsteering highways, in destruction of life and limb, would shock us, if the World War had not taught us to disregard the killing and maiming of human beings.

Compare the achievements of the railroads with those of the motor cars in this killing and maiming field. The figures as to railroad accidents are pretty complete and reliable. They show that in slaughter the railroads reached their maximum in 1913, when they killed 10,964 and injured 200,308; but in 1923 they killed only 7385 and injured only 171,712. The decreased number of trains may be accountable for a part of this apparent improvement.

The published figures as to motor slaughter and maiming are not complete. But it seems clear that the fatal accidents in 1924 were not less than

17,000 — about forty-three a day; and the nonfatal accidents were about thirty times as many, or, roughly, 500,000. That motor accidents are from two to four times the railroad accidents is plain. While the figures published indicate some decrease in accidents per 100,000 registered cars, there is good reason to fear a reverse of this apparent tendency, as better rural roads augment the average rate of speed, and the increasing number of cars in city streets requires more rapid movement between the frequently enforced stops, in order to prevent jams from backing up the current. Thirty-five miles an hour is now commonly permitted on country motor-roads. Cars must move at nearly that rate in our city streets. A few years ago the prevailing legal opinion probably was that a speed of twenty-five miles an hour in a city street was negligence, per se, making the driver *prima facie* liable for any accident occurring. No such legal doctrine can now be applied. The city pedestrian must watch signals, if there are any, as must a locomotive engineer; failing signals, he must look and listen, and run and dodge for his life. We sardonically say, 'It is the quick — or the dead.'

Our streets are unfit for the use to which they must be put by the confusing mixture of pedestrians, motor cars, busses, and — on some of them — trolley cars. The situation is almost intolerable.

IV.

It is plain enough that the greatest single step toward solving our motor-traffic problems lies in conserving our rail lines and in promoting their increased use. The recent traffic-conference in Washington seems to have overlooked this vital point. Only on the

steering road can a teeming population move with comparative safety and reasonable economy. To increase motor roads and the number of motor cars is, in controlling respects, but to exaggerate the risks and costs now almost intolerable. The better the road, the greater the speed, the larger the risk. We shall shortly build by-pass roads to divert through motor-traffic from intervening cities like Worcester, Springfield, or Portsmouth. This will relieve the city streets, but it will speed up through traffic and appreciably increase its danger.

But, fundamentally, the steering road is far and away the best road ever yet devised, for rapid and safe human movement. Our policy of making these steering roads toll roads has confused our thinking and involved us in all sorts of stupid, function-destroying methods of development, equipment, and use. On the steering road only can swift movement of great numbers of human beings be allowed with approximate safety.

The one-man car and an intelligent application of service-at-cost financial methods have — so far — saved a lot of our Massachusetts trolley lines. Like intelligence is sadly needed with respect to our steam rail-lines. For a long time our railroad policies and management have been marked by excessive intellectual frugality. We must free the railroads from banker and supply-concern control, and give the brains of the operating staff a chance. No other great industry is so hampered by worship of mouldy myths.

But checking tendencies in motor-car use are in sight. Some of us who do not want to die, in public and unseemly fashion, however desirable our deaths may from the standpoint of others be, are going back to the rails, the steering road — for safety and for nervous comfort.

Except under nearly ideal conditions of weather, roads, and traffic thereon, and of car and driver, there is no fair comparison, in the comfort of riding as far as one hundred miles, in an automobile, or in a good train, particularly a Pullman train. It is the door-to-door flexibility of the motor car — going when the traveler wants to go, and not on train schedule — that entices him from the rail service. It eliminates cab service at the ends of the journey, and caters to our individualism — a sort of egotism. Besides, present rail-rates drive family movement to the automobile, in which the cost, at least the immediate and apparent cost, is much less. We may roughly reckon that a \$300 Ford car can, before worn out, carry five people 30,000 miles for \$300 worth of gasoline and, say, \$150 for tires, repairs, and so forth; \$750 gross, or two and one-half cents a mile — half a cent a mile per person. In common use, of course, no such results are obtained. But these possibilities contrast with passenger railroad-rates of substantially 3.6 cents per mile outside of the commutation zones and about two cents per mile within these zones. The immediate cash cost of a country trip for a family of five, in a Ford or in a train, is eighteen cents per mile by train, and about one cent per mile by Ford.

But the well-to-do citizen, furnishing a sedan such as a Cadillac or a Peerless and a chauffeur for his family, will find, year in and year out, his car-mile cost not far from twenty-five cents. Of course, his passenger-mile costs will depend on the size and riding-habits of his family. The efficient citizen who drives and cares for his own car, and uses a lower-priced car, can reckon on a mileage cost of about eight to ten cents. Consequently, this citizen, carrying three or more, is beating the railroad in his expense.

And it is pleasanter to ride, rubber on

concrete, than steel on steel. The unnecessarily loud and unpleasantly grinding noise of our American rail vehicles has tended to alienate our affections from our rail carriers, and increased the popularity of automobiles on the nonsteering highways. So have freedom from cinders and approximate freedom from dust.

The English trains are much quieter than ours. Why does not someone invent a rubber-rimmed wheel that will run safely on the rail, the steering road? There is a deserved fortune for the man who will put a noiseless, or nearly noiseless, wheel under our rail vehicles.

Turning again to countervailing advantages accruing from the steering road: On this road it is practicable to use long trains operated by a single engine — an enormous advantage in handling both passengers and freight. On the nonsteering road, trains are impracticable; at least, without interposing at frequent intervals vehicles with steering apparatus and operators therefor. On the nonsteering road, a train operated from a head engine would be wrecked at the first sharp curve.

Plainly the motor roads can never compete successfully with the rail roads in handling heavy freight or passengers in concentrated form.

Another contrast is that, so far, passengers moving on the nonsteering roads have been furnished transportation only — plus some protection against wind and weather. But the passenger rail-carriers furnish us heat, light, toilet facilities, sleeping-accommodations, and expensive station service. A modern American Pullman train is almost a moving set of hotels — undoubtedly the most comfortable form of long-distance transportation ever yet devised; also the most expensive, if all the items of cost were

properly reckoned, as in practice they never are. To ride on such a train is like using a Rolls-Royce for a baby carriage; it carries the baby comfortably enough, but the weight and expense are disproportionate to the job.

But without further balancing the advantages and disadvantages of the two rival forms of transportation — it is obvious that motor traffic easily reaches the saturation stage, somewhat as does the single-track railroad. There has been no pleasure or comfort in riding downtown in one's automobile for two or three years. Increasingly, there is neither pleasure nor comfort nor safety in country trips.

The general conclusion is that motor traffic is unsafe, unpleasant, and generally undesirable, unless kept within moderate limits. We are now at or near the saturation stage.

But, on the other hand, the steering roads, the rail carriers, can handle a practically unlimited amount of traffic; for, by multiplying tracks, order, safety, and efficiency arise in the vehicle movement on the steering road.

V

Turning back from functions to finance, we find an interesting contrast between the methods under which our rail-highway carriers were created, and the method of financing motor cars and motor roads. In general we have financed our rail system, both roads and vehicles, on credit based chiefly on tolls, supplemented by large contributions of public money and still more of public land. But the rail carriers have been so organized and managed as to result in a constant, unwarranted increase of the capital charge. Banker management, and the failure of the rules of the Interstate Commerce Commission to require proper charges for depreciation and nonrevenue-pro-

ducing improvements, have been the two chief sources of this unsound system.

But rail highways, like all other roads, as well as schoolhouses and other public buildings, are nothing but social furnishings, in which depreciation and obsolescence are large factors. Witness the fate of investments in our canals. No people having a proper regard for their children will load them down with heavy debts or fixed charges for furnishings, family or social. We should pay as we go, or at least provide for the pretty rapid discharge of the debts we incur. Investments in railroads should have been treated as, in essence, public debts — to be shouldered by the generation that incurred them.

The only alternatives to such a policy are confiscation, open or disguised, or an unjust inheritance by our posterity of taxation for ancestral foolishness and selfishness. In practice, we confiscate; witness the New Haven and the Boston & Maine.

This is but a generalization. Historically, our railroad financings have been so mixed up with fraud, waste, stock-watering, bad management, and division of responsibility between investors and Government, that it is not surprising that there is little clear thinking as to the nature and extent of public responsibility for the money so used. Our methods of financing our rail-highway carriers have always been indefensibly and stupidly unsound and wasteful.

So far, our methods of financing our motor roads are in pleasing contrast. These roads have, throughout the country, been built from public moneys — taxation, present and prospective. They are thus, to the user, free roads. The only exceptions seem to be a few remaining toll-roads in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and some toll-bridges,

necessary parts of the highway. But the tendency is toward eliminating all tolls on the nonsteering roads. And these roads are, in general, built to meet an intelligently and honestly ascertained public need — not to make profits for some construction company, or to float stocks and bonds grounded on tolled traffic. Of course, politics and graft have not been entirely eliminated. But in fundamentals the system is sound. For our motor-road financial policy at least *tends* to put money into needed roads only; while our railroad financial policy tended to create speculative, unneeded, strike roads, now in process of abandonment.

In this extensive work of motor-road construction we have been combining Federal, state, and municipal taxation and administration. Since 1916, the Federal Government has appropriated about \$600,000,000, allotted to the states on a scheme intended to contribute to a real, *national* highway system. This combination fairly and effectually recognizes that highways, originally and primarily for local use, are increasingly for general, national use. The national work is carried on under the Bureau of Public Roads in the Department of Agriculture. A study — not very profound — of the methods evolved leaves, in general, a pleasant impression of intelligent and sound direction and administration. The Federal Bureau seems to have rendered efficient and economical service in working out the many difficult new problems, and in furnishing in the states and its subdivisions suggestions as to sound methods of construction, maintenance, and financing. The monthly periodical, *Public Roads*, contains data of the greatest value to all officials and road engineers.

A few figures are worth noting as to the origin and destination of our money going into motor roads. Most of the

following are found in *Public Roads*, Vol. 5, No. 4. While, unfortunately, most of the figures are nearly three years old, they show instructive facts and tendencies.

In the nine years from 1914 to 1923, the percentage of highway expenditures derived from motor-vehicle and gasoline taxes increased from 5.1 to about 19 — a most wholesome tendency. Per capita expenditures for rural roads were \$10.90 in 1921, thus derived: from motor taxes, \$1.17; from bonds, \$4.15; from Federal aid, \$.75; from general taxes, \$4.83. About one eighth of all general taxes went for roads.

The methods of financing motor roads vary substantially in different sections of the country. To one familiar with the black and dismal history of New England railroad financing, it is pleasant to write that our New England methods of financing our motor roads are the best in the United States. As noted above, in 1921 the country as a whole raised \$10.90 per capita for rural highways; but in New England it was only \$6.25. Our denser population probably accounts for our less per capita cost of highways. But the average tax per motor car was, in the United States, \$11.80, in New England, \$16.40. More important is the fact that in the country as a whole the percentage of the total highway revenue from taxes derived from motor and gasoline was only 10.6 per cent, whereas in New England it was over 25 per cent — more than double the average for the country. In the nation, 38 per cent, or \$438,000,000, of the expenditures for motor roads was raised on bonds; but in New England only 12.7 per cent — one third the proportion of the country at large. Our sounder system resulted in having in New England a per capita annual charge for bond interest of only \$.80 as compared with \$4.10 in the country

as a whole. Clearly our posterity will have, by comparison, good reasons to think well of us.

It thus appears that we in New England are doing better than the rest of the country in making the owners of the new vehicles pay their just proportion of the cost of the roads and streets they make us build and maintain for their use. But they are still paying less than their full share. It is a pity the gasoline tax was defeated in the Massachusetts referendum at the last election. It was a wise law.

We must stand firmly against the political pressure motor interests show menacing signs of bringing against making this industry pay its just dues. Our sad experience with unsound methods of financing our rail transportation system should be an effective lesson.

VI

To discuss the significance of this tremendous development of a new and rapidly growing transportation system in its relation to our railroad problem would call for another long article. A few brief observations only. Five years ago we were assured that the Transportation Act of 1920 had 'solved the railroad question'; that it was 'the greatest output of modern constructive statesmanship'; that under it we were to 'have a few great railroad systems,' competing and coördinating, synchronously and harmoniously, in accordance with a plan to be completed in not more than one year by the Interstate Commerce Commission; that a new Labor Board was to give us peace and efficient coöperation between managerial and operating staffs; that railroad credit would be restored, and investments, old and new, properly protected and rewarded. Five years have passed; no consolidation plan has been adopted by the Commission.

The project is practically abandoned, or might as well be. For about three years the prevailing view was that, pending the adoption of such plan, the law froze the status quo, so that the Commission would not approve any consolidation. Then, by a majority of one, the Commission, in the Nickel Plate Case, rejected that view and approved securities to facilitate a consolidation.

Only a decision by the Supreme Court can determine whether the majority or the minority are right in this later construction of the act. But statesmanship that creates such differences of opinion as to their powers among competent administrative officials lacks constructive efficiency.

Under the Labor Board we have had one of the worst strikes in railroad history. At present there seems to be a truce in the labor war — apparently because neither management nor operating staff desires further intervention by that Board. With much higher rates the average net earnings for the five years are about \$670,000,000, as contrasted with about \$950,000,000 for the three years ending June 30, 1917, taken as a basis for Government contracts during Federal control.

High rates, poor net earnings, no consolidations worth mentioning, one new Government bureaucracy added to the forty-eight previously struggling with railroad problems — these are the achievements of the Esch-Cummins Act in five years. It is no wonder that hundreds of railroad bills are now pending before Congress. Very likely none of them ought to pass, or will pass.

The railroad problem is not solved. But it may be that the motor-road carrier and water transportation will yet solve it, by making railroad traffic so unprofitable that the confusing scramble over tolls — the essence of

our railroad problem — will end, as it has over trolley fares in Massachusetts. Death solves many problems.

It always becomes 'a public function' to provide essential roads and necessary public carrier service thereon, when, charging what tolls the traffic will bear, the undertaking is not money-making. If it is money-making, then the job belongs 'in the field of efficient private initiative.' We may be nearing that stage in dealing with our railroad problems.

At any rate, as our railroads come to

their centennial celebration, and view their political, taxation, financial, competitive, and functional status, they may well consider how 'queer' Doctor Holmes's 'One-horse Shay' felt and looked on a like occasion: —

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.

There are few signs that the forces in control of our railroads, either in Washington or in the corporations, are appreciating the significance of the obvious.

WHAT MANNER OF MAN WAS GOMPERS?

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I

FOR years Samuel Gompers was American Labor. If one traces its victories, one uncovers his tactics. His virtues were the best measure of its social reform. His prejudices, bigoted under stress, became fixed by its trials and errors. Rarely have the native limitations of a leader so perfectly synchronized with the cultural limitations of a movement. Gompers was the clarion consciousness of the unconscious wishes and fears of the tribal period — the primitive craft phase — of American Labor. He was the Moses of its forty years in the wilderness, its daily struggle for manna, its defense against inner rebellion and outer attack.

It is hard to tell Moses from Israel during those forty years in the desert. Guerrilla existence demanded such high-handed leadership of such narrow idealism that the fire of the leader

blinds us to the terrible trail behind him. It was only when those simple tribes were brought to the threshold of their greater social significance that his spirit cooled and clarified against the background of their stern epic. His work done, he went to the top of a mountain and died. His death revealed that he was not much of a prophet, for his vision was limited by his watchful pugnacity. He was not much of a thinker, for the same reason. He was a great personal chieftain, whose narrow righteousness was never disturbed by philosophical doubts or utopian dreams.

It is idle to fall into the rhythm of analogy. But the strength of Gompers was of just that kind. He was a personal leader — vigilant, dictatorial, canny, incorruptible, narrow in his ideals though wide in his sympathies,

and for his time and place the only man for the job. The American Federation of Labor is still a community of backward and often barbarous tribes. When he joined what there was of the Labor movement in his late teens in the late sixties, it was wage-enslaved with a callousness which now seems incredible. It was practically unorganized. At first he drifted — never completely — into the reveries and dream-talk of the socialism of the period, here and there touched by that fatal anarchist decadence which comes to every movement unable to connect with its times. These Red and Black clouds had drifted over from the lightning of the '48 revolutions and the Communist manifestoes of the Old World. But the winds of our industrial frontier soon dispelled them. For a while he even flirted with the equally naïve native syndicalism of the Knights of Labor, whom he later disrupted in one of his most brilliant campaigns. But in time his indomitable realism asserted itself. He appreciated the absurdity of dialectic nightmares and One Big Union attacks against the young giant of American capital. He went to the burning bush and listened to the voice of his Lord. His Yahweh appeared to him in the overalls of a glorified trades-union workman. To him Gompers was loyal to his dying breath. And from him he got this simple decalogue: organize by separate crafts; fight for more wages; for fewer hours; for better work-rules; strike when necessary; break no contracts; obey the oligarchy of the elder chiefs; commit no adultery with socialists, anarchists, syndicalists, communists; covet not the function of capital; and abstain from partisan politics. As years went by he grew ever more orthodox in this ritual of daily opportunism. Under the circumstances he was essentially right. This piecemeal

campaign for social justice kept American Labor from dissipating its strength in the hostile environment of an industrial borderland, which only nowadays is gradually vanishing.

II

Gompers had the physical spell of the personal leader. When seated, the powerful, long-armed torso and the enormous head seemed to belong to a six-footer. But when he rose his hefty, absurd little legs kept him from soaring above five feet four and gave a touch of anthropoid strength to his chronic restlessness. The head was magnificent. It looked like an animated boulder, on which the weathers of a rich and dangerous life had carved large and rugged yet tremulously sensitive features. The granite complexion, the mossy tufts of graying hair, the Oriental cast of countenance — its whole noble freakishness fascinated. His face was perpetually acute, forever approving or disapproving with the entire gamut of strong emotion. When he felt very intensely his pellucid gray eyes, perched wide apart behind bits of thin window-glass, gave the impression of inflaming his face. The mouth was a wide slit, with the corners quivering down the hard and well-rounded jaw. The voice had the rare and exquisite gift of communicating any emotion he felt. All his vital expressions rose and fell together as though controlled by some inner mechanism. One moment the mobile mask would be cunningly furtive and quizzical, then intimately and wistfully kind; then again it would glow with a self-righteous passion that in retrospect seemed grotesque. It was a congenitally histrionic face, and its outlay in spiritual energy bespoke an enormous vitality.

Physically, and especially nervously, he was tireless. Inhumanly grueling

labor and a Gargantuan intemperance seemed to make no impression on him. He had the iron man's disregard for all common-sense in matters of diet, sleep, pleasure, drink, comfort, and work. Years on end his work-day began shortly after eight in the morning and ended deep in the night. Even his relaxations—which he often took in one of the cheap burlesque houses on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington or in a saloon frequented by the Labor crowd—were spent with some friend or foe in the everlasting game of Labor strategy. His mere animal spirits roused the elementary admiration which we all have for those who are able to go on forever. And even brief contact with his impassioned, prudential, ceaseless alacrity left one fatigued, pleasantly if the relation was pleasant, distempered if otherwise. But even his closest associates rarely left him with a sense of indifference.

His intensity simplified his nature. His tactics, no matter how oblique or vicarious, were intuitional and not intellectual. In his likes and dislikes he was childishly stubborn. And in the women who played a part in his life he called forth mainly the maternal affection. The first Mrs. Gompers, whom he married when he was seventeen and she a bit younger, and with whom he lived in homely comradeship for fifty-four years, mothered his gifts and adjusted herself to his shortcomings by overlooking them. She slipped into the rôle of making a home for his cause and it was charming to see the fine friendship which existed between this plain little Jewish housewife and the Scotch-Irish Labor oligarchy which moved around her husband.

For a long generation his personal secretary was Miss Guard. And when toward the end of his life the Bright's disease from which he had suffered for many years affected his heart, Miss

Guard nursed him with infinite patience. She would interrupt important conferences to force on him a pill or a spoonful of medicine, much to his peevish disgust, which occasionally precipitated a scene. She knew his every reaction and softened their effects on himself with the shrewdness of friendship, fooling him when he needed or wanted to be fooled and giving him a piece of her mind whenever he needed a censor.

His research secretary was Miss Thorne, who knows as few others the pawns and forces in American Labor. In time she selflessly trained her mind into the shadow of his to such perfection that students of Labor and writers who went to Gompers for his opinions almost always came to her afterward for the real facts and psychology back of them. And she explained and extended his views with rare faith and diplomacy. The devotion with which these two splendid old maids admired, understood, interpreted, and forgave him is remarkable, for there was much in his life and language and ways of doing things which they would have deeply resented in others. The secret probably lay in the fact that to them he was both a great leader and a bad boy.

Unconsciously Gompers surrounded himself with far lesser men. Mr. Matthew Woll, who was derisively called his 'crown prince' or 'office boy,' was and still is the only man of marked ability on the executive council of the Federation. The others drifted to the important positions either through a combination of seniority and conformity or, as Labor people express it, because they are 'good poker-players' and play any game accordingly. Gompers invariably held the best hand. They were his creatures, not at all in any invidious, but in the purely malleable, sense. He instinctively picked

them because their minds were certain to fade into his. They shared his ideas, which were mediocre, while they lacked his élan, which was his strength. Constitutionally the office of President of the American Federation of Labor is very weak. He can call no strikes; he can settle none. When he issues a call for a boycott it has none but moral force. The Federation is often called a rope of sand. Its treasury is far weaker than the treasuries of most well-sized unions. The office is entirely one of moral authority, of suasion, of tactics and countertactics, of maintaining nice balances through the juggling of forces. Gompers could play this game — sympathetically, ruthlessly, understandingly, cunningly — with the perfection of a creative artist. Often the leaders were mistrustful of one another, but they could always finally trust him. He had given himself to the movement completely — and they felt it. He understood them better than they did themselves — and they knew it. He was the moral centre of their cause. They often strayed to its periphery; but they never dared to leave the circle of his influence, for beyond its reach was the camp of the enemy.

He held them together with all the devices of the superb politician. But fundamentally he kept his machine through the force of morale.

III

Gompers had the mental characteristics of the personal leader. He was vastly experienced. The social politics of this country for the last half-century were his personal reminiscences. One morning he sketched for me the so-called concerted movement in allied crafts, on which I had spent a good half-year in research and travel. He told me all I already knew about it in

a brief half-hour, and then he told me some things about it which no amount of study could have unearthed. He had gone through the vortex of every political campaign since Garfield — in most states of the Union. He had been in the thick of the fight for or against every bit of social legislation since the late seventies. He carried in his retentive mind the motion picture of the last half-century of our social history, which alone would have made him one of the best historians of that period, were it not for the fatal censorship of his frequently bigoted retrospections and prejudices.

Then he was uncannily shrewd. One by one he outwitted his opponents and rivals, driving them off the confines of the mass movement of American Labor, away to the left and into the desert with nothing to face but their own embittered Atlantis. He had the fighter's cold-hot fury, merciless, savagely invective and personal yet superbly controlled during the struggle; but instantly ready to compromise when compromise amounted to victory, and completely forgiving the moment he won. He was above personal grudges, though he was never so weak as to believe that in politics one can fight ideas without hitting their carriers. These two qualities, his monumental experience and his sharp skill, welded by his impassioned self-righteousness, gave the impression of wisdom. He gave such good precedents for his consummate strategies that one had the feeling of a synthetic understanding behind them. Great character often gives this illusion. Thus Gandhi's mystical genius so obscures the naïve nonsense of his beliefs in a world without laws, medicine, and machinery that his observations seem profound. Gompers had the same necromantic influence, not merely on himself and his followers, but also on his dissenters.

Everybody praised or indicted his social philosophy.

But as a matter of fact that's just what he lacked. He had no long view either of life or of Labor. And the strength as well as the weakness of American Labor under his leadership lay in its hourly realism. When he ventured into philosophical speculations about the State or industrial society he was invariably sophomoric. He had the Jewish admiration for learning, but it was superficial. He read a good deal in the social sciences, but always to prove his own prejudices. And even in his serenest intellectual moments he thought not in search of truth but in terms of debate.

Thus for over forty years he fought the different socialist schools, from the blackest anarchism to the reddest Bolshevism. Yet he admitted to me that he had never studied Marx or Bakunin or Kautsky or Lenin, let alone the historical or theoretical implications of their thought. Of Bolshevism he had this to say: 'Bolshevism in Russia began in prohibition. For prohibition uproots the habits of a people' — thus linking his two pet abominations. Of the wars of the pamphlets in which these Red leaders had engaged he knew absolutely nothing. And since the history of European Labor consists so largely of its reactions to the splits in the Social Democracy, he was so woefully ignorant about it as to be a source of perpetual wonder to his European comrades.

Tactically he beat the radicals, man by man, movement by movement, in convention after convention. He always knew their ways and means and masterfully frustrated them, but he never understood their various aims. He always defeated their intentions, but he never knew their motives, except that he could tell the faker from the fanatic. His first anti-

radical drives were against the primitive socialist, anarchist, and syndicalist sectlets, whose constant segmentation speckled the Labor movement in the seventies and eighties of the last century. Then he fought the shrewd but weak Powderly and the Knights of Labor; then the saintly but simple Debs in the syndicalist nineties, and the socialists of this century; then the fanatical and ascetic De Leon and his Socialist Labor Party; then the vitriolically embittered and irresolute Haywood and the I. W. W.; finally our contemporary Bolshevik Don Quixote, William Z. Foster, and his communist phrase-movement. And all along he fought those who believed in a Labor party, from the days when such belief was mere folly to the days when it seemed at least feasible, standing firmly for the nonpartisan policy of 'rewarding the friends' and 'punishing the enemies' of Labor in the two old parties.

But he fought not merely the radicals. He fought all 'intellectuals' — a term he constantly rolled on his tongue with the fascination of deep hatred. Since the war there has been a growing tendency in our Labor movement toward what has been so happily called Trade-Union Capitalism. These New Unionists are accepting the basic economic structure of American industry and are trying to work within it. During the last few years they have gone into banking, insurance, and business to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars. They are developing the technical training and the vocational placement of their rank and file. They are organizing for greater political power. But, most significantly, they are beginning to collaborate successfully with Capital, in the only way in which collaboration is possible, by assuming Labor's responsibility toward production. They

guarantee efficient production in exchange for intelligent and humane management. Here and there, especially in the needle and railroad industries, they are establishing boards of mutual control and impartial arbitration. And they share contractually in the resulting benefits. In the words of one of their leaders, 'organized Labor is passing the stage of mere economic haggling. It is still bargaining. But it is bargaining for a way of life.' Now the illuminating thing about Gompers is that he fought this essentially conservative way of life just as hard, though far more covertly, as he fought the radical way of life. And for the same instinctive reason. The New Unionists threatened to lift his bushwhacking opportunism into an industrial programme. They threatened to weaken his jealous craft-separatism, with its absurd 'jurisdictional disputes' in the face of the amalgamation of capital. In short, they wanted more peace, while Gompers lived on fighting. He was born to infight at close range: for a little more money — penny by penny; for a little more leisure — minute by minute; for a little more leeway — rule by rule; through the weapon of the strike and the armistice of its 'settlement.' And he hoped to orchestrate the discordant trades in each industry so slowly that no leader might lose his job or his power.

All his life Gompers fought these 'intellectuals' — the radicals in the Labor movement, the outside liberals and reformers who were 'butting in,' the New Unionists. Since the war his anti-intellectualist attitude developed into unreasonable hatred of anybody with a formal training or a liberal education who took an interest in Labor otherwise than as a hired 'expert.' This obsession grew on him because he instinctively felt that the

Labor movement *was* outgrowing its primitive craft-phase; that it *was* becoming a way of life; that the forty years in the wilderness *were* closing; and that his leadership was bound to wane in time. His own era was really from the early eighties of the last century until our entry into the war. Since then he felt in himself the struggle between the old and the new. He was too self-righteous ever to admit even to himself that he might be wrong. But, like all perfect tacticians, he had an inner censor that warned him when his opponents expressed genuine unrest in the rank and file. And in the last few years he inspired several counter-reformations against his own orthodoxy. When the trades-unions became too fratricidally 'autonomous,' he manœuvred the progressives in the American Federation of Labor into pressing successfully for the different industrial 'Departments' in the Federation. These Departments are mere clearing-houses for all the trades in one industry. But they appeased the rank-and-file wish for closer coöperation, and the leaders could be trusted not to lose their jobs by amalgamating their unions. When in the last presidential campaign it seemed that the advocates of independent political action were gaining in strength, Gompers 'nonpartisanly' endorsed La Follette, to whom he was bound by ties of genuine friendship. Had La Follette won a strong congressional bloc, Gompers would have won with the winner. As it was, Gompers was able to smash completely his Socialist and other third-party opponents at the last national convention of the American Federation of Labor, where he fought his last fight. But, whether in retreat or attack, he always fought with the same head-I-win-tails-you-lose keenness. The detail of his playing both ends against

the middle was a joy to observe. And, paradoxically, his sincerity was deepest in his very conviction that, as long as *he* was loading the dice, Labor was safe.

His struggle against capital and the judiciary required much less acumen. It needed mainly two qualities, morale and industry. And he had no end of both.

In 1908 he was sentenced to one year in prison for contempt of an injunction against Labor's boycott of Buck's Stove and Range Company. He never served the sentence. But no one who knew him could doubt his contemptuous sincerity: 'That's all right. Prison holds no terrors for me. My fare cannot be simpler. My bed cannot be plainer. And the rest might do me good.' His answer to the 'injunction judges' was equally fearless:—

'Only bigoted, power-lusting judges refuse to admit that the abuses of government by injunction cry to Heaven. They are pure judicial usurpations without any warrant in law.'

The central task of the American Federation of Labor is to organize the unorganized workers, which means chronic warfare against the most conservative section of capital. Under the Gompers régime, since 1882 its membership grew from a scant 50,000 to about 3,000,000. The executive routine of this growth under continuous fire was enormous, and Gompers carried most of its administrative as well as tactical responsibilities. In fact, his intra-Labor quarrels centred largely about this same problem of speed and method in organizing the unskilled workers. We have seen how he resisted the radical demand in the Federation for the spread of class-consciousness. He showed the same stubbornness toward capital. 'There is not one word,' so he once indirectly

addressed a group of employers, 'which I have said upon the question of Labor that I would unsay except to say it more emphatically. There is not one step that I have taken which I would retrace except to take it more firmly.'

It would be difficult to pass a more critical judgment on his orthodoxy, resilient only in its safeguards.

IV

But Gompers's immediate strength as a leader was his intense humanness. Nothing human ever escaped his sensitive spirit. He was not merely abidingly kind to those who did not cross him. He understood the arts of warmth and affection. His histrionic temper enjoyed being delicately decent, befitting the person and the moment. His pity was instant and unquestioning. His democracy was not ulterior but natural. He recognized sincerity even in his bitterest foes. 'Is n't it a pity that such an intelligent fellow as Foster should make such an ass of himself?' he once remarked to me. His zest of life was richly spontaneous and communicative, and his humor, both subtle and spiced, was infectious in his own enjoyment of it.

His friends simply could do no wrong. When they felt like it they could 'tell Sam where to get off' with a personal frankness which was amazing. Toward them he dropped all his shrewdness and was absolutely guileless. When he was shown the confession of the McNamara brothers of having dynamited the Los Angeles Times Building, he was dazed by their treachery: 'That's terrible. . . . If John McNamara had told me in confidence that he was guilty, I don't believe I would have betrayed him. I am willing to stand by it — I don't believe I would have betrayed him. But I certainly would

not have declared my confidence in him. I certainly would not have raised money for his defense.' Gompers had fought violence in Labor all his life. Still, McNamara was a Labor man: 'I don't believe I would have betrayed him.' Clearly Gompers was class-conscious; not in the technical revolutionary sense, but class-conscious none the less.

And he liked to think of himself and his own as proletarians, again in the simple wage-earning sense. 'I am a member of a family of working people,' he boasted. 'My father and grandfather worked at a trade. I worked at mine for twenty-six years. My children are workers. My granddaughter is a stenographer. The members of my family always have been and expect to remain wage-earners.' In nothing was his devotion to Labor so touching as in this half-empty boast, in which he believed because he liked the idea. His children are engaged either in white-collar jobs or in small business. Our American stenographers are hardly imbued with a proletarian psychology. And Gompers himself was the scion of an impoverished branch of the aristocratic Jewish-Austrian family Gompertz, sometimes spelled Gompertz, which furnished the Hapsburg empire with merchant princes, soldiers, statesmen, and savants. The well-known actuary and astronomer, Benjamin Gompertz, a member of the British Royal Society, and the celebrated historian of Greek culture, Theodor Gomperz, were distant avuncular relations. Gompers's grandfather was a rather shiftless fellow, one gathers, who after much wandering settled in Holland and bitterly deplored his enforced transition from the upper middle to the working class. But in his father, Solomon Gompers, the proletarian metamorphosis was complete. Sometime in the second

quarter of the last century he moved from Holland into the unspeakable squalor and pauperism of Whitechapel in London. There Samuel was born on January 27, 1850, one of eight children. His schooling was meagre. His clothing and comforts and street life were those of the ghetto urchin. His family seems to have been almost destitute. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but he conceived a violent dislike to cobbling. And so his father apprenticed him to his own trade of cigar-maker. In 1863 the family landed in New York City.

In America the family fared much better. The boy had all the advantages of poverty without the demoralization of squalor; of ceaseless toil but in an atmosphere of hope. As he was developing leadership — in his very adolescence — the storm and stress of American Labor gathered about his head.

Gompers never rose above those circumstances. He did far more. He literally conquered them in their very surroundings. He died not much richer, working just as hard and equally 'loyal to loyalty.'

In 1877 he played the leading part in organizing the Cigar-makers' Union. For a few years he was its moving spirit. In 1881 he helped to bring about the International Trades-Union Congress in Pittsburgh. In 1882 this organization changed its name to the American Federation of Labor, elected him president, and he was launched upon the longest militant career in the history of the Republic. For six more years he worked at the cigar-maker's bench all day in order to support his job as president of the American Federation of Labor, at night. And with the exception of the year 1895, when the Socialists were able to combine with the miners and elect John

McBride, he kept his office until his death last December.

Gompers could never quite rid himself of the sense of being an immigrant Jew, aggravated by his inevitable malignment as a 'Labor agitator.' He was far above being either proud or ashamed of his race. For the Jewish faith he had the same strong private dislike he felt for all religion — not merely in form, but in spirit as well. He had the normal man's liking for his own people. At a recent convention he invited the delegates from one of the needle trades, all Jews, to spend an evening with him. 'Let's have a little party. I want to be with my own people for a change. I want to get away from these Irish rough-necks,' he said, with a slyly affectionate wink at the 'roughnecks' present. But he did feel intensely, and justly, that the head of American Labor must be American.

Normally his patriotism was a very fine thing. He loved his country for the sufficient reason that it was his. But during the war, and to some degree after, his alien-Jew-agitator complex may have had something to do with his rather blatant one-hundred-percentism, as some who were close to

him felt. Still, there was a good deal of shrewdness mixed with his nationalist frenzy. When the war broke out, he clearly foresaw the war-time legislation in favor of Labor. He saw in the war 'the disenthralment of the American worker of every vestige of wrong and injustice.' He felt that then and there was Labor's supreme chance to accelerate its standard of living. And the trend of his mind appears very clearly in the rhetorical question he asked the American people early in 1918 in a public address, and in his own sanguine answer to it: 'When the war is over, do you think that . . . Labor will be thrown aside? Not on your life!'

Gompers felt about the 'disenthralment' of Labor much as Lincoln felt about the preservation of the Union. Anything goes!

Such devotion touches greatness. The secret of his strength was in the paradoxically selfless egocentricity with which he harmonized his person and his crusade. He lost his life in his cause and he never troubled to find it. He died at the very end of his era and in the midst of his job.

And such a death was really all he wanted from life.

THE CHINESE OF IT

BY AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

October 26, 1924

I HAVE had no mail for weeks. Postal transportation has completely broken down. In Tangku — the transshipment port for all mail from and to Tientsin, Peking, and the interior — there is a grand total of one mail clerk still reporting for duty. The railroad staffs have abandoned the railroads, which is just as well, for the military have every single car and engine between Mukden and Peking, except the International Train.

We have been lying on the Peking-Mukden line; so we have seen all the troop movements of both armies, including the looting of the villages. The war is altogether too large a topic for any letter; I can only say that I have been both instructed and amused, and that as an entertainment and from the scenic standpoint it is quite the best war I have ever seen.

Chao Heng-ti, whose activities were suppressed at Yochow, was a mere barnstormer; and I am informed that Sun Yat-sen's latest performance was even more amateur than Chao's.

Under Wu Pei-fu, the care given every detail extended even to the executions. Wu tried a number of his officers for cowardice, and sentenced them to be beheaded. On going to execute the sentence, it was found that one of them was already dead. A squabble much like that over the Cheshire Cat, in *Alice in Wonderland*, ensued, and ended in the King's famous decision, that anything that had a head could be beheaded, and you

were n't to talk nonsense. So the poor old corpse was dragged to the grounds and put through its paces with the rest.

November 5

I am going to try to give you some idea of what has taken place, for the whole thing is most typical of Chinese wars. The political situation you will find quite accurately outlined in various issues of the *Literary Digest*, together with some excellent maps. You really should look up these things to get the full drift.

It all started with an attack on Shanghai by the adherents of the Peking Government, which is contained in the Chihli party. For all practical purposes, that means Wu Pei-fu, and him alone. Americans have been fed so much bunkum on the subject of the Chinese republic that it is hard for them to realize that there is no such thing, and never has been. There are a number of political parties of purely geographical origin; and from time to time one or the other gets possession of the seal and seat of government at Peking. There is never any other means than bribery and armed force. There are sometimes farcical elections, but it is never really necessary to count any votes; and, in fact, if a member of Parliament betrayed any idea of voting against the party in power he would be run out or executed. The Peking Government has no power outside the territory that it controls geographically, anyhow; the other parties just retire

behind their natural frontiers and ignore the mandates from Peking. The Central Government cannot so much as promote a post-office clerk beyond the borders of the provinces it controls when out of power as well as in.

Why, then, all this pother and fighting about who shall sit and hold a meaningless rod, and pass unnoticed laws? Simply because the customs, salt, and other main revenue taxes of China are collected by an international commission of foreigners. This has been found imperative because of the natural tendency of any Oriental to retain for his own use any public or other money that comes his way, so that foreign nations cannot carry on commerce at a profit with the customs in native hands. This is all very deplorable and a source of great agitation to the idealists; but it works, and no other plan will; so that is how they do it. In fact, when a return to native officials is attempted, the merchants themselves come out flat against it.

Now this foreign commission does not care a whoop about Chinese politics. It has one job, and does it: to collect the money and send it to Peking. Thus it comes about that, though the Central Government is a joke on all other counts, it is in clover when the rents come round.

Do I mean that a region which does not owe any allegiance to Peking has to pay taxes to Peking, and that the collection of all the taxes is in the hands of, and enforced by, the united powers of all the foreign governments?

That is exactly what I mean. For if any local Tuchun could gain the customs revenue, by the always simple plan of rebellion against Peking, there would be no limit to the questions that would arise as to just who was the local power. Also it would inevitably break China up into even smaller

pieces than at present; and that, every nation distrusts every other nation too much to permit. Most important of all, the Chinese owe great sums of money to foreigners, both bonds and Boxer funds, and no security based on China in any way would be worth the paper it is printed on if the local Tuchuns, here to-day and gone to-morrow, were allowed to receive the money. The whole general fabric depends on keeping as much of this money as possible in useful channels; and while the present system is in most ways unsatisfactory it cannot be lightly condemned, because there is no other plan whereby even a portion of China's funds can be kept out of purely predatory hands, and devoted to railroads, famine relief, education, and so forth.

Now, while there is a petty local satrap for every little mud village in China, and every provincial government has its Tuchun, or military governor, who is more absolute over his own special territory than the Tsar used to be over Russia, there are two great war-lords, to whom every other lesser power must bow if it comes to a showdown. These measure their might in various ways, and the ups and downs between them are too fast and furious to follow. However, be it remembered that, whichever is in power, it is due to the territorial strength of his political party, and to the number and efficiency of the mercenary troops in his personal army. There is, of course, no such thing as 'the Chinese Army.'

Each Tuchun recruits, organizes, and pays his own men, whom he holds by no other loyalty than the fact that they must have pay from someone, or starve; there is never any question of personal loyalty or patriotism.

This fact accounts for the many peculiarities of Chinese warfare, about

which the foreign newspapers are so fond of making 'amusing' remarks. The soldiers of any Chinese army are simply poorly paid day-laborers whose trade is war. Naturally they will take no unnecessary risks or endure no unavoidable hardships when a retreat will settle any predicament in which they may find themselves. Chinese warfare, therefore, becomes a question of position, with never any bitterly contested battles.

If an army is boxed, or outnumbered, it simply goes away from that place, and no officers in the world could prevent. Why should they stay and die for no benefit to anything but the personal fortunes of their patrician employer? Of course they get killed from time to time; but this is looked upon as one of the risks of their trade, and if the death list rises high they get up and leave that dangerous vicinity, for the same reason, and just as commendably, as miners refuse to work in a shaft that is not properly braced. To assume that Chinese have no courage or patriotism on account of the many seemingly ludicrous incidents of this particular form of warfare is to show ignorance of both China and Chinese. No question calling upon them to display either is involved in these commercial or personal wars. In the Japanese War the lowest type of ignorant coolie furnished examples of courage and devotion to duty that any nation, white or yellow, might be proud to have in its military annals.

In these hired armies the soldiers do not even dislike the enemy, any more than a man selling Packer's soap feels impelled to take arms against Pears's representative. They do not even aim at enemy trenches except when under the eye of an officer who stands to lose his head if he is defeated and cannot escape from his vengeful employers. There is, of course, no stigma attached

to desertion, any more than a carpenter would be disgraced if he found he could get better pay and shorter hours from Brown than from Smith. Indeed it is nothing for a Tuchun to enlist a poor coolie, march him hundreds of miles from home, and there, meeting with reverses, abandon him, without food, pay, or transportation. A defeated army has but two things it can do to escape starvation, for out of their home village there is no place the Chinese can work or farm. China is so thickly settled that no man may find food away from home, and not always there. They can either join the victorious army or turn bandit. It is the usual thing for a victorious army to be joined by their late enemy *en masse*.

For the foregoing reasons there is a peculiar quality to Chinese wars that makes them like nothing else in the world at present. I suppose Europe saw their like in the mercenary armies of the petty princes in the Middle Ages. Indeed there is much about them that reminds me of the mediæval novels of Conan Doyle, especially their truces about nothing at all, their punctilious courtesy about not fighting at unreasonable hours, and the way in which friend and foe drop the battle at some interruption, to return at leisure. But, at that, things happen here which could not happen outside of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, except in China.

I may instance the fact that all the armies wear the same uniform and distinguish the side to which they belong by a colored arm-band held on by a safety pin, so that, in the stress of battle or the pinch of hunger, they may join the enemy with the minimum of formality and delay. The troops refuse to wear distinctive uniforms. Indeed they would be foolish to do so, for in a single campaign they may belong to six or eight different armies.

The two big leaders to whom I referred above are Wu Pei-fu, of the Chihli party, supported by Central China and the Yangtze Valley, and Chang Tso-lin, supported by Mongolia, Manchuria, the royalist element of the old régime, and suspected by some of being more than friendly with Japan. South China is a sort of Feudal State, though there exists in the fevered imagination of Sun Yat-sen a South China Republic, of which he is the dictator. Actually he controls Canton only, as far as the city limits, and they are very sick of him there.

When the war opened, Wu was practically on the 'throne' in Peking, though the Presidential chair was nominally occupied by one of his puppets, Tsao Kun, who began life as a coolie in a stable. Most of the military men were of equally low origin. Chang was a border thief with a bandit father. Parliament was filled with the adherents of Wu, but there were various flies in the ointment; the largest was the fact that his old enemy and rival, Chang, whom he defeated and drove into Manchuria two years ago, was known to be drilling a large army.

The fighting began around Shanghai, when it was attacked by one of the provincial governors. This was because the city, while it is actually within this governor's territory, was in fact garrisoned by troops from another province, who held it for the other province against the will of its lawful lord. Shanghai is, of course, rich picking for whoever is in office there; so it was decided by the ousted province, backed by Wu, to try to take it back into the fold. This war had been brewing for a long time. When Wu's friends moved on Shanghai, the defender, Lu, appealed to Chang, as Wu's enemy, to help him out. Chang at once sent money, and promised to move to Peking and run Wu out.

In less than no time the river at Shanghai was crammed with men-of-war of all nations, and wise travelers took the added precaution of booking on a ship that did not stop at Shanghai. It should be understood that at no time was any attack contemplated on the European part of the city. The dispute was over the arsenal, dry dock, and shipyard, a mile up the river. The danger to foreign lives and property was all from wild shots, and from the large bodies of troops collected there. The defeated army was certain to be deserted by its officers; and besides, no organization would refrain from entering and looting the to them fabulously rich foreign section if they could.

Shanghai is, of course, old in this sort of thing, and has an excellent volunteer defense-corps. They barricaded the white section with barbed wire and machine-guns, established armored auto-patrols and sentries, mounted field-guns, and those not actually on watch wore their arms and uniforms to business. Nevertheless there was a period of wild alarm that was changed to huge relief when the warships arrived and threw strong parties ashore. After that, the only epochal event was the captioning of a destroyer picture in a local paper as: 'Silent Sentinels Safeguarding Shanghai Settlement's Shore.'

Shanghai fell to Wu's troops. Chang had been mobilizing, but owing to the fact that all the North country had been badly flooded he had not made much headway. You may remember that when I was in Peking it was raining part of the time as I never saw it rain before; the whole country round could not be traveled except one line to the sea. Chang was digging in behind the Great Wall, but Wu was holding him. Every day made it appear that a really big war was

brewing. One by one warships began to gather wherever there were foreign lives to be protected. It was realized that the fall of Shanghai released many troops to Wu; but it soon appeared that Chang was not stopping for that; also the land was drying off. Then Feng deserted Wu Pei-fu, ran out Tsao Kun, and the whole thing blew up! This coup d'état at Peking had in it the makings of the juiciest international uproar since the Peace Conference. . . .

November 10

At this point you had better get out your map of China or you cannot follow me.

Due west of Korea — or Chosen, as the Japs call it — is the Yellow Sea, so called because it is really yellow. Its western branch is the Gulf of Pechili, where more trouble can start per square inch than on most of the rest of the earth together.

Now from Peking to the gulf runs a railway, through Tientsin, reaching the water at Tangku. Tangku is also on the Pei Ho, or Peking River, which runs from Peking, near the railroad all the way, emptying into the gulf below Tangku, at Taku Bar. From Tangku the railway runs along the shore northward to Mukden in Manchuria, which is the capital of Chang's province. Because of the gently shelving nature of the bottom, ships can connect with the railway at only one place between them. This is at Chingwangtao; and a few miles north is the natural border between China proper and Manchuria, inhabited by a hardier and more warlike race than the lowland Chinese.

This natural barrier is a vast and rugged mountain chain, whose highest and most impassable points are linked by the ruins of the Great Wall. The mountains are impassable to artillery and baggage trains except at a few

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natural breaks, the most important of which is at Shanhaikwan, where the railroad goes through. At these passes battles have been fought for the Empire of China since the earliest dawn of history. You can see at any of them earthen barriers and stone towers of all ages, from modern saps and trenches to the rude lines behind which the wild men of the great migrations hid.

The fact that he had plenty of warning allowed Wu to occupy the railroad pass at Shanhaikwan, from which Chang must dislodge him before he could get a gun or a man into Wu's territory. It was a position of great natural strength, and supplies came both by rail and by sea to his base at Chingwangtao. Being the representative of the Peking Government, Wu controlled the navy vessels, all four of them! Chang could not get round by sea, and also suffered in diplomacy by being technically a rebel and an invader against the Chinese Republic.

As I have said, there really is n't any such thing as the Chinese Republic, but by legal fiction all the foreign Powers are bound to act as if there were, and it makes a tremendous difference.

Chang used bombardment and aerial bombing, among other devices introduced to the heathen by the Christian nations, but made no impression on Wu's line, until Wu's left flank, which was apparently in as good a case as any army ought to hope for, suddenly fell back. The old fox took personal command at the endangered spot and, though he could not win back the ground, by one of those strokes of genius which he has always displayed he manned the heights above the lost pass, and the enemy dared not come beneath him.

The corps which had given way was under the command of one Feng, a loudly professing Christian, regarded

by most if not all of the missionary element as a sort of cross between Saint George and the dawn of a new day. He has had more missionary publicity and support than any other man, white or yellow, and has yet to miss a chance to lean on it. The rest of the foreigners never thought so much of him; especially after one time, last year, when he entered a forbidden part of the legation quarter and brutally assaulted a native policeman who tried to reason with him. Many considered it a bid for the support of the anti-foreign element.

Anyhow, a few days after the first disaster, and during the temporary absence of Wu, Feng and his whole army left the line and retreated to parts unknown. Before Wu could rally, he was pushed back to his second line at Chingwangtao, and the Manchurians were through the pass. Then it became known that the traitor, Feng, had returned to Peking and occupied it, during the night.

He forced the puppet President to sign a mandate making peace with Chang and ordering Wu to return to Peking and be tried as a disturber of the peace of the realm. The richness of this is the more apparent when you remember Wu had left Peking as the defender of the Central authority, even if it were only a vest-pocket government. Wu, of course, ignored the mandate, and so was proclaimed rebel against the government he himself had put in Peking. Feng continued to lay plans to attack him from the rear, but was delayed by the restlessness of Peking.

Meantime news continued to come telling of more dirty work at the crossroads. Shanghai was, of course, by this time thoroughly quiet, the last stragglers of both sides having been gathered up and enlisted by the victor. The force that Wu had sent to

Shanghai was preparing to come back and help him out. Incidentally, they never did come north, for Feng cut the Peking-Shanghai railroad.

After the disaster at Shanhaikwan, Wu had put his best troops into transports at Chingwangtao and left. It was generally supposed he had fled. Judge of everyone's surprise when he landed at Taku and set out up the track, not only to keep Feng from striking his rear, but to take Peking away from Feng, and then return and mop up Chang. It was a plucky scheme, and the way he faced about by sea to cover his own tracks was masterly as well as bold. His transports ran on regular schedule; he was dug in on two fronts, and in full possession of Tientsin.

The foreign element in both Peking and Tientsin, if the newspapers are any indicators, were scared white. Both places wanted more troops than there are in the whole foreign marine-corps. The missionaries who threw themselves on the protection of their friend Feng could be counted on the fingers of one shoulder-blade. Feng prepared to sell his life dear; for if he lost there was no place to run. It looked as if the place was going to bust wide open, and the issue was too desperate for either side to worry about what happened to the foreigners. In fact handbills were scattered through the legation quarter picturing the happy day when a white head should decorate every spike on its walls.

Here let me digress, and hark back to the Boxer War. After that was a thing of the past, the Powers put a gun to China's head and made her sign a protocol which was to cure her of everything from rebellions to mumps. All the powers of foreigners in China date back to that day. The major provisions of the section which was

meant to keep the road from Peking to the sea follow: —

1. The forts at Taku and Tientsin never to be rebuilt.
2. Strong guards to remain in the legation quarter at Peking, and garrison of foreign troops to be kept at Tientsin.
3. The legations to be rigidly segregated; for instance, no Chinese, however noble, can even stroll on that part of the wall which bounds the legations.
4. If the railroad between the sea and Peking should shut down, the Powers to take it and run it themselves.
5. Chinese troops could pass through Tientsin, but could not get off their trains; marching troops not to pass within ten miles.

Now when Wu made Tientsin his base, with thousands of soldiers, it was a clear and open violation of the protocol; and, while the papers wrote silly editorials, nobody knew just what to do. The railroad was so crammed with troop trains — which amounted to another violation of the protocol — that although the Powers proceeded to operate an allied train it took days to creep a few miles.

Now the Peking River is not navigable above Tientsin; so if the line to the sea became a battle-ground Peking would be cut off, the Shanghai railroad being already cut.

What everyone was afraid of was that with a defeated army thrown back into Peking they might take it into their heads to do for the foreigners before they scattered. I am no judge of the probability of this; but I do know that Peking put up a howl that would have awakened Tyre. Possibly you and I would have joined the chorus had we been there.

The whole railroad, with the exception of the one allied train, was in military hands, the employees having fled. In all the towns along the way the post-office staffs had likewise gone. The telephone, by some miracle, was still going.

Hsinho, a little village where the Standard Oil works are, seems to be at about the focal point of the trouble; but you never can tell a day ahead of time in a Chinese war what will happen next. If persistent rumors are true, and Wu Pei-fu has really fled from China, then either the war will speedily subside, or else a new war will break out among his conquerors. Even if there are no more wars, there is in one province alone a huge defeated army, mostly untrained rabble or ex-bandits, and in any case they will be abandoned by their officers, and utterly without organization. This means looting and murder in wholesale quantities.

The railroad is in the wildest confusion. Wu Pei-fu's troops, defeated at Shanhaikwan, being chased through Peking have no other road open to them than this. They are cut off from Peking by Feng's army, and are being closed in on from all sides. Trains carrying troops, loaded beyond belief, dash up the line and back again. Off Taku Bar are many of Wu's transports, some of which steamed up as far as Tientsin, but were not allowed to land by the foreign troops stationed there. Tientsin has been a safety port since the Boxer War, and no Chinese troops are allowed there.

Sometimes, as I think I said before, the same boat goes up and down the river three and four times. At Hsinho transports come up to the railway dock and unload; then the same soldiers get back on again, and go on. It is all utter turmoil; no central control, with trains, ships, launches, and junks being seized by troops and taken

off by whoever happens to get them. Sometimes a train will get on the main line and lie there, the soldiers refusing to let anything go by either way, and yet being unable to agree on which way they want to go themselves.

It is much like Kipling's story of the Bandar-Log, starting one project after another, without finishing anything. Transportation and supply have absolutely broken down. The railroad yards are jammed with trains, the stations occupied, the warehouses broken into by troops, and every place not actually foreign ground looted. Tanku was picked clean of everything to eat. There are no supply trains, so the troops forage like locusts.

Most telegraph wires are cut; and even if they were not, all telegraphers and station staffs have fled, leaving the railroads throughout this district without so much as a section hand. The only person in the post office at Tangku is the superintendent, who could hardly handle all mail from Peking, Tientsin, and way stations personally, even if there were trains to put it on.

This is really a magnum war. Troops have been passing by the thousand. People around have been 'hearing heavy artillery fire' from every conceivable direction; but as I have never heard any I think it must be their nerves.

About six of Wu's transports were tied up along the river at various places. If I had not seen it myself, I could not have believed that so many people could be loaded in such little space. In addition, they carried some very businesslike baby tanks, and a few field-pieces.

At Hsinho they had one large warehouse full of Chinese from the neighboring villages, who were coming out there with what stuff they could carry; they were paralyzed with fright.

Every night the destroyers on the river played their searchlights around, and that alone kept the whole countryside pacified. The Chinese have a great fear of the lights, which they think are the eyes of devils. They will run out of the beam like rats.

Once the light was thrown on a train which some mutineers had captured and were looting, and the whole push took flight. Another time the light fell on a switch-engine, and it backed all the way down to Taku. One night a whole convoy of troops, in about thirty junks (the Swede in charge said sixty, but I don't believe he was calm enough to count), tied up at the wharf of the K.M.A. compound a long way up the river. The Swede was just about to send up distress rockets when the lights were thrown. The troops, which were in retreat from Shanhaikwan, and were all set to loot the place, never even left their boats, not even to get water, but got the coolies to bring it to them. They told each other that the devil-eye would see anything they did, which was fervently corroborated by the distracted Swede, who went down to the ships next day loaded with gratitude and fresh vegetables.

The country was rather wild just at this time; for the troops which Wu had in Tangku mutinied, and started to flee up the railroad to Tientsin. They were Shensi troops, all ex-bandits, and had been badly handled at the front by the energetic Manchurians. When they ran wild, Wu sent an armored train down, and penned them in Tangku, where they soon ran out of food and places to loot.

This train was near. I visited it often. It was made of coal cars lined with railroad ties, and was really quite effective. The living-accommodations consisted of straw spread in the bottom. The general in charge of the loyal troops was also quartered near. The

mutineers were finally pacified and admitted to Tientsin, when the front at Shanhaikwan went all to pieces.

The enemy got around Wu's left flank while he was building up his other line. They captured Lanchow on the Tangku-Chingwangtao line, which took that whole front in the rear and cut Wu in two pieces. The Shanhaikwan forces went all to pot and fled wildly, on transports, junks, commandeered trains, and on foot. Chang took more prisoners than he could send to the rear. Troops in every stage of disorganization began pouring into Tangku. Trains and ships would be seized and taken to one place; then the troops would change their minds and the same gang would come tearing back.

At Tientsin the track was jammed with a solid mile of trains. Many transports full of panic-stricken soldiery went up to Tientsin; but of course the guards of the foreign settlements would not let them off. It would have been suicidal to let that howling mob crowd their way in. Some boats made the trip four or five times, for the crazed soldiers would not listen to the captains when told it was no go.

I could fill a book with descriptions of the awful confusion. There was a mule-train that was found later on, abandoned, and all the animals had died of thirst. That is merely typical; and the neglect and suffering of the wounded was absolutely indescribable. There was not so much as one clean bandage nearer than Peking, and that not accessible. The physicians of Tientsin stated that the percentage of wounds that developed infection was just one hundred.

Where I was I saw the whole flight by land, afoot, and up the river. The fleeing troops even then could not give up the natural tendency to loot. I suppose the poor devils had some hazy idea of taking at least a little to show

for all they had been through. A transport tied up to a dock just long enough for all hands to run across the field and loot a mud village; then they all piled back aboard and went on.

After Chang had got so close to Tangku that in another day he would have cut Wu off from the sea and finished him up in short order, Wu piled what few men he could collect on ship-board, and departed for parts unknown. It was a great relief to everyone; for if the clash had come at Tientsin there is no telling what would have happened.

Feng now forced the President to sign an abdication, and himself went ahead, scooping up the tons of stores and the troops that were now penned between two fires. There were some wild scenes in Tientsin for a while; but for the most part the vanquished went over to the victors peaceably. Plans were laid to put one Tuan, loudly hailed by Chang's faction as a compromise candidate, in the vacant chair.

I saw trainload after trainload of Chang's troops go by; I used to go to the station and pass the time of day, just as with Wu's gang. It was n't my war. They mopped up Wu's men as they went, and left the land empty and peaceful.

There seems to be some doubt as to what capacity the navy now occupies with regard to Wu. Of course it used to be part of his forces when he represented the Central Government. But he is now in the status of a rebel; and besides, the province of Shantung has promised not to receive Wu, and that is the province that is in charge of the navy. On the other hand, the present governor of Shantung is not the same as the one who used to administer the fleet, for while it was north, helping Wu, they revolutioned him out of a job.

Wu has n't the least desire to land in Shantung. What he is evidently going

to do is go into the Yangtze Valley, which is, and always has been, hostile to Manchuria, where Chang's crowd comes from. Whether he can there heal him of his grievous wound and return from Avalon is hard to say.

November 11

Since I wrote last night, Wu has left Chefoo, after filling his ships with coal and supplies. He found ready assistance, as Chefoo is a strong Wu port. In fact, all his transports are the entire line of a Chinese company which his adherents confiscated for him at the beginning of the war, whose home port is Chefoo.

Certainly the way of a Chinese war is devious and unpredictable. One of the foreign advisers in Peking has broken into glad clarion cries about what great foresight he has. It seems he predicted at the very start of this war that one army would corrupt the other by bribery. He is indeed a prophet; but I will go him one better — so will everyone out here — and make that a *standing* prophecy for the next ten wars.

November 25

There were three executions here, last week, of bandits. They were shot, which is much better than the old system of beheading. Where that is in vogue, the executioner goes privately to a condemned man's family and demands to be bribed into making a clean slice. If refused, he hacks away for several strokes. I saw a photograph, taken less than twelve years ago, of a woman who was suffering *Ling Chee*. I came very near being sick, and I am no Clara Vere de Vere. When you think that this, and worse, goes on in the interior every day, you wonder what on earth the Oriental can be like.

The international situation has not changed much since I wrote. Wu made good his escape to the Central prov-

inces, and although they had announced before he arrived that they would support the new government he seems to have found means of altering their minds.

Whether his reasons clinked in purses or in scabbards is not known. At any rate, a military dictatorship has been set up at Nanking, the proclamation signed by all the Tuchuns of the Yangtze. Some of these, it is alleged, did not learn that they had signed till they saw their names on the list.

Chang reached Peking, reduced Feng to office-boy, second-class, and called Dr. Sun for a conference on 'how best to secure a United China,' which might be interpreted loosely to mean, Will you move north on Wu if I move south on him? Sun made several speeches full of noble sentiments and departed for Peking, where, at this writing, he has not yet arrived.

Meanwhile the Peking forces are at a standstill, several tactful hints to Feng that it would be a glorious thing for China if he and his army invaded Wu's territory having so far produced no result. Feng knows in just what form this benefit to China would be most likely to arrive, and claims to be too young to die.

Chang is waiting for more solid conditions in Peking before he leaves it. The young Emperor has been ejected from the Forbidden City for starting a counter-revolution. It may seem strange that these two hundred troops should choose to restore the monarchy in the presence of eighty thousand hostile troops who had just taken the city. It would be strange if they had.

The so-called government then went through the form of making Tuan Shi-jui (pronounced Wan Shee-ray for no apparent reason) temporary President, or something. He seems to be the sort of man who would n't harm a fly, and has n't even a political enemy, and is

being boomed for these same reasons.

Wu created quite a furore when he was in Chefoo. It seems that not all the money that was contributed was a freewill offering. It is also said that the local commanding general was in terror during the whole of Wu's visit, and wanted to be allowed to hide in the customs warehouse. The poor general is not used to war's alarm, his rank of general being the only one he ever had. Previous to his appointment as general he was a merchant, and he sought the Chefoo office only because it was the most peaceful in China. He claims to have been misled.

December 2

The Chinese situation continues to simmer slowly. If this were an ordinary war, it would be safe to say the fighting was over, for the Chinese won't fight when it is cold. But Chang's soldiers are Manchurians, and they delight in icy blasts and frozen toes. Especially since the Chinaman freezes first.

Wu Pei-fu is making no headway in the Yangtze Valley; but on the other hand the job of fetching him out of those regions is a case of 'somebody's got to git dem cats,' and the Tiger Man is sick in bed. Feng is evidently in nobody's good graces, Chang refusing to trust him; and, so far as anyone can tell from the outside, his desertion of Wu has got him no reward. He states that he intends to take a trip abroad, since the peaceful settling of China's problems has been accomplished by his recent efforts.

This statement is Chinese etiquette

for counting noses. Anyone who feels that he has work for Feng to do is now supposed to prevail upon him to give up his trip. It is the same as when a Native Son announces that in no circumstances will he accept the nomination. Coming from a Chinese, it generally indicates that the lid is about to be unscrewed from something.

Sun Yat-sen stopped off in Japan for a visit. The young Emperor fled to the Japanese legation. He issued the usual proclamation in which he explained his flight by saying that he anticipated no danger. The assumption is he needed the exercise.

The work of clearing the railways around Peking continues briskly. In pulling in the military trains, which were abandoned all over the line wherever there was a siding, they opened up one car, and found the bodies of thirty impressed coolies who had been locked in to keep them from running away. The poor devils had been forgotten in the flight, and had starved to death on some lonely siding.

I should have explained that a Chinese army carries no stevedores or other labor battalions. They pick up coolies as they go along. Sometimes they carry them far from home, and their unsupported families starve before they can get back. The margin of life is so low in China that if the daily income is cut off there is no reserve to meet the shortage. There is no way to borrow, for nobody has it to lend; and no charity to save them, for their fellows are only one day ahead of the game themselves.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PORTRAIT OF ME

WHEN a charming lady, skillful at portrait-painting, invites a modest gentleman to sit for his portrait, there is really nothing for the modest gentleman to do but thank the lady kindly, and sit. It is, for one thing, no ordinary, everyday experience, common to everybody, though more so (to imagine an imperfect analogy) than an unsolicited invitation from a tailor to have a suit of clothes made for him, which the tailor will then keep. In both cases the modest gentleman would be asked to assist disinterestedly in perfecting the skill of a fellow mortal in a chosen calling, his reward the thought that this painter would paint better portraits, or this tailor make better clothes, for practising on him. Few are painted and none, that ever I heard of, measured under these conditions.

Yet the first reaction of the modest gentleman — and I speak from experience — is to assume himself unworthy of so unexpected a compliment, as he foolishly considers it, to his personal appearance. He must needs begin by raising silly objections, and so stands, as it were, first on one foot and then on the other, bashfully sucking his thumb while pretending to regard the lady's intention as an ill-considered waste of good pigment that might better be used in painting a pretty composition of a squash, a tomato, and a bunch of carrots. Oh, nonsense — nonsense! If the lady wishes to paint him, she has her reasons, the most important of which may be that he is so lacking in the more obvious aspects of pictorial beauty that to paint him at all will interest her as

much as doing a crossword puzzle might interest somebody else.

So, for all I know, Dr. Samuel Johnson — no Adonis either — may have felt and acted when invited to sit for his portrait by Mrs. Frances Reynolds, Sir Joshua's sister; and that he was invited I take for granted because, like me, he could hardly afford to run about paying people to paint him. Boswell mentions the portrait, but unfortunately did not ask the doctor how he felt and what he thought during the sittings. We know his opinion of women painters in general. 'Public practice of any art,' so he once remarked to his biographer, 'and staring in men's faces is very indelicate in a female.'

But I, who come later, know more about such human reactions than Dr. Johnson, in whose library Mrs. Reynolds would have found no volume of our modern psychology, and in whose bright lexicon there was no such word as 'psychoanalysis.' What Dr. Johnson thought he thought, he thought he thought; and no wise savant had penetrated deeply enough into the relationship between his conscious and his subconscious mind to tell him that what he thought he thought — for example, that it was a bother to sit for his portrait to Mrs. Reynolds — was often a childish form of self-deception, and that what he really thought was the direct opposite.

There is in all of us, as the family psychologist might now explain to him, a primitive instinct to think well of ourselves, and to wish others to agree with this opinion, that cannot but be deeply touched by anybody who wishes to paint our portraits. Subconsciously

we rejoice; we are glad; we kick up our heels. Consciously we restrain ourselves. If it were not for another and opposing instinct — an absurd, hypocritical assumption of modesty slowly acquired during centuries of civilization, a fear within us that the envious herd with which we live may be antagonized by our superiority — we would fall on the artist's neck, *male or female*, in an ecstasy of delight. Then, indeed, it would be indelicate in a female to ask a gentleman to sit for his portrait. And there is no sensible reason to be ashamed of this instinct, for without it our remote and abhorrent ancestors must have remained forever in a remote and abhorrent condition of suspended evolution. That they would not have known the difference makes such a condition even worse.

So, having gone through the preliminary motions, I thanked the lady kindly, and said I would sit.

Now the first point to be settled in sitting for your portrait is to decide just how you will sit: will you, for instance, sit standing up or sit sitting down? And in either case, up or down, in which of the many easy and graceful attitudes habitual to you in daily life will you now sit? It was decided that I should sit sitting; a chair was placed on a little platform called a 'throne'; I ascended the throne, and I sat down on the chair.

I was then told to cross my right leg over my left, fold my arms, tilt my chin, and look at the ceiling; to cross my left leg over my right, put my hands in my pockets, depress my chin, and look at my left foot; to hold my left ankle with my right hand, put my left hand behind my neck, turn my head to the right, and look out of the window; to stretch both legs straight, lean back in my chair, rest my left elbow on my right palm, support my chin with my left thumb, turn my head to the left,

and look at the fireplace; to separate my feet widely, lean forward, clasp my hands between my knees, and look at the floor; to put my right foot on the front rung of the chair, my left foot on my right foot, my right hand, palm up, on my left knee, my left elbow on the palm of my right hand, my chin on the index finger of my left hand, and look at nothing in particular — a dreamy pose. Indeed, as you will observe, these are all simple and easy poses such as a modest gentleman assumes naturally when he sits for his portrait.

Eventually, however, the lady decided that I was most myself when I sat with my left foot slightly in front of the other, my left shoulder blade lightly touching the back of the chair, my left hand resting on my left knee, my right hand reposing negligently on my right knee, and looked at her. She then drew chalk marks around the feet of the chair and the feet of the sitter, and put a cigarette between the first and second fingers of my left hand to add artistic verisimilitude to my position of easy, unstudied grace.

At regular intervals, like the little figure of General Grant that used to advertise a cigar in tobacco-shop windows, I lifted my left hand, and smoked.

There is something about this situation, after you have got used to it and a lady has begun to paint your portrait, that seems to invite even a modest gentleman to chatter about himself, probably because he has nothing else to do and because this topic, owing to the primitive instinct I have just mentioned, is so fascinating to all of us. More than that, I suspect it may be the practice of portrait-painters to encourage and insidiously egg on this primitive instinct in sitters, as the best way of obtaining a constantly pleasant expression. It is altogether different from being told to 'look pleasant,'

which merely reminds you that you do not look pleasant already. As you sit for your portrait your past life unrolls itself, not in the hurried panorama of remorse said to precede death by drowning, but selectively, happily, comfortably, always stepping the best foot foremost, so that I, for example, could tell the lady all about it. Incidents of my childhood came back to me, trifles of slight but picturesque interest, yet differentiating the bright little fellow from the childish herd, and somehow forecasting, even then, that he would some day write a Contributors' Club paper for the *Atlantic*. Ah, Boswell! Boswell! — you should have been behind the arras when Mrs. Reynolds was painting that portrait of Dr. Johnson.

Meantime the lady who was painting me said little — an occasional suggestion that I had unwittingly moved my head, or an appreciative word or so to keep the autobiography going — but held busily to her task, tacitly excusing herself from conversation by holding one brush in her mouth while she worked with another. Now and then, to be sure, I stopped. I fell silent, methodically smoking my cigarette and accumulating more material for self-revelation.

'A little to the left, please.
I cannot see your ear.
A little to the left, please,
Will make it reappear.

Your ear is like the North Star
That guides the mari-neer;
And when I see it plainly
I know just how to steer.'

I don't mean to suggest that the lady spoke in verse, but so, like a haunting refrain, her conversation comes back to me.

'T is an odd experience, when you think of it afterward: to sit gracefully on a throne, smoking a cigarette (which

is an odd thing, too, for a grown man, made, as he likes to think, in the image of Divinity, to do), and chatting unreservedly about yourself, while a female, as Dr. Johnson would say, stares you indelicately in the face, and by deft mixing of pretty colors copies you — cigarette, chatter, and all — on a piece of canvas. A 'counterfeit presentment,' said Hamlet, with that customary nice choice of words that might have made him a prince of essayists if Uncle Claudius had curbed his own rougher ambition to be a King of Denmark.

And how long this counterfeit will outlast the original!

Little as he may want the thing round — or she either — it seems practically impossible for one human being intentionally to destroy the painted portrait of another; and the older it gets the more potent its aura of indestructibility. It becomes an antique. It may be adopted. It is not impossible that I am now sitting for an ancestral portrait, somebody's great-great-grandfather who will not meet great-great-grandma till they are innocently hung together. I hope the combination will do me credit. This portrait of me, this chatty smoker on a throne, who can imagine its future vicissitudes? The lady no doubt will exhibit it, 'Portrait of Mr. X——,' as the tailor I have imagined would exhibit my new spring suit, and yet not mine, 'Spring Suit Made for Mr. X——,' in proof of his craftsmanship. It may win a prize, and be purchased by a museum, and copied in the Sunday newspapers: —

GREAT MUSEUM PAYS RECORD
PRICE FOR PRIZE PORTRAIT

Or, again, it may attract the attention of an art-loving tobacco-manufacturer, who will suspend it proudly in his palatial banqueting-hall, and distribute gigantic copies all over the

landscape of America, Europe, and the Far East, innumerable portraits of me, two or three times as large as life, and obviously smoking the enthusiastic tobacco-manufacturer's latest cigarette. Perhaps a 'Samuel'; perhaps a 'Queen of Sheba, the Wise Man's Favorite.'

Or, again, it may descend to the lady's heirs, and their heirs; pass from hand to hand, disappear in garrets, become, in short, a vagabond wanderer and nameless, long-time dweller in dusty places sacred to the miscellany of now useless things — bustles, hoop skirts, pictures, tall hats, and so forth, and so forth — that mankind, with a sigh for those who once owned and loved them, mercifully hides away and tries to forget. And yet, who knows? Mellowed by the centuries, my once white shirt darkened beyond hope of any laundry and my cigarette still unfinished, this portrait of me may be found in its obscurity, and recognized as a masterpiece — the unknown 'Man Smoking a Cigarette.' Things as strange have happened in the history of art, and I too may yet have my Pater. I cannot see myself, nor, from my throne, the portrait of me now coming into its long, immobile life on the lady's canvas; but she, like Leonardo, may be painting 'a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions.' I am inclined to question the exquisite passions, but I am sure I have had strange thoughts and fantastic reveries. Everybody has.

So I sat on my throne, smoking my cigarette, meditating, and dictating my autobiography. After all, it is only in a portrait that one sees how one looks to somebody else. My own face, as I see it myself, is, if I may so put it, too round, too much like the full moon; but perhaps to others it appears more oblong,

more, indeed, like an egg. It is an unimportant matter of personal taste, but I should prefer to look more like an egg. I would not, of course, have the resemblance too literal. So I was, I admit, curious to see what the lady had been doing, and how I looked to her. One should not expect too much at the end of the first sitting; nor, I realized, was it customary for painters to let their sitters see a portrait in those early stages. But she let me look.

It was a strange thing! I would hardly have called it the portrait of a *man*; and yet there was about it something terrifyingly human. It possessed features — nose, mouth, eyes, and eyebrows, casually distributed in a round, moonish, nebulous, greenish-and-yellowish face. The nose, as I now remember, was blue, or perhaps red, and there was a bright-green patch under the creature's left eye, a lacklustre and indifferent organ. The right eye was livelier. It seemed to be looking out of this nightmare with a penetrating and even whimsical interest. Indeed, on closer consideration, it was this living eye that animated and explained the monster as something organic in process of evolution to a higher order. Perhaps the strangest and most repulsive thing about it was to see it smoking a cigarette. And in some horrible, round, uncanny, and suggestive way it resembled me.

IN THE KEY OF W

THE first straw was my relegation to a back seat, on a well-remembered autumn school-day, simply and solely because my name began with W. The last straw was the defeat of an excellent local candidate in the November election, simply and solely because his name, beginning with W, stood last upon the ballot. I voted for him. I always vote for anyone whose name

begins with W — if for no other reason, just to offset the unintelligent vote of some poor boob who votes for the A's and B's just because their names come first.

And in between those straws there's a whole hayrickful.

Now, therefore, I raise my voice, on behalf of a long-suffering multitude of W's, to protest the disadvantages of living at the end of the alphabet.

We are educated in back rows. We cannot see the writing on the blackboards; we cannot hear, as others can, the precious words of the teacher. We answer 'yes' when we should have answered 'no,' and we answer 'no' when someone else should have answered 'yes.' Nay more, we are led into permanent and insidious temptation, for distance ever lendeth opportunity.

We are always at the end of lists. Sometimes, indeed, the lists stop before they reach us. What avails it to have dinner-danced with the Prince of Wales (God save his royal initial!) if the morning paper, after listing among the guests, —

U

Underhill, Theodore
UpDyke, Mr. and Mrs. Carleton DeQ. (née Bixby)

V

Vaughan, the Misses Violet and Vyvyan,

suddenly draws a line and goes on to inform the world that Aaron Bros. have just received a special importation of bengalines and chiffon crêpes?

Even if the list includes us, who reads it through? Interest may be high at the start — but after all the Bateses and the Clarks, and the Gateses and the Parks, the keenest mind, faltering, may turn and flee before the massed S's.

It's a serious matter financially. For who, seeking by means of a classified telephone-directory the services of an ambulance or an architect or a dentist or a derrick or a naprapath or a

numismatist or a pawnbroker or a plumber, does not make his selection from the top of the list? What chance, I ask you, has a Waffle, or a Wozniak?

The spiritual indignities we endure! Take the ordinary grading-system. It equates A with excellence, B with good work, C with mediocrity, and so on down to F for failure. What has A done that it should have such glory? Did you ever stop to think, if F stands for Failure, what W must stand for?

If ever I have the making of a grading-system, mine shall read: —

W = Well done
S = Satisfactory
B = Barely passed
A = Absolutely hopeless

It is precisely we, the W's, who bear the brunt of this desperate finality. We are the climax, the real ultimate: those who come after are but few and negligible. The X's are unknown quantities; the Y's are chiefly Young things; the Z's merge naturally into &c's.

Come then, ye Walkers and Warrens, ye Weavers and Websters, ye Whipples and Whitneys, ye Wilsons and Winslows, ye Wolcotts and Woodwards, ye Wrenns and Wrights, ye Wylies and Wymans, and all ye host of Williamses! Let us Wrise in our Wrath! Let us put an end to the tyranny of the Adamases and the aard-varks! Let us form a union — no, a W-nion! Let us vote for each other, trade with each other, read through to each other, and put each other in front rows!

Thus fortified, what though we still answer last at roll call, wait at the end of lines, go to the last window ('way to your right, third around the corner'), and ride in the last automobiles? Let us together press onWard, forWard, and upWard, hitching our Wagon to the constellation of Cassiopeia, that resplendent W of the skies!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

SOLDIER and author of *Kitchener's Mob* and *High Adventure*, **James Norman Hall** set forth after the war on an *Æneid* that led him to the South Seas, then on to Iceland, home, and off again. In this story, written at Papeete, Mr. Hall recounts a martyrdom amid the terrible soft loneliness of the Islands in a manner that will distinguish him among modern writers. ¶The saga of **F. DeWitt Wells** describes the climax of as exciting a voyage as ever a landsman made. Judge Wells and his bold crew were perhaps the first since the days of Leif himself to follow the Viking trail in a small boat. The account of the entire voyage is shortly to be published in a volume issued by Minton, Balch and Company. **Glenn Clark**, professor of English at Macalester College, is the author of that most widely appreciated of all recent *Atlantic* papers, 'The Soul's Sincere Desire.' The thousands of readers who found comfort in his message will be gratified to hear that these two essays will form chapters of an inspiring volume to be published by the *Atlantic Monthly Press* shortly before Easter. Of the great truth that faith will move mountains, Dr. Clark is perhaps the most interesting modern exponent. ¶At the age of sixteen, **Nell Shipman** led her own stock company into Alaska. After playing in musical comedy and vaudeville, and for a year and a half as leading lady in Rex Beach's *The Barrier*, Miss Shipman entered the films. With eight years' experience she became a star and producer of her own pictures. In this and subsequent chapters she records an adventure that far outstrips her art.

* * *

William O. Stoddard is the last surviving member of Lincoln's official circle. From his memories he has taken this vivid picture of his years within the White House. An account of his frontier association with Lincoln appeared in the February *Atlantic*. **Wilfrid Gibson** is an English poet of

Pembrokeshire, four of whose poems we have been proud to publish during the last year. ¶As a preface to his heterodoxies on medicine, **Arthur B. Green** writes:—

Engineering, especially in the management of mills, is my business, and I do not fancy for myself any greater interest in medicine than common. I have been curious about it, and am still. I have tried to find reason in it. That, I suppose, is an engineer's privilege.

It was many years ago that I made the discovery that a medical-school professor, very prominent at that time as a pathologist, on the faculty of Johns Hopkins, knew absolutely nothing about homœopathy. That made me feel that I should know more about it. I suppose that, too, is an engineer's privilege. . . .

I hope other laymen may take courage and speak up.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Marquand Professor of Art and Archæology at Princeton University, served as an ensign in the U. S. N. R. F. during the war. ¶We believe that **Stephen F. Hamblin**, Director of the Harvard Botanic Garden, and his associate, Miss Ann Alderton, plead the cause of garden-lovers everywhere with this candid and effective presentation of arbitrary and unwise policies of one of Washington's bureaucracies. It is prophesied that within a year the country will feel the severe stringency of the Federal Horticultural Board's regulations. **George Madden Martin** has always proved herself a daring banderillero in the feminine arena of American politics. There is, we think, good reason for political-minded women everywhere to consider her remarks with candor and without prejudice.

* * *

Next to keeping a lighthouse, we have always cherished the thought of keeping a store. **Maude Hume's** experience tempts us to reverse our choice. **John Jay Chapman**, a writer skilled in every form of literary art, is the father of Chanler Chapman, whose adventures aboard the *Shanghai* are related

in this issue. **Manuel Komroff** is a young author whose stories of Russia have brought him wide and deserved recognition. **William L. Chenery**, the newly appointed editor-in-chief of *Collier's Weekly*, is the author of that pertinent dialogue, 'Peter's Coat and the Tariff,' which appeared in the February *Atlantic*. ¶In considering the intellectual sympathy that exists between himself and his pig, **Rusticus** writes with the charm if not the appetite of *Elia*.

* * *

George W. Anderson, Judge of the Circuit Court of Massachusetts, presents a vigorous plea for the salvation of those valuable railway-lines now in danger of the scrap-heap. **Benjamin Stolberg**, a graduate of faculty service in the University of Oklahoma and the University of Kansas, has recently become a familiar figure in Labor circles. ¶The comedy and tragedy of present-day China are touchingly apparent in these letters of *An American Spectator*.

* * *

Publishers ourselves, we recognize the justice of the Publisher-Bookseller's creed in the January issue. We would answer this critic on all her counts.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

At luncheon, in a literary club, a publisher was descanting on his ideal publishing plant. He was listened to with interest. When he had quite finished, one of his audience said: 'We have been told of the perfect working-conditions, the fine presses, the up-to-date machinery; the model village for employees; the comfortable houses for department heads; the mansions for the officers of the company, and the park which is to lead up to the château of its president. But —' he hesitated for a moment to search his memory — 'nowhere has there been a mention of the little hutches for the authors.'

Something like that is the effect the article, 'Fewer and Better Books,' in your January issue has had upon me.

Not to go into the writer's estimate of the cost of production, which is open to attack in several directions, let us take up his creed — commandments might be a better name.

The first, being between publishers, we pass.

For the second, may I ask what business any publisher has with the private affairs of an author, whether as to his relations with other publishers or anything else? And, should he

learn that a book had been rejected, could he promise it the same unprejudiced reading that he might give without knowledge of that fact?

Third: — What right has a publisher to dictate how long an author shall spend on a book? The final product should be his only concern. How is it possible to say a book demands at least a year 'for breadth and maturity'? In my own family there are several authors and no two of them work in the same way or at the same rate of speed. Moreover, a man or woman may turn out a fine, simple work in a short time and stumble along for years over some turgid, complex theme. Conversely, the simplest thing is often the most difficult to get right.

Granted that a publisher can make more money out of one book a year when he is freed from competition, will he guarantee that the royalties will keep his author alive? After all, the publishing business, with all its perfect pressrooms, remains dependent on the authors for something to publish.

Fourth: — He demands discrimination against authors who have previously had magazine syndication, especially in fiction. This seems almost too weak to combat. Why discriminate if the work offered is of merit? That should be the one and only test.

Fifth: — Bookselling. The author leaves that to the business management.

Sixth: — 'I pledge myself never to pay more than 20 per cent royalty.' Dear man! He is shy about stating that 20 per cent is paid only where the publisher is to market a book of such importance, due usually to some previous great success made by the upstart author, that the publisher's risk is nil and his profit assured.

Frankly, dear *Atlantic*, I think the gentleman would have had sympathy from all of us instead of a deserved meed of ridicule had he confined himself to his firstly, fifthly, and lastly (which, in effect, is to publish only what he believes to be worth the expensive paper he purposes to print it on).

There the author will benefit also, for it is only when he believes in a book that a publisher does — is able to do — his duty by it in placing it properly before the public.

Were his creed to be adopted in its entirety I am quite convinced, however, that he would attain one of his objectives. Publication would be lessened, for there would be few authors if authorship meant selling yourself into slavery from which there was small chance of escape.

EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

As the honorable third speaker we rise to support the articles of the Proposer's Creed and to answer his critic.

The first and the fifth are accepted without criticism.

Second: — In every partnership, particularly that of author and publisher, a friendly understanding is requisite to good faith. In the matter of judgment we can say that there is no pleasure known to a publisher comparable to the successful publication of a manuscript rejected by another.

Third: — Count the instances when an author writes two worthy books a year. The argument would seem to refute itself.

Fourth: — Will our critic admit that the book written with a double objective ever achieves either with satisfaction?

Sixth: — If a publisher is not to earn enough from his successes to compensate for his failures, it is obvious he had best shut up shop and go fishing.

* * *

The drama of æons of existence.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'They seem to me when thinking of them to belong to far distant times.'

It was this statement that caught my attention as I was skimming down the Contributors' Column in the December *Atlantic*. It caused me to hunt up immediately and read, and read again, the article by Nora Connolly O'Brien. For in this particular her 'Visions' are like certain dreams I have had. I call them dreams, for they come in my sleep, but they differ greatly from the dreams I usually have. In the first place, each is only a vivid impression of a certain scene; there is action, but it is arrested action, suggestive of much that has gone before, and much that is to follow. This vividness, as well as their seeming reasonableness, is in marked contrast to the haziness and irrationality of other dreams, and probably is one reason why I remember them, even after the lapse of years, with as much distinctness as the events of yesterday. They are linked together by several common features, but the most distinctive is the presence of two female companions. The Younger I always see plainly; she sometimes gives me a message from The Other, who keeps out of sight in spite of my efforts to see her.

In the first of these dreams, we are climbing along the steep side of a mountain stream. Huge trees almost cut off the sun's light; the growth of shrubbery and grass is most luxuriant. The Younger and I have just passed an old ruined mill; The Other is on the opposite side of the ravine, for the moment out of sight. I have just turned to look for her.

Again, I am ploughing in a rolling field. I

throw out my plough at the end of a furrow and prepare to swing my team around, meanwhile looking across at an ancient castle, that holds something of great interest to me. Suddenly The Younger stands at my horses' heads, imploring me to hasten to the assistance of her mother in the castle. I feel a sudden faintness at the realization that I may be too late, as I must make a considerable détour around an obstacle that lies between me and the castle — an impassable gully, filled with thickets and rocks.

Much more peaceful is the next scene. I am in an oak-paneled room, floored with stone flags. My head almost touches the huge rafters of the low ceiling. It seems to be a dairy. The Younger, who has just finished tidying up and putting pans of milk on the shelves behind little wooden doors in the walls, informs me that her mistress will be ready presently. I wait, leaning on my heavy cane, my broad-brimmed hat on my head.

These two have figured in other dreams, which, as I have said, are all alike in that they seem to give a snapshot, as it were, out of the distant past. Occasionally the feeling comes that I am in another world as well as another age. I have furthermore the impression, equally unexplainable, that each is but a link in a long chain. Not that in any dream I remember any preceding one. I simply have the feeling, 'Another of these experiences,' even while I am dreaming. From all these dreams I waken with a feeling of ineffable bliss, as if I had been in intimate communion with more than lifelong friends. This feeling of bliss was present even after the dream of the castle, for I felt sure the danger had been averted.

The last of this series came about seven years ago. I had in this no feeling of the past, but rather of the future. I stood at the top of a small slope. Before me stretched a lane carpeted with soft green grass, ankle deep. Overarching trees, like eucalypti, which I had never seen at that time, grew in front of the little cottages. The Younger came to my side, placed one hand on my arm, and smilingly directed me downward. I advanced slowly, feeling somehow that I had come to the end of a long journey. As I approached the end of the lane, The Other came to meet me from the last of the cottages, and I saw her face for the first time.

'Don't you know me?' she said. 'I'm Bee,' and she raised her arms to me.

Where the name 'Bee' came from I cannot imagine. Nor can I tell why I had the dream at that time, nor why I have had no more of that series. Is it because the drama of æons of existence must come to an end in some such scene?

I would give a good deal to have more of those dreams.

W. C.

Further evidence of perplexing and divided nationality.

MONTREAL, CANADA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article, 'When Is a Citizen Not a Citizen?' in the January *Atlantic*, has been read with a great deal of interest. There are anomalies with respect to citizenship outside the scope of the article and that apply to native-born Americans under certain conditions.

After a five years' residence in Canada, even a native-born American is not recognized as an American citizen by the United States Consulate so long as he remains in Canada, being 'a man without a country,' although all rights are automatically restored on recrossing the line into the States; yet the Internal Revenue Office still calls him an American while resident in Canada and holds him liable for the income tax, even on a purely Canadian income.

The United States Immigration authorities apparently do not recognize a transfer of the allegiance of the parent as applying to minor children. This was ascertained when asking for permits for the sons to enter the States after the writer had become a British subject. Canada claims as British subjects those born within the territory, regardless of the father's nationality.

The writer was born and brought up in New York City, of native-born American parents, but has lived here continuously for nineteen years. With the entry of the United States in the Great War and the policy with respect to its income tax, quite naturally there was objection to rendering tax statements to two countries on the same income, even when later credit was allowed for the Canadian tax and no payment actually required for the American tax.

It is appreciated that after a protracted foreign residence one may not be entitled to the protection of the native flag, since there might be abuse of it; but it is inconsistent, to say the least, on the one hand to deny all rights of American citizenship, and on the other hand to hold amenable for the taxation as described. As the most sensible way out, and to secure the protection of some flag, a number of Americans of permanent residence have become British subjects; but it still affects those with an extended residence representing Canadian branches of American concerns, who expect eventually to return.

In dealing with the United States Consulate, United States Immigration or United States Customs officials, or for that matter with the Canadian officials of like authority, the writer has met with the utmost courtesy, and the comment as above is against the principle and not on account of grievance against any official.

C. L. SCOFIELD

Boys bring all sorts of prices, as the parents who pay the bills well know, but we hold this a sound and moderate estimate.

EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

R. S. S., in the Column for January, asks for figures on the cost of a boy up to his sixteenth year. Here they are: —

Food	\$2000
Clothing	725
Shelter	925
Health	400
Recreation	150
	\$4200

These are actual figures, covering the years 1908-1923, in a family of five — income rising slowly from \$1200 to \$3000. Except for the item of shelter, these figures cannot be greatly reduced, with due regard to the true welfare of the boy, though they can be reduced somewhat without danger to health in the *bodily* sense. The item of shelter is figured as 10 per cent of rent, heat, and light for the period. The seemingly small item of recreation is based on the idea that, given a certain minimum amount of start, it is in every way best for the boy to work out for himself a goodly share of his recreation.

Of course, *any* amount can be spent on the boy. It is a question in my mind whether much is gained, in health, education, efficiency, or morals, if the above figures are much expanded. I should be glad to give R. S. S. any other information in my possession.

FRED V. GAREY

* * *

For reasons undetermined, our business department — which divides its responsibility between the *Atlantic* and the *House Beautiful* — employed a quantity of stick-ers bearing the legend, 'East, West, Hame's Best.' Some of these took their surreptitious way to the mailing-desk, where unwittingly they were attached to rejected manuscripts. Thanks to a good-natured contributor we have been prevented from further injury.

WAPPINGERS FALLS, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR, —

I am in receipt of my manuscript, 'The Creative Impulse and the Family Wash,' which you have returned. I note the rather too appropriate stickers which you have used to seal the envelope and which bear the motto 'East, West, Hame's Best.' I can only say with the poet: Of course it was right to dissemble your love, but you need n't have kicked me downstairs.

Very truly yours,

J. M.